

MY AMERICAN TOUR. By GIPSY SMITH.
January, 1908.

A STORY by J. J. BELL. 6d.

THE QUIVER

New Year
Number



A HELPER OF MEN. By CHARLES M. ALEXANDER. CHANCES IN CANADA.
CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, London, Paris, New York, Toronto & Melbourne.

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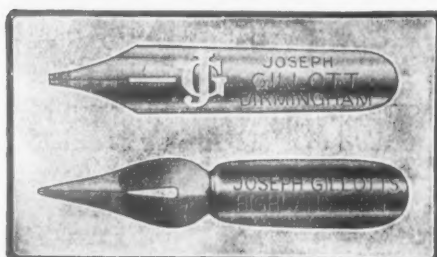
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It has saved many a limb from the knife.
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The BEST REMEDY for WOUNDS and all SKIN
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Immediate Relief in all cases of Asthma,
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POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE.

Sold by all Chemists & Herbalists in
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This Handsome Half-Crown Parcel we ask you to please recommend. It
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In Winter when the
snowy blast
Old ills and troubles
stir up.



There's nothing makes
you well so fast
**As MOTHER SEIGEL'S
SYRUP**

THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION

The chills of Winter cannot harm you when your digestion is sound and your blood pure. Good food properly digested not only nourishes, but warms your whole body; and good, pure blood courses freely in its channels, and bears the rich glow of health to every part.

Mother Seigel's
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is now also
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TABLET FORM
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**Mother Seigel's
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Price 2 9 one size only

Mother Seigel's Syrup ensures perfect digestion and pure blood; tones and strengthens your stomach and liver; regulates your bowels; cleanses your whole system. Take it, and the vigour and snap of perfect health will tingle in your veins. Frost and fog and damp strike only the feeble.

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The 2/6 bottle of Syrup contains three times as much as the 1/12 size.

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**Whooping-Cough, Croup,
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Cresolene Antiseptic
Throat Tablets for
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COFFEE ESSENCE

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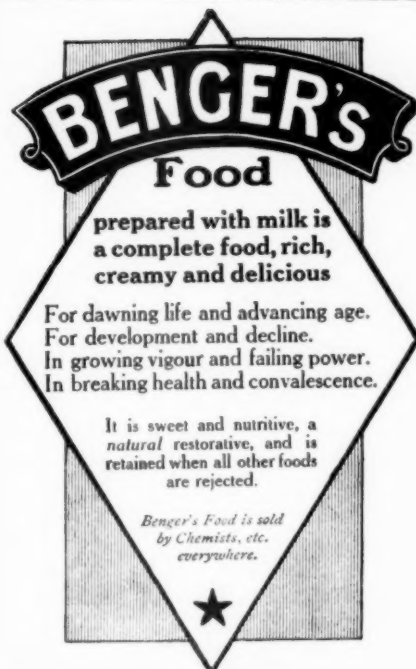
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Paper-feed
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TYPEWRITER MAKERS,
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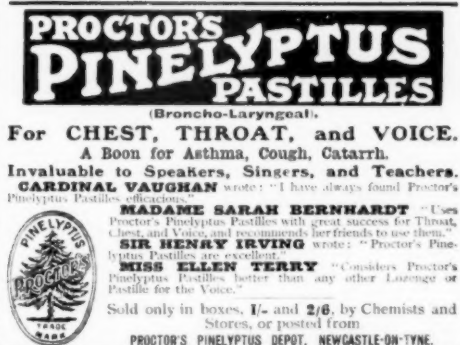
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creamy and delicious

For dawning life and advancing age.
For development and decline.
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It is sweet and nutritive, a
natural restorative, and is
retained when all other foods
are rejected.

*Benger's Food is sold
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For CHEST, THROAT, and VOICE.
A Boon for Asthma, Cough, Catarrh.
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are almost absolutely essential in sweeping the sick-room; convenient in sweeping up the crumbs around the dining-room table, or for any general purposes, while nothing picks up the clippings, threads, etc., from the sewing-room as quickly and easily.

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Patron—H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

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BY A SOCIETY LADY

The Queen says in a long and appreciative notice:—
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166 Songs, Pianoforte Pieces, etc., by Popular Composers

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Home
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Education
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Fatherless
Children.

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Founded 1758.
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THE QUIVER says:—
"This is a wonderful hospital."

See September Number, page 1006.

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FOR CHILDREN WITH HIP DISEASE

(under the Special Patronage of
H.M. THE QUEEN).

ONE HUNDRED COTS *always* full.

Each one occupied by a

HELPLESS,

SUFFERING,

CRIPPLED CHILD.

Will each reader of "The Quiver" kindly assist the little ones for whom we plead?

**£400 urgently needed at once
to meet pressing bills.**

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Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London.**

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Story Competition.

PRIZES of Five and Three Guineas respectively are offered for the two best Serial Stories definitely setting forth Protestant Truth.

For rules, see the January issue of the "Protestant Woman."

The Women's Protestant Union seeks to enlighten the Public as to the need for Convent Inspection, while strenuous efforts are made to save Protestant Children from the educational influences of Convent Schools.

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.. THE ..

Colonial and Continental Church Society

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appeal for a Special Fund of **£42,000** to establish Missions amongst the settlers of the new West.

ARCHDEACON LLOYD

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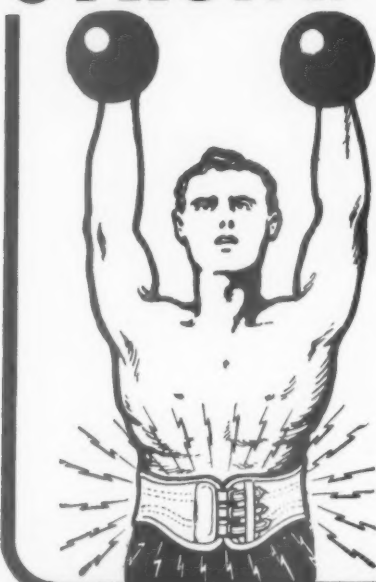
£50 will build a first little wooden church.

Secretary:

The Rev. J. D. MULLINS,
9, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet St., London, E.C.

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*Picture shows actual size.
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Peckham, S.E.*

Mellin's Food



Either of the following:—

"THE CARE OF INFANTS," a work of 96 pages, dealing with the feeding and rearing of infants from birth.

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Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.

All MSS. submitted to the Editor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and should be addressed to "The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, E.C." While every care is taken to ensure the safety of MSS., the Editor can accept no responsibility for MSS.

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WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP,
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The Life of Florence Nightingale.

By SARAH A. TOOLEY.

THE terrible struggle in the Crimea more than half a century ago has now become a matter of history, and most of the actors in that great military tragedy have passed away. There still lingers in a quiet house in a London street a lady, Miss Florence Nightingale, whose name will be remembered in connection with the Crimean War when the names of its commanders and many of its heroes have been forgotten. The work she did in tending our wounded soldiers, and in establishing a better system of Army nursing, has left an indelible impress on the public mind.

"Even at eighty-four years," says Miss Sarah Tooley in her interesting biography (Cassell; 5s.). "Miss Florence Nightingale retains the distinction of manner and speech which gave her such influence in the past, and now and again a flash of the old shrewd wit breaks out when views with which she is not in agreement are advanced. Her friends marvel most at the almost youthful roundness and placidity of her face. Time has scarcely printed a line on her brow, or a wrinkle on her cheeks, or clouded the clearness of her penetrating eyes, which is

the more remarkable when it is remembered that she has been a suffering and overworked invalid ever since her return from the Crimea. The dainty lace cap falling over the silver hair in long lapels gives a charming frame to Miss Nightingale's face, which is singularly beautiful in old age. When receiving a visitor, she seems, as one phrased it, 'to talk with her hands,' which retain their beautiful shape, and which she has a habit of moving over the coverlet, as from a sitting posture she inclines towards her friends in the course of conversation.

"A delightful trait in Miss Nightingale's character is the honour which she pays to the women of the younger generation, who are now bearing the heat and burden of the day. 'Will you give me your blessing?' said the superintendent of a benevolent institution to her recently, when taking her leave. 'And you must give me *your* blessing,' replied Miss Nightingale as she took her hand. On another occasion she said to the same lady, after listening to an account of good work going successfully forward, 'Why, you have put new life into me.'"



IS IT NOTHING
TO YOU ALL YE THAT PASS BY

Please Don't Forget the
**8,000 Orphan and
Destitute Children in
Dr. Barnardo's Homes this
Christmas-Tide**

**£240 NEEDED EVERY DAY
FOR FOOD ALONE**

*Contributions earnestly solicited to pay
the Food Bill.*

Mark Gifts "FOR FOOD ALONE."

. Cheques and Money Orders payable to "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," crossed same way, and remitted to the Hon. Director, WILLIAM BAKER, Esq., M.A., LL.B., 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.



LITTLE JIM: ONE OF OUR INCURABLES.

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A Remarkable Gift Book Is here offered for your acceptance.

A Book of hope to the sick and suffering is the Book of the Sandow Home Treatment, offered *gratis and post free* to readers of this Magazine who apply personally or by letter to the address below.

The book tells how to immediately relieve and quickly cure such ailments as **Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Troubles, Insomnia, Loss of Vigour**, and other **Nervous and Functional Derangements**.

The system of cure calls for only 10 to 15 minutes' time a day. No medicine or dietary is necessary.

There is only one inclusive cost, that is well within the reach of all. The cure can be carried out entirely under correspondence direction in any part of the world (there are hundreds of patients scattered throughout the wide domain of the British Empire and foreign countries). **The Sandow Home Curative Treatment** is most agreeably interesting, especially as the patient notes the departure of the symptoms of ill-health, and welcomes the signs of returning health—the lightened spirits, the freedom from weakness or pain, and the sense of increasing physical and mental power.

The ways and means of obtaining such improvement are surely worth inquiring into, especially as every reader of this Magazine is cordially invited to call or write for the Sandow Home Curative Treatment's explanatory treatise.

Additional helpful advice and literature will be sent if you describe the nature of your symptoms, mentioning age and occupation. Letter applications for the Gift Book of the Sandow Home Curative Treatment should be addressed to

SANDOW'S POSTAL INSTRUCTION DEPT. K.C. 6, GEORGE STREET, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.



MOTHERS ought to know this

WOOD-MILNE RUBBER HEELS

SAVE half the family Boot bill.

SAVE tired feet and nerves.

SAVE noise in the house.

SAVE carpets and furniture.

See the name "WOOD-MILNE."

THE REVOLVING HEEL COMPANY, PRESTON.

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Cocoa for Breakfast

Best of all breakfast drinks is PLASMON COCOA. It is easy to prepare, and most delicious. Above all, it's food and nourishment for you.

If you like porridge, have PLASMON OATS as well. Just the richest, plumpest, whitest oats mixed as milled with Plasmon Powder. The enjoyable oatmeal flavour is there unchanged; but your bowl of Plasmon porridge has half a dozen times the food value.



ASK YOUR GROCER
FOR
PLASMON COCOA
or CHOCOLATE.
PLASMON OATS.
PLASMON BISCUITS.
Etc., etc., etc.

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can be preserved, beautified, and enriched for years by using

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,

which prevents baldness and scurf, and strengthens and restores the hair; also in a **Golden Colour** for fair or grey hair. Sizes, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and
A. ROWLAND & SONS, Hatton Garden, London.

OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN'S WORLD-RENOVED "Glycerine & Honey Jelly"



FOR CHAPS, ROUGHNESS OF SKIN, ETC.
Occasioned by COLD or HEAT. It Softens and Improves the Hands, Face, and Skin generally.

Forty Years' Increasing Demand.
Sold by all Chemists and Stores in Metallic Tubes, 6d. and 1s., or sent postage free for stamps by Sole Proprietors.

OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN,
Perfumers to Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria,
19, GOLDEN SQUARE, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

EYESIGHT PRESERVED

AITCHISON'S
SPECTACLES

"STRENGTHEN
WEAK EYES."

EYESIGHT
TESTING ROOMS AT

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6, POULTRY,
428, STRAND,
47, FLEET STREET,
281, OXFORD STREET,
46, FENCHURCH STREET,
14, NEWCASTLE STREET,
LONDON.

YORKSHIRE BRANCH:
37, BOND STREET, LEEDS.

Mr. AITCHISON'S "HINTS ON EYESIGHT."

Hint No. 48:

"FAR SIGHT."

Far sight, or Hypermetropia, as it is called in all books dealing with the eye, is not very aptly named. The condition is that the eye is too short from front to back, and to correct the defect convex glasses are needed. In low degrees of Hypermetropia the individual can, by straining the eyes, see fairly well, both for reading and distance, without glasses, but it is this strain which causes severe headaches and produces other complications. Spectacles properly fitted give immediate relief and prove of immense benefit to the wearer.

My pamphlet, "EYESIGHT PRESERVED," the latest Illustrated Edition of which is now ready, will give most full and interesting details in regard to the eye and its defects, and will be forwarded post free to applicants.

AITCHISON'S SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES SKILFULLY
FITTED TO CORRECT DEFECTIVE EYESIGHT.

"EYESIGHT PRESERVED," a Pamphlet by Mr. Aitchison.

Now Edition Post Free to "Quiver" Readers.

AITCHISON & Co., LONDON AND LEEDS

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Face Back of Plate.]







READY FOR SANTA CLAUS.

(Drawn by Percy Tarrant.)

THE NEW YEAR.

By JANE MULLEY.

A SUNLIT sky, a primrose path? But rough or smooth, or sad or gay,
Joys new-born every day? Our feet must tread the destined way,
A storm-rent sky, a toilsome road? Whether it leads through flowery meads
Care never far away? Or scorching desert sand.
For you, for me, which will it be? For you, for me, which will it be?
Ah! who shall say? Ah! who shall say?

*We leave it in His hand Who leads
His children to the Better Land.*

My American Tour.

By GIPSY SMITH.

I HAD not been to America for eighteen years, so that my evangelistic tour provided me with many interesting points of contrast. I found a note of "expectancy" in the religious life of that great country which foreshadows, I believe, a great religious awakening.

Kind Sympathy from All.

I doubt whether any evangelist coming from Great Britain ever had a more united welcome than was given to me by the clergy and churches of America. For instance, during the Boston Mission I had the joy of feeling that there were three hundred ministers upholding my efforts, and that was taking place in the "hub of the universe," a city which had not had an evangelistic mission on a large scale for a quarter of a century. Everyone conspired to help me and give me sympathy and encouragement. I had a delightful letter from Bishop Lawrence, the successor to Dr. Phillips Brooks, who was so much loved, and in this letter the Bishop said that he was able to assure me of many more instances of good having been accomplished by our mission than would come to my personal knowledge. He thanked me for coming and wished me God-speed.

Happy Results of my Last Visit.

One very interesting proof of the lasting effect of missions was the discovery of more

than twenty ministers in various parts of America which I visited who attributed their entrance into the ministry to their having been converted on the occasion of my visit eighteen years ago. A man could not help feeling inspired by such a definite proof of "signs following."

In Intellectual Boston.

Of all the places where I held services none was more interesting to me than Boston. I felt that here was an intellectual centre which would be exceedingly difficult to affect. My aim was to prove to the intellectual citizens in Boston that the highest culture was compatible with evangelistic faith. I was in Boston five weeks, and the influence of the mission was cumulative, until in our last week there was an overwhelming proof of Power in all the meetings.

A Visit to Mr. Sankey.

It would be impossible to make a list of all the interesting men and women whom I had the good fortune to meet during my visit. I had the happiness of visiting Mr. Ira D. Sankey, and of singing to him "Under His Wings," one of his own hymns. I reminded him how many years ago he and Mr. Moody had driven out to Epping Forest on one of their rare moments of leisure during the great mission in London, and how Mr. Sankey had patted a little gipsy boy on the head and said: "The Lord

make a preacher of you, my boy." I told Mr. Sankey I was that gipsy boy, and God had allowed me to grow up to be a preacher. It touched Mr. Sankey very much. Although he is quite blind he has "songs in the night" to comfort him, and a sweet realisation that his work for God goes on bearing fruit in the lives of people scattered all over the world.

A Call at Concord.

I was sorry not to be able to see President Roosevelt. But, as you can imagine, my time was very fully occupied, and it was not possible to go to Washington. I much enjoyed visiting Concord, with all its memories of the past. I went to Emerson's house and visited the graves of Louisa Mary Alcott, whose beautiful books for children I have long admired, and that of Nathaniel Hawthorne. I shall long remember my visit to Concord.

Cured of Profanity.

You ask me for special instances of the good which my meetings accomplished. Here is one of the indirect effects which came to my knowledge. A well-known merchant was given to the use of profanity, and all who came in contact with him knew of this. One day another merchant, who is a friend of mine, called on this man and had a long talk with him. In the course of the conversation the man used not a single oath; and after spending a long while in his company my friend asked him how it was he had, to use his own expression, "let up" profanity. The merchant said that it was owing to Gipsy Smith.

"Oh, did you go and hear him?" asked my friend.

"No," replied the merchant.

"Then did you see Gipsy Smith?"

"No," said the merchant.

"Why do you then say that it was owing to Gipsy Smith that you have given up profanity?"

"I will tell you," said the man. "I have in my office an invaluable employé whose one weakness had been his being addicted to drunkenness. He attended the mission by Gipsy Smith, and became an entirely changed man. I could not help noticing the alteration in him, and I asked him what was the cause. He said that he had been converted at Gipsy Smith's mission, and was never going to touch strong drink again. That man's daily life in my office was so good that I dare not swear in his presence. By and by I thought that if I could control myself in his presence, there was no reason why I should not refrain from swearing in his absence. So, you see, it was through Gipsy Smith's visit to our city that I have altered my life."



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

MISS ZILLAH SMITH.

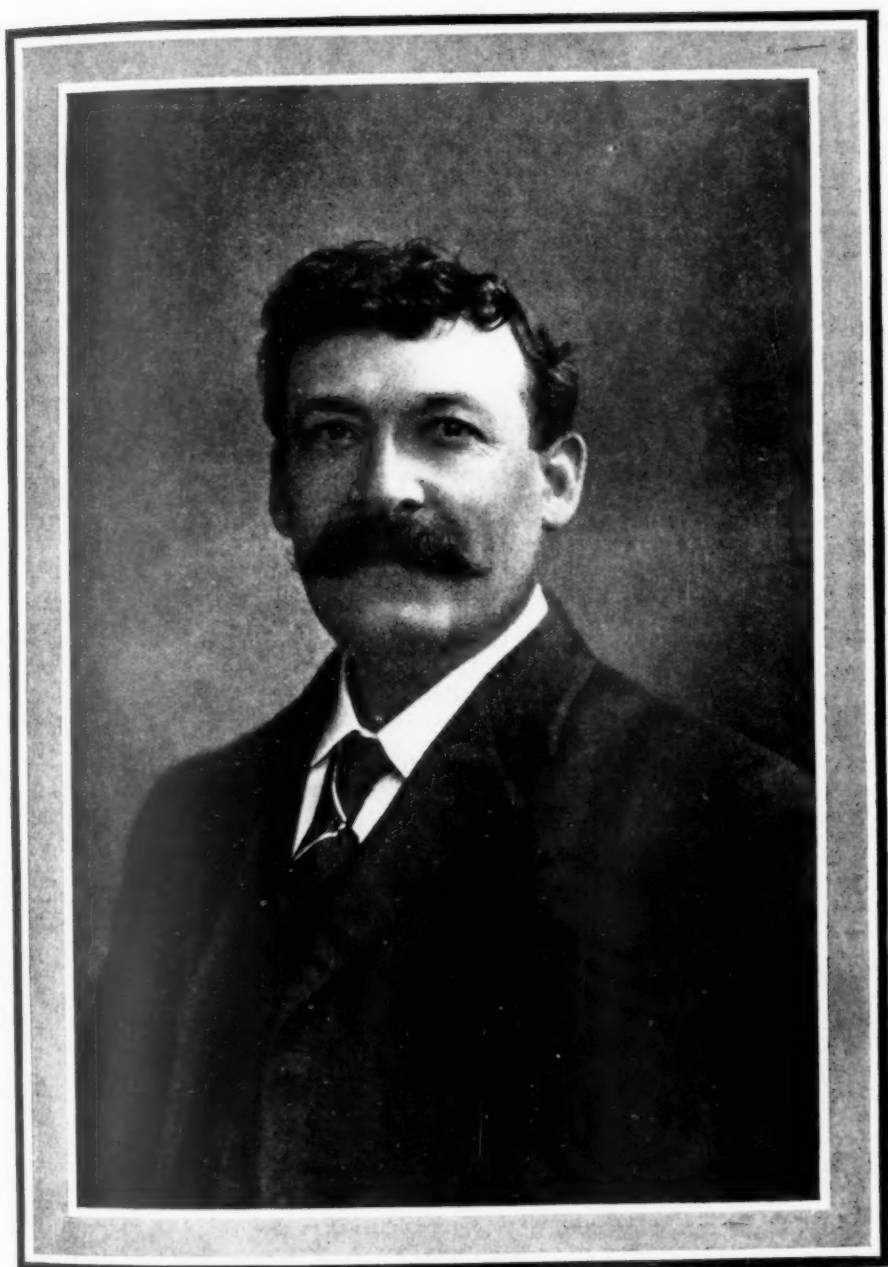
Regaining his Faith.

I heard of the case of the son of a millionaire who was converted at one of my services. I had been speaking on "The Lost Christ." The young man went to his father and said: "You could send me to prison, father, but I don't think you will. I have been

systematically robbing you for a long while, and have taken thousands of dollars from you. I heard Gipsy Smith preach on 'The Lost Christ,' and he said that I should only find Christ where I lost Him. I have come to confess to you the evil that I have done, so that I may get your forgiveness, and regain my faith in Jesus Christ, though I don't wish to escape punishment."

Preaching to Students.

I always enjoyed preaching to young people, and in America I had abundant opportunity of addressing college students. I went to one university where there were



(Photo: Pictorial Agency)

Sir John Smith

thirteen hundred students. Among them was a brilliant young lady who had taken one degree and was studying for another. She had been a Christian, but had lost her faith owing to the moral downfall of her fiancé. She had become a bitter cynic, and regarded religion as of no use. That young lady wrote, soon after my visit, to a minister, to say that she knew he would be glad to learn that she had become "anchored" to the Rock of Ages. I could mention several other instances of direct results which came under my notice, although I am always sure that for every known instance of conversion at a mission there are many that will never be known.

A Changed Attitude.

There is a different attitude to-day towards evangelistic missions in America, and all my missions benefited by this change. The warm-hearted sympathy of the ministers was manifest from the beginning, and the daily and weekly press could not have been kinder or more sympathetic. I never saw a single unkind remark made about our work in the newspapers.

I must tell you one amusing instance which

occurred in connection with the interviewers who surrounded me wherever we went. There were about ten reporters firing off their questions at me in one of the newspaper offices upstairs, and while they were asking me all kinds of questions two or three other men were taking flashlight photographs. The window was open, and a large amount of smoke poured forth during the photographing. People outside, seeing the smoke, rushed to the conclusion that the building was on fire, and summoned the fire brigade. I had to tell the reporters that I had come to set the city on fire in a different sense from this, and that I hoped that the work would not end in smoke!

Summing Up.

My daughter Zillah was of the greatest assistance throughout the tour. Her singing had a splendid influence on the services. I thoroughly enjoyed seeing America again. It is a country that I love, a country of grand possibilities in work for Christ, and it was a great privilege to speak to so many tens of thousands of people in different important centres of population.



Echoes from Gipsy Smith.

If you want to beat the devil you must fight him with the cradle.

There is a tremendous difference between thronging Jesus and touching Jesus.

Wrath is anger with the lid off. Malice is wrath cooled down into hatred—murder.

There are duties which when done faithfully are prayers.

I noticed when I was a boy that good gleaners had to be good stoopers. If you are going to help anybody you will have to stand a little higher than they are, or you won't lift them far.

Hot saints are sure to make lukewarm folk mad.

If you and I only had the vision of Calvary, we should never weary, we should never tire, we should never lose heart, we should never lose life.

The devil is like God in this—he is no respecter of persons.

It is a good thing to kneel. It is not a weak thing or a mean thing to kneel. It may be child-like, but it is not childish.

The Man from South Africa.

A Complete Story.

By DAVID LYALL

*A Tale of English Village Life, with an
Unexpected Ending.*

"It seems hard," observed the vicar, thoughtfully. "But is it any use to intervene? The thing was inevitable, and, of course, the Squire is quite within his rights."

"Undoubtedly," said his wife, with a touch of acerbity in her prim voice; "and it is foolish of the Holts to make such a fuss about it. But that's just like them. They've been troublesome people ever since we came to Gravelly Hill."

"I wouldn't exactly say that, my dear," observed the vicar with his customary mildness. "They are superior people, perhaps that has been the difficulty all along. Had they been more like the Brookes at Bottom End there would have been no trouble about buying them out."

"We don't want superior people in a village inn, Clement," replied Mrs. Clitheroe; "but somebody who knows which side their bread is buttered on. I'm sick enough of the airs the Holts have given themselves for a long time. And they're too fond of making laws for themselves. An inn is a place of public entertainment, as far as I know anything about it, but they have brought too many of their own fads into the management of the 'Bun and Stoa'."

"It's Emily," said the vicar. "She's a fine woman, but takes a restricted view. What is it, Puss; why do you stare so solemnly with those big eyes of yours?" he added, turning to his daughter Mabel, otherwise Puss, the apple of his eye, and the pride of the parish.

"I think, Daddy, that it's awful of the new Squire to want to turn out the dear Holts. And if it's true that he will pull down the 'Bun and Stoa' and build a big horrid red public-house in its place, I don't wonder that everybody is angry."

The vicar was well accustomed to frank expression of opinion on Mabel's part, and usually laughed at her for it; but this time he felt bound to reprove her

"It is in the interests of the place, Puss, and we mustn't judge a man for doing his best with his own. There are a good many things an up-to-date squire, a business man from South Africa, would naturally want to change in Gravelly Hill. We may be quite picturesque, my dear, but we are rather out-of-date and, I fear, insanitary."

"Perhaps he'll want to pull down the church and the vicarage, and build new red brick ones too," observed the maiden demurely.

The vicar's face reddened a little.

"Not at all, not at all; he would never dream of such a thing. Gravelly Church is one of the finest examples——"

"Oh spare us, Clement!" observed his wife, holding up a deprecating hand. "We don't want the contents of the guide book, and we all know perfectly well that the church is cold and draughty and damp and everything it ought not to be. For my part I shouldn't mind if it were pulled down, or at least renovated. And I shall welcome Mr. Pegram's arrival at Gravelly Hill as the inauguration of a new era."

"It is an unfortunate name, Christopher Pegram," said Mabel mischievously. "Nobody could expect heroic deeds from a man labouring under such a natural disadvantage."

She smiled on her father as she passed through the white vicarage gate to the road, which wound through the pleasant Herts valley right into Bedfordshire. The church of Gravelly Hill stood on the very summit of the hill which gave its name to the parish, and was a landmark for miles around, its square Norman tower with the old ivy creeping round it being known of travellers far and near. It was only one degree less familiar, perhaps, than the "Bun and Stoa," the quaint old hostel standing in its open courtyard under the branching elms, where there was a draw well, and old wooden benches where travellers might rest.

Mabel could just see the waving tops of the elms where they glinted yellow in the ruddy October sun, and a sudden indignation shook her. She clenched her small fist and tossed her red gold hair in the wind, and set off at a small canter down the hill. She was just seventeen, a winsome creature, with no idea of growing up, though her mother had long hinted at lengthened skirts and hair demurely knotted behind. Mabel had begged that she might remain not-grown-up, as she expressed it, until Christmas, which was now within measurable distance. Only that morning she had counted out seven weeks and five days.

It was a quarter of a mile from the church and vicarage to the village, and almost another quarter to the "Bun and Stoat," which had been built in the old days, for reasons that never had been explained, at the very gates of Gravelly Hall, where the Lord of the Manor dwelt. For forty years he had been a gentle old man who lived the life of a recluse, and interfered with none. Perhaps such a slack rule had caused them all to get exaggerated ideas about their own rights and liberties, and any change must have tried them sorely. But it seemed such a drastic change. Old Christopher Pegram had left, as his sole heir and executor, the son of an old friend who had emigrated to South Africa in his youth, on condition that he took his name. Such was the story, but the real inwardness was not known save by the man who had benefited under the will.

It was by no means an uncommon story. Two men who had been friends in youth had loved the same woman, and the one had remained unmarried for her sake.

Mabel Clitheroe knew nothing about this story, which would have quickly appealed to her warm imagination. She was by no means pleased at the idea of "the man from South Africa," as she called him, coming in and destroying all the old-world features of the village. She thought it still worse and more reprehensible of him to give orders for drastic changes to be made without so much as troubling to come down and see the place for himself. She supposed that he was still in South Africa, winding up his affairs, and South Africa was too far away to give her a chance to speak her mind. Mabel had decided long since that some day she *would* speak her mind to the new Squire, for she loved the old inn and the folk who lived in it, in fact her increasing intimacy with the Holts was a serious thorn in the flesh of her mother, who did not like the Holts, and constantly maintained that they held ideas above their station. Mrs. Clitheroe

belonged to the class of meddling persons who wished to manage everybody's affairs, and to patronise the whole of her husband's parish, where she was cordially disliked. And it was because the Holts, during all the years she had been in Gravelly Hill, had persistently resented her interference with the management of the "Bun and Stoat," and had successfully kept her on the outside of their affairs, that she bore them such a grudge.

Mabel had no hat on, and she arrived under the elms at the old inn with her hair blowing in the wind, and a colour more radiant and lovely than the peach bloom on her smooth cheek. She was a beautiful creature, and all her charm was enhanced by her utter and superb unconsciousness. Moreover, she was the idol, not of Gravelly Hill alone, but of every nook of the scattered parish she was wont to scour on foot and on the back of her shaggy Shetland. Nowhere was the vicar's daughter more idolised than at the old inn.

Emily Holt, the daughter of the inn-keeper, who was sitting with a bit of needlework just within the porch, sprang up when she saw her come, and sallied forth to meet her. Emily was a striking-looking woman of about thirty-five, tall, well-proportioned, graceful, with dark hair and warm, clear colouring. There was a stand-offishness in her manner which at once repelled and attracted people. "Won't stand no nonsense, Emily Holt won't," was a form of remark made about her; on the other hand she was a staunch friend, a generous and kindly neighbour, and a good woman, not the sort of woman one expected to meet in a village inn; but many chance visitors who had stayed there came and came again, finding something rare in the atmosphere, and some quality in the entertainment which gave their country holiday a special flavour. There was no roughness, no drinking nor late hours permitted at the "Bun and Stoat"; it was rather a family house, a place of quiet entertainment for man and beast.

"Dearest Emily," said Mabel, holding up her face to be kissed, "has anything else happened? They were talking about it at home, and I thought I'd come down and see."

"Come and sit in the porch with me. Father is lying down, and I haven't told him, but there's been another letter from Mr. Pulteney, and he gives us just three weeks."

"Three weeks for what?"

"To clear out," said Emily in a voice of quiet bitterness.

"And what are you going to do?" inquired Mabel in intense excitement.

"I put the letter in the fire and took no notice."

"But, Emily, that won't do, I'm sure. Pulteney must have an answer of some kind."

"He won't expect it: I guess he knows I put that letter in the fire, and that father never even saw it," she replied in exactly the same even, bitter voice.

"Will they try to put you out, do you think?"

"I have no doubt whatever about it," said Emily quietly. "But until they do put us out, we don't move. If only the Squire would come down here, something might be done, but Pulteney is keeping him away!"

"But he's in South Africa still, isn't he?" inquired Mabel eagerly.

"Some say not: that he's in London. At least he won't be long in coming now. Pulteney's aim, don't you see, is to get us out before he comes. I suppose he's afraid that when he does come, the Squire may not be such a puppet as he is now. It's wicked, I say, for a man to give such power into the hands of unscrupulous persons. He would have been just the same in the old Squire's time, only he wasn't permitted to be hard on people."

"He looks quite amiable, and he always is amiable when I see him," said Mabel. "I can't make out why he is so abominable to you, darling Emily."

A faint smile of bitterness crossed the impassible calm of Emily Holt's face. She glanced at the child's face—in Emily's eyes Mabel was still a child—and wondered whether she might explain.

"Pulteney is a hard man, dear, but he is not so hard on everybody as he is on me."

"But why, Emily?"

"Well, you see once upon a time he used to come here a lot, and we were very good friends."

She stopped, and a red spot began to burn on her cheek. The girl at her side felt that there was some tenseness in the atmosphere, that Emily Holt keenly felt what she was saying, that some undercurrent had been stirred.

"And did you quarrel?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes, and no, dear. You are too young to explain it to yet. Some day I will tell you. That was eleven years ago, and he has persecuted me ever since. We haven't been able to get a single thing done, and we always knew that when the Squire died he would try to put us out. But we won't go unless they put us out by main force. There have been Holts here as long as Pegrams in the Hall, and so long as we pay rent and live peaceable, they can't

put us out. That's law enough for me, Miss Mabel; and so we stand. Besides, it would kill father. He was born here, and he has never slept a night out of the house in his life."

"It's awful, Emily, perfectly scandalous and awful!" cried Mabel, who like all strong natures liked strong words, and required them to express her inward thoughts. "Awful and scandalous, that a man should take such a private and mean revenge, especially on a woman. There ought to be laws to prevent it. And you will stop on, Emily, and defy them. It will be splendid!"

The prospect of the coming crisis sent the blood warm and red to the girl's face, and her eyes positively shone.

"Yes, dear, we will stop here at least until the Squire himself puts us out. Pulteney has made some tale to him that has no truth in it, and we have all the people on our side. If only he would come home himself, and see how matters are, well, I am sure if he is a generous man, or even a just one, at least a half of Pulteney's programme, which he calls reforms, would never be carried out."

"If I knew his address I would write to him," said Mabel impulsively.

"He has left Africa, and somebody calling here from London said he would stop at the Hotel Cecil, that he was expected there."

"I will remember that, but I'll write it down," said Mabel, scribbling the name in the little old diary that hung at her side. Soon afterwards she left the inn, and though she had not said very much her sympathy had comforted Emily Holt.

She did not think it wise to repeat, even to her father, any part of what had passed between her and Emily Holt, but she continued to ponder it in her mind. One morning, about a fortnight later, looking out of the window she saw Pulteney, the Squire's man of affairs, tethering his horse's bridle to the gate post. Her father was in the garden, and Mabel went out by the open French window and began to appear very interested in his pruning of the rose trees. She had a mind to hear whether Pulteney had anything to say concerning the Holts. Mabel regarded him with extreme disfavour. He had never been a favourite of hers; she hated his patting her on the shoulder, as he often did, and she intended to show him that she would have no more of it.

"Good morning, vicar, how is the world using you?"

He had a loud aggressive voice and a hard laugh which often fell from his lips when there was absolutely nothing to laugh at, and which always intensely aggravated Mabel.

"Good-morning, Miss Mabel, you grow prettier every day. Upon my word you do. You'll be making a few of them sit up one of these days. You'll have to put her in a cage, vicar."

The vicar merely smiled. To him the child would never grow up.

"I'm very well, Mr. Pulteney. How's matters going? Any word of the Squire getting back for Christmas?"

"He may just manage it. The *Walmer Castle* is expected off Southampton on the twenty-third. I may go down to meet him if I get word in time. If not I shall certainly meet the boat train at Waterloo."

Mabel made a mental note of all these details, but did not deem it wise to put them down openly in the old red diary.

"And what about the 'Bun and Stoat'? I called there yesterday. Miss Holt seems as determined to stop as you are to get her out. Won't you wait now until Mr. Pegram returns?"

Pulteney's mouth took the long hard line which Mabel specially hated.

"They'll go out right enough, vicar, if it takes the police to do it. I'll get into hot water, as it is, for not having things more forward. The inn's in a state of dilapidation, and the Squire may quite easily accuse me of neglecting his property. But I'll take care to inform him what a ticklish business it is to deal with a bad-tempered and unreasonable woman."

"Emily Holt is not that, Mr. Pulteney!" cried Mabel, unable to contain herself. "It is you——"

"Go into the house, child," said the vicar mildly, and Mabel, quite aware that she ought not to have spoken, disappeared forthwith. She did not mind being dismissed, she had learned that she wished to know. She walked demurely into the house, and sought her mother, who was busy with her weekly accounts at the study table.

"Mother, may I go to Aunt Billy's at Netley for Christmas?" she asked boldly.

Mrs. Clitheroe put down her pen and stared at this most unusual request. Mabel never wished to leave home, though she was specially devoted to the Netley cousins, with whom she had been at school.

"Whatever do you want to go there for, child?"

"Jack will be at home and I do want to go, mother, just for the week-end, and I'll come home the day before Christmas if Daddy and you would like me to, and I'll be ever so good after, and do needlework for a week running; I'll

finish the counterpane, and though it won't be done for Christmas, it'll be sweet when it is done. I've got a perfectly new idea for the centre."

Mrs. Clitheroe smiled a little vaguely.

"Mabel, you are hatching some plot; I shall write to your Aunt Billy and warn her."

"Then I may go. Thank you, darling mother; I'll be a model for the next six months."

She could hardly contain herself until the day when she was permitted to depart in charge of Martha, the old nurse and general factotum, to London, en route for Southampton. Martha, who knew every mood and expression of the child she had nursed on her knee, was perfectly well aware that there was something hatching. She supposed some specially elaborate trick was going to be played on the Netley schoolroom, but she was too wise to ask any questions. Aunt Billy, otherwise Mrs. Vane Featherstone, was a sister of the Vicar of Gravelly Hill, and much beloved of her niece Mabel. She was the widow of an officer in the Indian Army, and lived in a small but exquisite little house at Hamble Cliff, close by the great hospital in which her husband had died, one of the many victims of the great South African war. She had five children, and it was Jack, the eldest son, a cadet at Sandhurst, upon whom Mabel was building her hopes.

To her intense delight he met them at the station: she had been so afraid lest something might have intervened to prevent his getting home for the Christmas holidays. It might so easily have happened that he had gone to spend them with a Sandhurst chum. He was driving the old pony carriage, and on the front seat beside him she revealed her whole story and plot. So much in earnest was she, and so eager to secure his very best help, that she forbore to tease him concerning his budding moustache, the signs of which amused her very much. And that indicated that Mabel was very much in earnest indeed.

They stopped at the shipping offices on their way across, and Jack got down to inquire regarding the expected arrival of the *Walmer Castle*.

"To-morrow morning about eleven, Marjorie Daw," he said. "You and I will be down prompt."

"I hope that man Pulteney won't get before me," she said soberly.

Jack grinned delightedly. He was awfully fond of his pretty cousin, and in mortal terror that she should develop into a proper young lady during the intervals of their separation.

"But he'd have to give place to a lady, Marjorie Daw," he said.

"Oh, Pulteney wouldn't, he's—he's an outsider, Jack," Mabel assured him. "He's capable of any crime. And he'll be sure to know what I'm up to. His eyes are like ferrets' eyes. I have a sketch of him here in my notebook. How lovely it will be if we can do him, won't it?"

"Ripping! and we shall, if I can manage it." Mabel nestled up close to him and looked her sweetest.

"Jack, you're a dear, and I didn't mean what I wrote the last time, and—and I think you'll be awfully handsome when it grows."

Jack blushed furiously, though secretly flattered, but he quickly changed the subject. In the house facing Southampton Water, Mabel was able to get rid of her trouble for a time, and she implicitly trusted Jack. It was by no means unusual for them to disappear together when Mabel paid her visits to Netley, so nobody took any notice when they left on their bicycles for Southampton next morning after breakfast. Mabel had told Aunt Billy she was going to buy Christmas presents, which, indeed, was partly true.

At the steamship offices they were told that the *Walmer Castle* would be in dock in about an hour, which they spent wandering about the shops. But Mabel was preoccupied, and remarked to Jack that she could only give her mind to one thing at a time. They reached the landing stage early, and were the first to board the great liner when the gangway was put up.

"If we could only look out for Christopher Pegram on trunks and things, then we might arrive," said Mabel wisely. As she spoke the name, a man close by gave a little start. Mabel saw it, and looked at him keenly, at once dismissing the idea, however, that the owner of such a pleasant face could be her ogre who was making such sorrow in Gravelly Hill. But the next moment her heart sank, for raising his cap, he said politely:

"My name happens to be Pegram. But I did not expect anyone to meet me."

"Oh indeed, yes; we've come to meet you," said Mabel, blushing furiously. "My name is Mabel Clitheroe, and I come from Gravelly Hill, where my father is the vicar. Perhaps you have heard his name."

Jack afterwards complimented her on her courage and dignity, but Mabel was conscious of nothing but the very keen, though quite kindly eyes bent on her face. She decided that he could not be more than thirty at the very most, and that he was quite a gentleman.

"Why, certainly; I am extremely glad to see

you," he said, holding out a frank hand, which Mabel took rather shyly.

"This is my cousin, Jack Featherstone. He lives just across the river at Netley, and I'm stopping there. He brought me down to meet you."

"Most kind, I'm sure, and it makes a lonely man feel better. Looking round on all these happy meetings I was feeling a bit out of it. I shall always remember your kind thought, and it pleases me to think we shall often meet at Gravelly Hill."

Mabel blushed again more furiously and looked imploringly at Jack, who came like a man to the rescue.

"I am afraid my cousin did not come from a purely disinterested motive, Mr. Pegram. She really has something to say to you, or ask you about a matter at Gravelly Hill. And we thought the best way would be to come and meet you. Will you come back with us to luncheon, if you are not in a hurry; my mother will be pleased, I am sure."

Mabel almost gasped, and cast an adoring glance at her cousin, wondering at his tact and presumption. But he was certainly right, for the boat train was waiting, and there was little chance of a good talk on a railway platform. Besides, you can always deal better with a man when you ask him to luncheon.

"Oh, do come; you'll simply love Aunt Billy, and Netley is so pretty."

Christopher Pegram looked as he felt, uncommonly pleased.

"I'll come with all the pleasure in life. An hour or two can't make any difference to me. If you'll wait till I see about my stuff, and despatch it to London, I'll come."

"But, Jack," cried Mabel desperately, "we've got our bicycles. We can't tie him on behind."

"We'll leave 'em and hire a carriage," said Jack with a regal air; "I'm going to see you through."

So it came to pass that Mrs. Featherstone, taking a walk in the garden before luncheon, was amazed to behold a carriage drive up to the front gate. Mabel jumped out almost before it stopped, and ran to acquaint her with the facts. Now Aunt Billy, unlike Mabel's own mother, was never put out by unexpected happenings; she had that fair, sunshiny nature which makes a sweet atmosphere of home everywhere, and she was quite ready to welcome the stranger from overseas, though she felt that she might have to apologise for the meagre luncheon. So it came to pass that Pegram, who had arrived in England with that lonely home-sick feeling common to the exile



"'We've come to meet you,' said Mabel, blushing furiously" (p. 171).

who returns without any expectation of welcome, felt himself suddenly drawn into warm family life, and received precisely as if he had been an old friend. It was altogether delightful, but it was at Mabel's sweet face he looked oftenest, and Aunt Billy perhaps dreamed her dreams for the child from that very hour.

"I must get the four-four, I am afraid, because I have to meet my agent in London this evening. In fact I'm afraid he's waiting for me now. So, Miss Mabel, perhaps you will ask me the questions before I go."

"You can go into the morning-room, dear," said Mrs. Featherstone, and led the way herself. When the door was closed upon them, Mabel felt rather dreadful, but summoning up all her courage she stood quite straight by the table and told Pegram the story of the "Bun and Stoat," and the persecution of the Hols. She did not embroider the facts, but told them simply, and Pegram listened with the deepest interest.

"And, you see, I thought it was my only chance to speak to you before Mr. Pulteney could get at you," she said naively. "I hope you don't mind. Emily is such a dear, and poor old Mr. Holt is nearly blind."

"I'm infinitely obliged to you, and I assure you I shall make it my immediate business to inquire into this. I will not say anything to Pulteney until I go to Gravelly Hill, which will be to-morrow."

"And you won't let him persuade you! It's such a dear old place, but especially for Emily and Mr. Holt; you see he was born there, and he wants to die in it."

"Naturally, and he shall do so, though I hope he will live a long time. They are fortunate in having such a special pleader as you. You could have won their case, even if it had bristled with ten thousand difficulties."

"They're my friends, and Emily is a dear," Mabel repeated with dancing eyes. "Oh, she will be pleased! May I write to her to-night and tell her?"

"Yes, and I will see her to-morrow," said Pegram. "I have been a little afraid that Pulteney had exceeded his duty in several cases. But it is so difficult to judge when there is an ocean between."

"You won't say anything at home? I am sure my mother wouldn't like it. She—she is rather strict. And when Aunt Billy knew it was quite all right I thought I might do it."

"I won't say a word. It shall be a secret between us."

"And you don't think I have been rude or anything?"

A curious softness gathered in his eyes, and Mabel found it better to avoid them.

"We'll come and see you off," she said with a little nervous laugh. "And we'll have fireworks in your honour at night, and on Christmas Day we'll all drink your health in Aunt Billy's blackberry wine."

"Anything to keep my memory green," he said quickly. "You can't think what a different feeling I have now about Gravelly Hill. I'm going home; when will you be there?"

"Oh, on Monday. I must be home for Christmas, you see, because there's only me at home."

"Then we shall meet on Christmas Day," he said aloud. Inwardly he made another vow, of which Mabel was to hear before the year was out.

When Pulteney met his patron in London he thought him oddly cool, and when they began to talk, not at all enthusiastic about changes.

"Listen, Pulteney; I had better tell you at once and for all, that I'm not going to turn the old place upside down. It would be very ill-mannered of me to think of it for a moment. I've had a hard life of knocking about, and I've come home to rest. And I'll take good care that I make friends of the folk who are going to help me to make a home. Understand?"

"But these people at the 'Bun and Stoat,' Mr. Pegram, they're most undesirable, in every way, above their station; they give themselves airs; and they don't keep the place in good repair."

"Then we must do it. There's plenty of money for the purpose. Don't worry me, Pulteney, or you and I will have to part. If you could suggest a few directions in which we might labour for the benefit of the folk, instead of for our own, you would please me better."

Pulteney could only hold his tongue. All his castles in the air toppled to the ground. Ten minutes' talk with Pegram had proved to him that he would be his own master absolutely, and would not brook either interference or direction from him.

He never knew, however, what hand Mabel Clitheroe had had in the affair, nor how completely she had stolen a march upon him. But one day, two years later, when he was asked to dine at her table after she became mistress of Gravelly Hall, he gathered from a chance and laughing remark she made to her husband, that they had met for the first time on board the *Walmer Castle* in Southampton Dock.

The Missionary Outlook.

AN INTERVIEW WITH BISHOP INGHAM, OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

By CHARLES T. BATEMAN.

FROM Bishop Ingham's room in the house of the Church Missionary Society in Salisbury Square, I saw that masterpiece of Wren's—the tower and steeple of St. Bride's Church—rising high above the offices and warehouses hemming in the church and hiding its outlines. Its classic beauty was a reminder of one at least of the enduring monuments of the metropolis. Moreover, it carried my thought to the famous architect's greater achievement on Ludgate Hill, and established the missionary connection that seemed to accord with the purpose of my interview. Without St. Paul's travels and endeavour, missionary annals would have been robbed of their brightest record and example.

Bishop Ingham is one of the chiefs of the Church Missionary Society, an organisation holding the leading position amongst missionary societies in this country. Its history is a noble and inspiring one. Through its agency has been brought into the mission field a line of missionary heroes whose lives and ministries have redeemed from heathenism whole tribes of races—black, brown, and yellow. To-day it sustains a large force on the foreign field, and has developed at home an organisation for the quickening of missionary interest which is an essential condition of a society requiring at least £400,000 per annum to carry on its world-wide work.

Sierra Leone's Record.

One advantage in discussing missionary matters with Bishop Ingham is the fact that he can claim to be something more than an arm-chair missionary. He is not an expert who has gained his experience from missionary literature or missionaries' speeches. After serving as vicar of St. Matthew's, Leeds, for three years, he went out to Sierra Leone in 1883, and there he remained until 1897. Sierra Leone is not exactly a health resort, and the Bishop tells the story of the kind of conversation recited on board the ship taking the missionary to his district there.

"At the saloon table, for instance, you hear," says the Bishop, "as I have once heard, a conversation like this: 'Do you remember Brown, who came out two voyages ago?'

Answer: 'Yes.' 'Ah, well, he's dead, poor fellow, and his wife returned to England, and died as the ship went into Liverpool.' Presently someone asks about Jones. 'Ah, poor fellow! He had a terrible fever, and got frightened and went home; and they say he will never have his health again.' Next day, someone will venture to ask about Robinson. 'Oh! didn't you know? He went out in this very ship, and only lived six months.' And so on."

Some of the Bishop's Stories

From his book on Sierra Leone I venture to take two others of a more or less humorous turn on the same subject.

"We have been told," says the Bishop, "and we vouch for the correctness of the story, that a young fellow, still in the mission field, was in due course called upon to attend on his committee and be informed as to his destination as a missionary. It was not his wish to be sent to West Africa, but he accepted the decision of the committee as God's call and will. On his way home he met a clergyman, who must have had much to do with arranging men's spheres of work in that very Society. He came up quite cheerfully, rubbing his hands and saying: 'Well, Mr. So-and-so, and to what part of the world are you being sent?' The reply was: 'To West Africa.' Instantly changing his tone, and looking very solemn, with a deep-drawn sigh, he said: 'God help you, dear fellow. May you have your health. I hope you will get on, but it is a difficult climate.' Now all this is perfectly true, but why not send that young man on his way with a bright and cheerful view of the situation, even if it is a bad one? That missionary will never forget that deep-drawn sigh, but Africa has not killed him yet."

The second is as follows:—"On one occasion, some years ago, the writer was travelling on the North-Western Railway. His small box, with the words 'Bishop of Sierra Leone' painted on the top, was visible slightly from underneath the seat. An elderly lady in the same carriage, catching sight of the title, was quite seriously affected, and she could not help saying as

she left the train: 'Ah, that's a bad place. I am sorry for you.'

Bishop Ingham, when he came home after fourteen years on the mission field, undertook the charge of an important parish in Guildford. But though a returned missionary, he never lost his ardour for the foreign work, and *con amore* threw himself, whilst still carrying out his parochial duties, into missionary propaganda and organisation.

It is often said to-day that the glamour and romance of foreign missions has passed away. Yet I judged that this was not the Bishop's invariable experience. The Society has stations demanding continually heroic service and undiminished faith on the part of its agents. There is, for instance, Africa, West, East, and Central (with Upper Nigeria and the Gordon Memorial Mission as more recent developments), India, Ceylon and Mauritius, Persia and Turkish Arabia, China and Japan, and North West America (this latter now passing away from the evangelistic stage), to say nothing of indigenous churches in New Zealand and elsewhere that are now fully organised and no longer missions at all.

New Conditions in the Far East.

Inevitably, however, the march of civilisation in eastern and southern countries brings up the railways and telegraphs, and the missionary is but a few hours by cable from Salisbury Square to-day, whereas his predecessors were removed by several months in their communications with the home executive. Though in such cases the glamour may pass away, serious problems take its place, calling out an entirely new set of activities of a more intellectual character.

"We feel," said Bishop Ingham, "that the Russo-Japanese War has introduced quite a new condition of affairs in the East and Far East. These nations have gained the impression that the Western peoples can be beaten. At the same time they recognise that whilst this is possible there are many things that the East must learn from the West. They therefore say in effect: 'Let us know Western science, Western arts, Western education, and Western methods of civilisation.' This desire is not prompted by any love for the West, but they are afraid that if they do not find out the secret that has given the first place to Western civilisation they must take a back seat. There can be no question that this represents the attitude of the Eastern mind to-day. It is with these thoughts in

view that the Chinese have sent their 15,000 students to Tokio University with the object of training their young men, destined for positions of great influence in China on their return, along the same lines that have made Japan so powerful.

Helping Chinese Students.

"But Japan is not in a position to teach China anything except the material advantages she herself has gained. The Tokio men will go back more partial to Christian principles, or they will have imbibed those views which brought about the French Revolution. Thanks to the Students' Volunteer movement, this situation has been considered, and it is stated that some 500 of the students at Tokio are already Christians. So far as the Church Missionary Society is concerned, we are sending out two of our best men to cultivate friendly relations with, and if possible win to Christ, these Chinese students. At the present time they are in an exceptional position for receiving the truths of Christianity. They are away from their ancestral worship, separated from their wives and families, and naturally feeling lonely in Tokio. The Japanese are not very friendly with them, nor are they particularly anxious to teach them. These Chinese students are most ready to listen to Christian teachers. If only we can discover the men in England who believe in educational methods as a main part of missionary work, and will supply the necessary funds, there can be no difficulty in finding men able and willing to undertake the work. It is a pathetic thing that we are hampered by the question of money when the opportunity is open before us, such as may not occur again, and with such illimitable possibilities."

The Financial Situation.

By a natural sequence the Bishop turned to discuss the financial position of the Church Missionary Society. His comments possess a significance and value far outside the borders of his own organisation, for he placed his finger upon some of the most acute problems now facing missionary institutions. The supreme question is that of arousing the self-sacrificing interest of those nominally called Christians, who belong to the home churches in a more or less direct way, and yet have not the imagination to realise the value of the foreign mission as an aid to civilisation and commerce—to put the matter on the lowest ground—let alone its higher claims.

"We have gone ahead by leaps and bounds," the Bishop said. "Our income verges upon £400,000 a year. This is a very respectable sum, but at the same time it is not equal to the demands made upon us, nor is it sufficient to enable us to send out the candidates for this year who have been prepared for the mission field. We feel that we possess an unparalleled opportunity for dealing with a big and tremendous force outside Christendom if we could only widen the base of Christian enterprise. We need this base to be widened. There are tens of thousands in our churches who do not believe in missions and will not contribute towards them."

Illogical Indifference.

I ventured to query this point in order that I might not misunderstand the Bishop.

"Yes," he emphasised; "I am not overstating the fact. There are tens of thousands in our churches to-day who occupy this illogical position. They are more or less believers in Christianity, but they will not support nor co-operate in foreign missions. I must add that they are mainly to be found in the higher ranks of society.

"Moreover, the position is complicated now by the fact that the well-to-do Eastern peoples come over to this country and are in the position of knowing what our own ruling classes think of missions. Therefore, before our advance parties reach some of the mission stations there has gone forth the idea that we in England do not attach much importance to the necessities or realities of foreign missions. When Mr. Morley made his annual statement in the House of Commons with respect to India, the galleries were dark with turbaned representatives of our Eastern dominions. Do you think these people do not know our opinions? They have the entry to our best people, and they take away with them the current thought and opinions of the country."

"How do you account for this indifference?" I inquired.

"The attitude on the part of our wealthy classes proceeds, I believe, from various reasons. First, there is manifest a disappointment in the results of missions. They unfairly criticise the fact that the little bit of scratching the surface, which has gone on in heathen countries during a century at most, has not produced as great results as thirteen centuries of Christian teaching in our own land. Indian servants (some of whom pass themselves off as Christians,

though in a condition of baptised heathenism through former Romish methods) are far from perfect, and many people come back from residence in Eastern countries complaining that the native converts are not strong in their moral growth. They further relate all kinds of wild stories to the effect that missions are not succeeding. How unfair all this is may be understood on reflection. These people fail to understand that the Englishman's character has been evolved as the result of an environment created by Christianity and nursed by a Christian Church life for many centuries. The nations to whom we go live in an atmosphere, on the other hand, which is just the poles asunder from that in which we have been born and bred, and so they have lived for ages past. The man who goes out to awaken his kind from these backward and anti-Christian conditions is sure to take a different view from those who go to make money out of them, and also to be far more patient. The note to be emphasised surely is that uttered by the Prince of Wales after his return from his Indian tour. He advised those who went to India to make name or money to be more sympathetic towards those races amongst whom they sojourned. In respect to missions, therefore, I venture to plead for more sympathy and imagination and consideration for the conditions of Eastern peoples, so many of whom are to-day looking towards our Christianity.

"Back to Christ."

"Another reason operating in the minds of those in high places who do not assist the missionary societies is this. They say: 'You are not converting the world.' Several replies may be given to this taunt. Take only this one: Christ did not send us to convert the world. He said to His disciples, 'Ye shall be witnesses unto Me . . . to the uttermost part of the earth.' As a matter of fact, this witnessing is never really forthcoming without a gathering out of people everywhere unto Christ, and so building up the kingdom 'that cometh not with observation.' Another objection frequently urged is this: Are you satisfied with the condition of Christendom to-day? Why are the oldest centres of faith—in the Near East, and in Italy, Spain, Russia, France—just like extinct volcanoes, centres of anarchy and unbelief? Why are there these sad divisions even amongst ourselves? I believe these sorry conditions

have arisen from the fact that the Church has so long ignored the conditions under which she received from the Master His promise of the Holy Spirit. For the first three or four centuries she was loyal to her witness, but presently she greatly laid aside her task. The fact is, there would have been no Mohammedans to-day if her witness had remained true and catholic, but the Church failed, and Mohammedanism was a direct outcome of the Church's disobedience. There has been a loss of power by the Church. She has ignored the fact that she was to witness on a catholic scale. The Church has claimed the Holy Ghost, but she has manifested spiritual pride, and has developed spiritual claims on lines of false development. For the way back to power and influence we need not go to Evan Roberts and South Wales revivals, good though they may be, but back to obedience to the commands of Christ. We are to be witnesses on a catholic scale.

"We must remember," the Bishop said, as he discussed another problem, "that whilst we are taking witnesses out of the country in an *organised* way, we need the unconventional witness as well—the man who in Army and Navy, Civil Service and in trade, will live out his creed abroad. Let me illustrate this by a story concerning one of the missionaries in India. It is a rule of our Society that unless a missionary is able to master the language of the country to which he has been sent within a period of three years, he is to be notified that it will be necessary for him to return home. An instance of this kind came before Principal Grey, and very reluctantly he took the necessary steps to

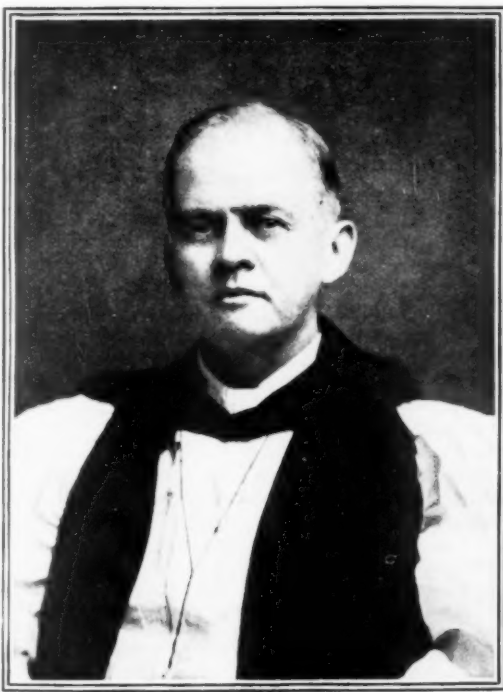
inform the missionary in question that as he was not able to preach in the language it would be incumbent on him to relinquish his charge. Before this took effect the Principal was surprised one day to receive a large deputation of natives at Delhi who came to plead with him that the missionary should have a further chance in order to perfect his studies of the vernacular. 'Do not send him back,' they urged. 'We know that owing to the difficulties of the language he is not yet able to preach in our tongue, but he is a good man, and by his life he helps us to believe in Jesus Christ.'"

The Bishop drove home the point that to-day the great need of British Christianity and British churchmanship was this sort of witness for Christ, both at home and abroad.

"In the present day," the Bishop continued, "the Church is much concerned about the question of incense and vestments. There is a very real danger of disestablishment and disruption. The thought comes to some of us: 'Shall we hand on the old Church of this land to our children?' I believe that nothing will deliver us from

these dangers ahead short of a greater decision on the part of the Church to seek first the kingdom of God. I believe the Lord is saying to us, 'If you will put My kingdom first, then I will see that all these things'—what is really necessary for carrying on His work at home—'shall be added unto you.'"

After describing what was being effected by means of missionary study—the formation of centres for the promotion of knowledge concerning the history of the facts of missions and the literature now



(Photo: Russell.)

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP INGHAM.

being issued—the Bishop terms the latter “marvellous”—he turned to the need of a missionary intelligence department in the Church.

“When the South African War was in progress, did we not have a map of the war before us? And was there ever such a sale of newspapers?” he queried. “Though the seat of war was so far away, Mafeking, Magersfontein, and Ladysmith became as familiar to us as if they were towns in the provinces. The spirit of empire was upon the nation, and its people felt the inspiration of a keen, living interest in the happenings of the war and the places occupied by our troops. That is the spirit we require the Church to possess in respect to missionary enterprise. At the time of the war there was a great national awakening with respect to South Africa and the Empire generally. To-day we do not want to create a great war. We have one! We are a Church militant. What we want is a sense of His command to us to be His witnesses—greater realisation that this condition of warfare is laid upon us, and that our controversy is with that strong man who has for so long held a thousand millions in his grip.”

I asked the Bishop whether he considered there was any danger to-day—as was sometimes alleged—of evangelical Christians thinking too exclusively of the heathen abroad and forgetting the needs at home.

“That can be answered,” he replied, “by the testimony of the Bishop of Exeter, who came over from Exeter to Torquay the other day in order to take part in a missionary gathering. The Bishop told the meeting that he was engaged in an important scheme for the building of several new churches in the Plymouth and Devonport district, but he rejoiced to be present on that occasion to emphasise the needs of foreign missions. He said he found the Church Missionary Society propaganda developed the principle of self-sacrifice and fostered the practice of giving. The truth was that the two works—the home and the foreign—were one, and it was his experience that those who assisted foreign missionary work were equally ready to co-operate in Church extension or

philanthropic agencies at home. And he expected to find Torquay all the more liberal to Plymouth and Devonport because they were keen on missionary work.”

“Are you keeping up a supply of generous givers to missionary work?” was another point I put to the Bishop. He replied that the funds of the Church Missionary Society were increasing, but he had an impression that possibly the larger donors were not so frequent to-day as formerly. It was the small gifts of the poorer and wage-earning classes that gave the bulk of income.

Just at this point Dr. Lankester came into the Bishop's room, and, as it more intimately affected the former's department, the Bishop put the question to him. Dr. Lankester was of opinion that to-day there were no signs of falling away in this respect. He ran over several large sums notified in the last report, and referred to the considerable legacies the Society had already received this year. But he emphasised the fact that the Society had to spend more in organisation to-day to obtain the necessary income. This, he considered, was inevitable. There was no great difficulty in raising one-half of the sum required, but the second half constituted the burden. It was a question of education. They had to remember in organising a missionary society that there were two classes of givers. The one well-informed and keen on missionary objects, the other needing knowledge of the claims of the mission field. Then, too, the Society was not in the position of, say, the Baptist, the Wesleyan, or the London Missionary Society, who were the sole societies for one particular denomination. In the Church of England several societies besides themselves were appealing to more or less the same constituency, and it made their own particular task all the harder.

Upon the question of cost of administration, Dr. Lankester remarked that they would compare favourably with any other society.

Right across the face of the Church Mission House runs the text: “Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.” Could any words be more appropriate for such an institution?



Miss Fallowfield's Fortune.

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

(Author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," Etc.)

PART I.

SYNOPSIS.

At a watering-place on the Welsh coast Charlotte Fallowfield sits in her dingy lodgings and deplures her poverty, but her sister Phoebe insists on taking a more hopeful view of their prospects. Each girl is engaged, but the chance of marriage in each case is remote. Hearing of St. Winifrede's Well, where one may pray and the prayer be granted, Charlotte goes forth to offer a petition, meeting on the way an aged clergyman, who counsels her to pray only for what accords with the Divine Will. Returning home, she learns that her lover has suddenly left for America to inherit the fortune of a rich uncle, and by the next mail she receives news that her lover himself is dead, and the whole of the money—a million pounds—has been bequeathed to her. At the weekly Dorcas meeting in the parish of Dinglewood Miss Fallowfield's fortune is discussed, along with the probable appointment of the Rev. Theophilus Sprout to the living made vacant by the death of the old vicar.

CHAPTER II.

MISS FALLOWFIELD.

ON the great high road that runs from London to Chester, straight through the heart of the Midlands, stands the little village of Dinglewood.

It is a fine old road, and has seen fine old doings in its time. It has echoed to the tramp of the Roman legions as they thundered forth on their triumphant way; it has watched the knights and ladies of the middle ages ride by on their armed steeds and their white palfreys. Hereward the Wake made use of it as he rode home on Mare Swallow after playing the potter; and Charles the Second found it his friend when he escaped to Boscobel after the battle of Worcester. Now it no longer bears the tread of armies or guides the steps of fugitive kings; it has fallen on more peaceful and less eventful days. Instead of Hereward flying to the merry greenwood, or Charles fleeing from the Parliamentary hosts, tired huntsmen jog along its grassy edges on wintry evenings, seeking rest after a good day's sport; instead of gay post-chaises, with their postillions, or mail-coaches with their smoking teams, hay-carts rumble in summer along its broad white path, and farmers drive in their gigs to and from market; and instead of the clash of arms and the tramp of armies, its silence is now broken by the hideous trumpetings of motor cars. Other days, other manners—sometimes better, sometimes not so good—a truth which has been well trodden into the fine old road, called by some the Streetway and by others the Watling Street, which runs from London through the heart of the Midlands straight to the western sea.

We have seen that there are special voices of the forest and of the sea and of the moun-

tain, and there is likewise the special voice of the road. As the spirit of the forest is the spirit of love, and the spirit of the sea the spirit of sorrow, and the spirit of the mountain the spirit of prayer, so the spirit of the highway is the spirit of hope. Which of us does not know the exhilaration of setting out on a broad highway, with its white path in the centre, and its strips of greensward on either side, and the unknown at the other end of it? Which of us at some time or other has not heard the call of the road sounding in our ears, bidding us journey on to "fresh woods and pastures new"? There is always something hopeful in the sight of a great highway. There is no stagnation in it, no finality. It is imbued with the spirit of progress, and is for ever urging us to forget those things which are behind, and to reach forward unto those things which are before. And the voice of the road is one of the voices of eternity; for in that country where it is decreed that the sea shall be no more, it is also ordained that a highway shall be there, which shall be called the way of holiness: which surely teaches us that the life of the world to come shall be no formless Nirvana, no semi-conscious absorption into infinity, but a life of service and effort and activity, the life of a great highway. And, further, it brings us a message of comfort concerning those who have gone astray from the highroads of this world and have wandered in forbidden paths: for on that new highway, which is called the way of holiness, travellers can press onwards to fresh duties and fresh attainments, unhampered by those temptations and infirmities of the flesh which proved too strong for them here; for of that road it is written that the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein.

The spirit of a place must inevitably exercise

a marked influence upon the characters of the people who are born and bred in it. The inhabitants of densely-wooded regions are as a rule inclined to poetry and romance; sea-faring folk are rarely gay or light-hearted, but have a sad and far-away look in their eyes, as those who see strange and terrible wonders in the deep; they who dwell upon mountain-tops and in the high places of the earth are prone to ponder upon the mysteries of the Unseen even to the verge of religious melancholy; and those whose lot is cast in the habitable parts which fringe the great highways are generally a hopeful and progressive people, who have learnt the secret of success. It is not their way to plunge into the heart of the woodland in search of Love feeding among the lilies; nor to fling their souls in unceasing rebellion against the hard rocks of Fate; nor yet to stretch forth groping hands towards the Unknown God that haply they may feel after Him and find Him; but rather to set their faces to attain the practicable and to compass the possible, unhindered by the brooding shadow of mystery or the elusive glamour of romance; and to set their feet upon the road which leads to a known and certain goal, through low-lying hills which are gateways rather than barriers, and beside running waters which are a means rather than an end.

The spirit of the road is the prevailing spirit of Mercia, for Mercia is the land of roads, leading from north to south and from east to west. And the typical Mercian is cheerful and progressive, practical, and sensible, not given to the seeing of indescribable visions nor the dreaming of impossible dreams, but devoting his working hours to the tramping of those dusty highways which lead to professional proficiency and commercial success, and taking his pastime in those green and grassy lanes—hidden sometimes under snowdrifts of blossom and sometimes under canopies of fruit—which will eventually bring him to a cosy and comfortable homestead of his own.

Therefore Dinglewood being situated in the very middle of Mercia, and the spirit of Mercia being the spirit of the road, the story of Dinglewood will be no blood-curdling tale of mystery and no enthralling legend of romance, but just the ordinary commonplace history of ordinary commonplace people, who neither work miracles nor make angels weep; but who learn and labour truly to get their own living, and strive (with occasional lapses) to do their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them.

And as the road through Dinglewood crosses no snow-crowned peaks, and borders no unfathomable oceans, and yet has its ups and downs—its low-lying hills and its fertile valleys—so the

people of Dinglewood find their own romance and pathos in their ordinary and apparently uneventful lives. And we do well now and then to turn away from our search after thrilling incident and soul-stirring tragedy, to look for the real joy and sorrow of ordinary human life as we see it at our doors, lest haply in our eagerness to do and to know some great thing, and to bathe in the Abanas and Pharpars of dramatic emotion, we omit to cleanse our souls in the Jordan of human experience and practical heroism which is for ever flowing by our very gates.

Among the most important inhabitants of the village of Dinglewood—perhaps the most important of all, next to the vicar, and he could hardly be called an inhabitant just now, as the late one was dead and the new one not yet appointed—was Miss Charlotte Fallowfield, a maiden lady of some forty-eight summers, who had inherited a very large fortune five-and-twenty years before this story opens; and who had then expended a portion of this fortune in purchasing Dinglewood Hall, which happened to be in the market. A handsome woman was Miss Fallowfield, with masses of black hair now streaked with grey, aquiline features, a good complexion, and dark eyes which looked as bright as they looked when they were but twenty years old, and saw a good deal more than they saw then.

At the age of twenty-three Miss Fallowfield had come into a fortune of a million—an immense sum to be entrusted to the hands of any woman. And Charlotte had not proved herself unworthy of the trust. As is unusual in the case of persons who suddenly spring out of the depths of poverty to the heights of excessive wealth, she had become neither recklessly extravagant nor miserably parsimonious. In fact she had shown herself one of those rare people who possess a sense of proportion where money is concerned. She estimated it at its true value in the eternal scheme of things, and dealt with it accordingly.

Her position was a singularly independent and solitary one. At the time of her succeeding to this vast fortune she was an orphan with one sister, a year or two younger than herself, and until that event she and Phoebe had had a hard struggle for existence. But then everything changed. All pressing anxiety was over for ever, and permanent comfort, if not happiness, awaited the two girls. Owing to Charlotte's generosity, Phoebe was shortly able to marry the man of her girlish choice—a handsome and impecunious curate of Irish extraction. They had one child—a daughter—whom they christened Dagmar. For a few years they lived together in a state of ideal happiness, in a rural parish to which Derek Silverthorne



"'I don't see why you should be in a hurry, Aunt Charlotte'"—p. 183.

was appointed soon after his marriage. Having private means (Charlotte's) they could afford to accept a living which would have meant absolute starvation to a man less handsomely endowed—one of those incumbencies so common, alas! in the Church of England, which prove the adherence of a great nation to the doctrine that the labourer is *not* worthy of his hire. Then Derek caught a fever in the fulfilment of his pastoral duties, which proved fatal; and his young wife, to everyone's surprise, did not long survive him, but died a few months afterwards, nominally of a neglected cold but actually of a broken heart. It was one of those cases where people do the exact opposite to that which their natures prophesy and their friends expect. Phoebe Silverthorne's was one of those happy-go-lucky characters which are supposed to resemble the proverbial duck's back. Nothing—not even poverty itself, that most depressing of companions—seemed able to affect her light-heartedness. She was the type of woman of whom people say, "If anything happened to her husband she would be bound to marry again." And therefore it was a source of amazement to everybody

who knew her to find that she was not made of such slight elements as they had imagined. It is a generally accepted though utterly erroneous article of belief, that melancholy people have deeper feelings than cheerful people, and that those who are endowed with a sense of humour have of necessity therefore been denied a sense of pathos. A woman has only to wear a sad expression of countenance and to talk in a whining voice, and people give her credit for unfathomable depths of sentiment and emotion; while her sister, who goes smiling through life and irradiates cheerfulness wherever she may be, is credited with utter want of heart; for in these days of advertisement people have not the discernment to perceive that the difference between the melancholy woman and the cheery one is generally the difference between selfishness and unselfishness. They both have their sorrows—they would not be human if they had not—but the former forces her burdens upon other people, while the latter sets herself to lighten theirs.

So merry Phoebe Silverthorne died from the breakage of that organ which a superficial world had not given her the credit for possessing; and little Dagmar went to live with her Aunt Charlotte.

In spite of her large fortune—or rather, perhaps, because of it—Charlotte Fallowfield had never married. True, she had had a

disappointment in her youth which would have constrained some women deliberately to choose a life of celibacy; but Charlotte was not one of these. She was descended from a good old Midland stock, with all the Midland characteristics, and she would have considered it an act of foolish sentiment to condemn herself to a solitary existence because poor Herbert Wilson had not lived to marry her. Had he done so, there would have been no more faithful and devoted wife in England than Charlotte; but as she could not now make him happy, she correctly reasoned that it would be in accordance with his wishes that she should be as happy as she could without him; and if she had found any among her numerous lovers who gave her a reasonable hope of securing to her this happiness, she would straightway have accepted him. But she did not.

As a girl Charlotte had been fairly romantic; but one of the results of great wealth—as of great poverty—is the early death of romance. The woman who is so poor that nobody wants to marry her, and the woman who is so rich that everybody wants to marry her, are both too clear-sighted to be taken in by Love's assumption of blindness. They know well enough that the bandage across the eyes of the so-called "little blind god" is all humbug, and that he can see as far into a bank-book as most people, and take aim accordingly. Therefore Miss Fallowfield was so accustomed to be proposed to by men who had not known her long enough or well enough to love her for herself that she had lost faith in her own power of inspiring affection, and had arrived at the melancholy conclusion that nobody cared for her except on pecuniary grounds. Yet she was a decidedly handsome woman, and would have been an attractive one had she not been embittered by her own wealth. Moreover, she was not a happy woman; and unhappy women are very rarely charming, though they may be endowed with a certain fascination of their own. Charm is a plant which flourishes in a congenial soil and a sunny climate, and is found far oftener in the valleys of content than on the mountain tops of distinction.

Her life had been a very lonely one since Phoebe's death, as Dagmar was still so young as to be a pet rather than a companion, and Charlotte sorely pined for the support of a guiding hand to help her in the management of her large fortune. The fact that she was quite capable of managing it herself in no way detracted from her constant desire for advice and assistance; and she would have been lost indeed had it not been for the friendship which existed between herself and her solicitor, Mr. Duncan of Merchester. Mr. Duncan was a distant connection of her father's; and, on acceding

to her fortune, Miss Fallowfield immediately sought him out—a thing she would never have dreamed of doing in the days of her poverty—and put all her affairs into his hands. It was he who told her when Dinglewood Hall was in the market and advised her to buy it, Dinglewood being situated only about five miles from Merchester; and he had been her most valued guide and counsellor ever since.

Miss Fallowfield was a very generous woman. She did not save at all, and she only spent a very moderate portion of her enormous income, living in the comfortable yet unobtrusive style of a well-bred Englishwoman of the upper middle class. The remainder of her income she gave away, for the greater part anonymously, since she had the utmost horror of anything approaching ostentation or display with regard to her wealth. She had not yet made up her mind how she could dispose of that wealth in the distant future, when she would be no longer able to dispense it herself. She had no intention of leaving it to her niece; she knew too well the care and responsibility and unhappiness which the possession of exceptional riches entails upon a woman, and she wished to save Dagmar from the disappointment and loneliness which she had herself endured. She had therefore settled a hundred thousand pounds upon the girl, and told her plainly that was all she must expect from her aunt. The remaining nine hundred thousand pounds Miss Fallowfield intended to leave to charity, but what particular form this charity was to take she had not decided. But, as she was as yet on the sunny side of fifty, she felt there was plenty of time still left to her in which to arrive at a just and right decision: exactly as she would have felt had she been instead on the shady side of eighty.

As for the niece for whom a tithe of Miss Fallowfield's fortune was reserved, she was a very pretty girl indeed. She was tall and slender and had really golden hair—neither red nor flaxen, but of the exact shade of a sovereign—a rose-leaf complexion, and eyes the colour of sapphires. The blue eyes of Englishwomen nearly always partake of the hue of turquoises and forget-me-nots; you must cross the Irish Channel if you want to find sapphires and violets adorning the windows of a woman's soul. Dagmar was still very young, having barely outgrown her title to the epithet "sweet and twenty," and she was quite clever enough for a girl endowed with beauty as well.

The gates to Dinglewood Park opened on to the great high road, and the Hall was about half a mile from them, being approached by a winding drive which bordered a large sheet

of water. The Hall itself was a fine old Jacobean house, built of red brick with stone facings, and was replete with beautiful curios and works of art, as its owner was a lady of great artistic taste; and the gardens were counted among the sights of the Midlands, being open to the public one day a week.

"I wish I could make up my mind what to do with regard to the living of Dinglewood," said Miss Fallowfield to her niece a few days after the Dorcas-meeting described in the last chapter. The two ladies were having tea in the cosy morning-room which opened out of the state drawing-room at the Hall, and as it was autumn the shadows of evening were beginning to close in.

"I don't see why you should be in a hurry, Aunt Charlotte. I think it's rather fun having no proper vicar, but getting in what you might call 'a char-clergyman' to do the work every Sunday. It makes such a nice lot of variety."

"It certainly does that," agreed Miss Fallowfield with a smile.

"I think that having the same old clergyman week after week gets dreadfully boring," continued Dagmar; "but if there is always a new one for every Sunday you enjoy his first sermon because you've never heard it before, and his second because you've never heard it at all."

"That is all very well for you, my dear, but what about the parish as a whole? The 'char-clergymen,' as you call them, don't do any visiting, and the poor are shockingly neglected in consequence."

Dagmar shrugged her pretty shoulders. "Oh, they don't mind that—they like it. They don't want a clergyman who is always poking his nose into their concerns, and interfering all round. What they like is one who never gives them advice till they ask for it, and then advises them to do the thing they'd already done before they asked him. As a rule people don't ask for advice, you see, until they've done the thing that they are going to do; and then what is the use of advising them not to do it?"

"Certainly not much."

"And the preaching that people really like," continued the sapient young judge, "is the sort that shows up their own virtues and is down on their neighbours' faults. I'm sure it is."

"Then I conclude that the preaching that you like most is that which condemns my particular faults and extols your particular virtues, eh, little one?"

"Oh, auntie darling, you haven't got any faults; and those that you have are the nice sort that people are much better with than without," replied the loyal Dagmar, who had not had an Irish father for nothing.

"Well, all the same, dear, I am sadly bothered about this living. I must appoint somebody soon, and I cannot make up my mind who it shall be. I wish I could see my way to giving it to Theophilus Sprott," and Miss Fallowfield sighed.

Dagmar put down her tea-cup with a gasp of horror. "Oh, auntie! Not that terrible Theophilus?"

"Yes, that terrible Theophilus, my dearest. Have you anything against him?"

"Why, he's the very ugliest man I ever saw in my life! I've only seen one uglier, and that was Mr. Hanson, and I'm not sure that he was really quite so ugly after all; and then he is so dreadfully old!"

"He is forty-one," remarked Miss Fallowfield demurely.

"Ah! I knew he was a great age," retorted Dagmar in all good faith; "and it does seem such a pity to begin with another old man just when we've got rid of Mr. Hanson at last. Oh, auntie, do get somebody young and good-looking and nice; it would make going to church so much more amusing."

"You do not go to church to be amused, Dagmar," said Miss Fallowfield with outward gravity and inward humour.

"But if you are amused you are much more likely to go again, and that is a good thing; and if people are bored the first time they go to hear him, they don't go at all, you see, and that is the end of their church-going."

"I am very sorry for Theophilus Sprott," said Miss Fallowfield; "here he is at forty-one with nothing but a curacy. It is time that he had a parish of his own. I cannot make out why he has not got on better, as he was considered very promising as a young man. He used to be the head boy, I believe, of Merchester Grammar School; and then he went to St. Monica's College, Oxford. He must have had a good head in those days."

"But he must always have had a dreadful face."

"He couldn't help his face, Dagmar."

"Well, he couldn't help his head either, if you come to that."

Miss Fallowfield laughed. "I suppose he couldn't; but it always seems more to be people's own doing, somehow, if they are clever than if they are good-looking."

"I know; and it's so dreadfully unjust. The clever girls at school were always being praised for their cleverness, as if they had done it themselves; while we pretty ones were always being told we must remember that we were as God made us, which used to hurt our feelings dreadfully."

"But why, darling? It was quite true."

"I know it was; and that was what vexed

us so. We wouldn't have minded if Miss Perkins had admitted that God made the clever girls as well. But she never did. She always buttered them up as if it was entirely their own doing."

"Well, anyway, Theophilus Sprott's face isn't his own doing, and I don't see why I should punish him further for it; and I am sorry for him. He began his career with so much promise, and it has all come to nothing. I am always sorry for disappointed people, as I am a disappointed woman myself."

"People generally wouldn't think so," Dagmar expostulated.

"Probably not; they generally think wrongly. There are two kinds of disappointed people, my child—the people who have failed to attain their heart's desire, and the people who have succeeded in attaining it; and the latter are the more to be pitied of the two."

"Still," persisted Dagmar, "it can't matter much when you get to Theophilus Sprott's age what happens to you; you must feel that your life is over and that nothing can make much difference any more. So it does seem such a pity to throw away that nice church and vicarage upon a man whose life is practically over, when it would make a nice young one so tremendously happy and comfortable."

"That argument certainly is a convincing one, and I'll give it my full consideration," answered Miss Fallowfield; and it was now so very dark that Dagmar could not see that her aunt was laughing at her.

CHAPTER III.

DUNCAN AND SOMERS.

DUNCAN AND SOMERS had for several generations been the leading solicitors in Merchester; but now the firm was represented by Mr. Reginald Duncan, as the Somers of the present day was an old man of over eighty, and the grandson who was eventually to succeed to his share in the concern—*young Alan Wylie*—had not as yet emerged from the chrysalis of article clerkship.

Therefore the business was carried on for the present by Reginald Duncan and his head clerk, Mr. Sprott. Mr. Sprott had entered the service of Duncan and Somers as an office-boy fifty years before, and had remained in that office ever since, having "slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent" until he was now Mr. Duncan's right-hand man.

Reginald Duncan was a distinguished-looking man of about fifty-five. He was both gifted and cultured, and his wide experience had not left him much to learn about human nature and its manifold frailties. He was a

bachelor, and seemed likely to remain so, although he had had his romance like the rest of us, the said romance being *Charlotte Fallowfield*.

When first Charlotte sought her father's distant cousin and put her business affairs into his hands, Reginald fell in love with her as single-heartedly and completely as if she had not had a penny in the world. But he was not as ready to inform her of the fact as he would have been in those circumstances, and hence arose the crowning mistake of his otherwise prosperous and sensible career. He was too proud to make love to a woman with such an enormous fortune as *Charlotte Fallowfield's*, and so offered up her happiness and his own upon the altar of his pride. For Charlotte and he were thoroughly suited to each other, and would have been unusually qualified to make one another happy; but because Charlotte was enormously rich and he was only moderately so, Reginald decreed that they must both forego the bliss of an absolutely sympathetic union, and be content to dree out their weirds alone—for the which most men and no woman would commend him.

But although Mr. Duncan lived alone in a fine old oak-panelled house on the outskirts of Merchester, his solitude was not altogether unbroken; for he had a frequent visitor in the shape of his nephew, *Octavius Rainbrow*, a young gentleman who loomed very large in the eyes of Miss Dagmar Silverthorne. Now Octavius was a very great man indeed—in his own eyes as well as in those of Miss Silverthorne—and he was as yet sufficiently young to be infallible upon every matter, whether he knew anything about it or whether he did not. In fact the less he knew the more infallible he was, which is one of the glorious prerogatives of youth. And he was also in love with the said Miss Silverthorne, although he was sufficiently cautious not to mention the fact until his position was a little more established; wherein he showed himself his uncle's nephew. He had declined, however, to enter the prosaic if respectable ranks of that uncle's profession, and had selected journalism as the most agreeable road to that ultimate success which he had no doubt was awaiting him. He was the second child of his parents, and was christened *Octavius*, which gave the impression to a casual acquaintance that Mr. and Mrs. Rainbrow were somewhat shaky in their arithmetic. But in reality this was not so. Octavius was named after a great-uncle on his father's side, from whom he had what people call "expectations," and who had been in very truth the eighth arrow in that particular quiverful of Rainbrows.

It was marvellous to hear Octavius talk



"By the way, Sprott, do you happen to know whether Miss Fallowfield has taken any steps yet towards filling up the vacant living of Dinglewood?"—p. 187.

on matters about which he knew absolutely nothing, and such conversations aroused equally Miss Silverthorne's admiration and his uncle's amusement. At present he was on the staff of *The Morning Sunset*, and devoted his wonderful abilities to correcting and refining public taste upon such matters as art, literature and the like. He cherished rather a contempt for what he called the "newsy" parts of the paper; his line was to go round the country reading novels, seeing plays, and attending musical festivals, and then to teach the public how to regard the same from the truly artistic (that is to say his own particular) point of view. All modern novelists he utterly despised, and most ancient ones; but he had been known to speak tolerantly—even kindly—of Balzac, whom, however, he was unable to study in the original, owing to that author's unfortunate habit of writing his novels in French. According to Octavius, there never had been but one musician in the world since Tubal Cain, and that was Wagner. Handel he scorned as "stodgy" and Mendelssohn as "tuney"; while as for Beethoven and Bach, if he recognised their compositions at all (which he never could do without a programme) he condemned them wholesale as "out of date." It was no wonder that little Dagmar Silverthorne regarded him as the cleverest man she had ever met in her whole life, and especially as he wore a single eye-glass, which never fails to have an impressive effect upon a woman. Mr. Rainbrow could not see through his eye-glass, it is true, but his sight was so excellent that he could well afford to sacrifice the vision of one eye now and then for the sake of appearance.

But the most popular person in Duncan and Somers's office was neither Mr. Duncan nor Mr. Somers, nor yet Mr. Alan Wylie—it was the managing clerk, Timothy Sprott, who had entered those sacred precincts as office-boy fifty years before.

Mr. Sprott was a small, stout, cherubic-looking person, with white hair, rosy cheeks, and the kindest heart in the world. For a long time now he had lived in a small house at Dinglewood, coming up to Merchester every morning by the 8.45 train and returning home by the 5.23 as regular as clock-work; and he was a capable and efficient man of business, as well as a most faithful and affectionate friend. He had, however, with his many excellencies, one noteworthy weakness, and that was the glamour of romance which he threw retrospectively around his own words and actions. To hear Mr. Sprott's actual contributions to any conversation, and then to hear the worthy little man's account of the same, was in itself a liberal education in the art of dramatic fic-

tion. To listen to what Mr. Sprott said that he had said, filled the listener with wonder that so much courage and wisdom should be combined in one personality; but to listen to what Mr. Sprott really had said—well, the effect was hardly the same. And the funny part of it was that he believed every word that he uttered when he described the event afterwards.

As Mr. Sprott possessed one weakness in his otherwise flawless character, so he had made one mistake in his otherwise blameless career. In this he resembled his master; but Mr. Duncan's folly in not having married Miss Fallowfield was as nothing compared with Mr. Sprott's folly in having married Mrs. Sprott, the one error being remediable and the other not. Everybody wondered why Mr. Sprott had married his Susanna, and nobody wondered more than he did—the fact of the matter being that in reality Mrs. Sprott had married him.

One child was the result of this union—the Reverend Theophilus. Mrs. Sprott always explained that she christened her son Theophilus because he was the gift of God. That in that case she ought to have called him Theodore was a minor matter, and none of her lady friends were sufficiently erudite to notice the mistake; but what they did notice—and resent—was her tone of voice in announcing this truth, which seemed to imply that while Theophilus was a heaven-sent blessing, the babies of other matrons had been bestowed by an inferior and less beneficent power.

Theophilus had been an intelligent, priggish, mouse-faced little boy in spectacles; and he grew up into a disagreeable, melancholy, and infallible young man. He did well at the Merchester Grammar School—so well that Mr. Duncan gave him a scholarship at S. Monica's College, Oxford, the presentation to which was vested in the Duncan family. True, Mr. Duncan showed this favour to Theophilus chiefly for Timothy's sake, but he also believed that the boy would distinguish himself at Oxford as he had done at school. Here, however, he was disappointed. Theophilus took a pass degree, but that was all; after which he became a clergyman; and since that time had been working as a curate at S. Mark's Church, Merchester, waiting for preferment that never came: which delay was a problem that sometimes staggered the faith—though never the self-confidence—of both Theophilus and his mother.

At the time when this story opens, Timothy Sprott was unhappy—very unhappy indeed—owing to the fact that it had been borne in upon his better-half that her son was the person selected by Providence and by the general fitness of things to succeed the deceased Hanson as vicar of Dinglewood. As Providence and the general fitness of things had

according to Mrs. Sprott, fixed upon Theophilus, there was now only one person's consent needed to conclude the transaction, namely, Miss Charlotte Fallowfield's; and Mrs. Sprott believed, and did not hesitate to express this belief, that it was Timothy's duty to point out to the patroness of the living her providential path. Now it happened that when the fairies presided some sixty years ago over the christening of Timothy Sprott, among their numerous gifts—such as perseverance, amiability, unselfishness, cheerfulness, and the like, which they abundantly bestowed—they omitted to include that valuable attribute commonly known as "push," from the lack of which poor Timothy had suffered ever since. He could deserve good things by his merits, or attain them by his efforts; but ask for them from other people, he neither could nor would. Mrs. Sprott, on the contrary, suffered from no such diffidence; she could and would and usually did; and if she did not (owing to lack of opportunity), she never ceased to urge her reluctant spouse to do the thing which his innocent soul abhorred. Thus Mr. and Mrs. Sprott were frequently in the position when "those behind cried 'Forward!'" and those before cried 'Back!'"—a position always specially uncomfortable for the vanguard, as poor Timothy had often discovered.

On the present occasion Mrs. Sprott gave her husband no rest night or day, but continually commanded him to ask Mr. Duncan to advise Miss Fallowfield to bestow upon Theophilus the living of Dinglewood. Every morning Mr. Sprott caught the 8.45 with a heavy heart, feeling that he should have to put his pride in his pocket and his courage in both hands, and ask this favour of his chief ere that day's sun had set; and every evening he caught the 5.23 with a still heavier one, knowing that he should have to confess to his wife that her behest was as yet unfulfilled.

It was when "I dare not" had waited on "I would" for several weeks in the soul of Timothy Sprott, that one afternoon Mr. Duncan summoned his head clerk into his room.

"By the way, Sprott, do you happen to know whether Miss Fallowfield has taken any steps yet towards filling up the vacant living of Dinglewood?" he began.

"No, sir, no; not that I know of, that is to say," Timothy was always very humble in the presence of Mr. Duncan. The office-boy in his nature woke up, metaphorically speaking, and touched its hat when he stood before one of the partners; for the thought of his past years bred perpetual benediction in the soul of Timothy Sprott upon the firm of Duncan and Somers. The fairies, who carelessly forgot to give him push, had generously endowed

Mr. Sprott with that finer quality known as gratitude.

"Well," continued Mr. Duncan, "it is time that she did something, or else she will lose the presentation altogether, and it will lapse into the hands of the Bishop."

"Yes, yes, sir; that is so, that is so. Six months is, I believe, the limit prescribed by law."

"It has occurred to me, Sprott, that she could not do better than give your son the living of Dinglewood. He is a young man of parts, Sprott, distinctly a young man of parts; and his career had been a blameless record of indefatigable—and up to now unrecognised—industry."

Mr. Sprott flushed still pinker than his wont, and his light blue eyes filled with tears of joy at this tribute to his son from the being whom he most revered on earth. "Thank you, sir; thank you more than I can say. You, sir, and your father before you, have been the kindest friends to me and mine that surely man ever had; and as long as I live I shall never forget your kindness—never."

"Tut! tut! Sprott; you make too much of what we have done for you, you do, indeed! And certainly I can adapt your remark, and say that you in return have been the most loyal and faithful servant to us and to the firm that man ever had."

By this time Timothy was so overcome by joy and pride that he was past speaking, and could only blow his nose; so Mr. Duncan went on: "I shall make it a point to suggest to Miss Fallowfield that she could not do better than appoint your son to fill the vacant incumbency. As I said before, he is a young man—and a University man, mark you—of decided parts and of blameless character. In addition to this he is a native of the neighbourhood, and knows all the ins-and-outs of everything and everybody, which I consider a most necessary qualification in the vicar of a country parish; and—which is most important of all—his views are decidedly moderate, not to say broad. Is that not so, Sprott?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly."

"No ritualistic nonsense about him, eh, Sprott?"

"None at all, sir; none at all."

"No leanings towards Rome or Popery?"

"Far from it, sir; far from it. His mother wouldn't allow such a thing for a moment."

"Then don't you think yourself, Sprott, that he would be the very man for the place?"

"Well, sir, it has occurred to me—that is to say, Mrs. Sprott had mentioned it—"

"Quite so, Sprott, quite so. I admire and appreciate a mother's natural anxiety upon the subject, and I shall make a point of either

seeing or writing to Miss Fallowfield upon the matter without further loss of time. Good-day, good-day; I must not keep you longer or you will lose your train."

The voice of thanksgiving bade Mr. Sprott fall on his knees before his benefactor and strive to give utterance to some small portion of the gratitude he felt; but the voice of habit and the 5.23 called still louder, and Timothy responded to the latter call and fled.

When he arrived at home he found that Theophilus and Mr. and Mrs. Higginson had dropped in to partake of that meal which, in the north of England, is known as "a high tea," but in the Midlands as "tea with something with it." When first Theophilus took Holy Orders, Mrs. Sprott had insisted upon dining late, but as this unusual arrangement upset both her servant's temper and her husband's digestion, the good lady soon reverted to her primitive custom of a midday dinner and "tea with something with it." The "something" on this particular occasion happened to be mutton chops.

"What delicious mutton chops you have given us, if you will excuse my remarking upon them!" exclaimed Mrs. Higginson, when they had duly taken their places at table and begun the meal which cheered but not inebriated. Mrs. Higginson always inserted an apology in her conversations whenever she could find room for one—it was her idea of good manners.

"Capital!" echoed her lord and master. "So tender and juicy!"

"The reason for that," explained the hostess, "is that I do not buy chops straight from the butcher as you do, Mrs. Higginson, which is a great mistake as well as a piece of extravagance. I always buy a large portion of the animal at a time, and divide it myself into smaller joints."

"Ah, my love, you are an excellent house-keeper," murmured Mr. Sprott, as clearly as a mouth full of mutton chop would let him. "We do not often see your like, do we, Sam?" he added, appealing to his guest.

"No, we don't," replied Mr. Higginson, in a tone of voice which left it doubtful whether he considered this a calamity or the reverse.

"The chops which you are now eating," continued Mrs. Sprott, "I cut myself off my own loin. It came much cheaper than getting them from the butcher." Doubtless it did, though the good lady's mode of expressing herself made it seem even more economical than it really was. But the suggestion of cannibalism conveyed by her remark passed unnoticed by her companions.

"The remainder of the loin," she added, "will be served up as our Sunday dinner."

"And a great treat it will be, my love—a great treat!" ejaculated the ever thankful Timothy.

"We had mutton chops at home to-day, Mrs. Sprott, for lunch," said Mrs. Higginson, "and I must own, if you will pardon my saying so, that they were very inferior to yours."

"Ah! you bought them as chops straight from the butcher, and as long as you do that you will get inferior meat and it will cost you more." Mrs. Sprott never failed in her self-imposed duty to put other people straight.

"Lor! Matilda, why don't you call your dinner your dinner when it is your dinner? What's the good of gassing about lunch?" asked Mr. Higginson.

"Because, Samuel, as I have so often pointed out to you, it is in little things like this that good breeding is shown. To call dinner lunch, and chapel church, does so add to the finish and refinement of life, and yet costs nothing." The Higginsons were Nonconformists; Mr. owing to conscientious convictions, and Mrs. to conjugal compulsion.

"In the same way," continued Mrs. Higginson with a sigh, "I do wish you would not persist in calling me Matilda."

"Why not? It's your name."

"I so much prefer to be called by the French form of the name, which is Maude. If you read English history, Samuel, you will perceive that the Empress Matilda usually called herself Maude, and if an empress could do it, why not I?"

"I know nothing about the habits of empresses," retorted Mr. Higginson with some truth.

But here Mrs. Sprott began to talk about her own affairs. She rarely let so long an interval as this pass without doing so. "Well, Timothy, and have you seen Mr. Duncan to-day and spoken to him about Theophilus getting the living of Dinglewood?" There was no secrecy between the Higginsons and the Sprotts. Mrs. Sprott's ambitions for Theophilus were as an open book to the Higginsons.

"It will be no use if he has," interjected Theophilus in a gloomy voice; "my usual ill-luck will prevent me from getting anything worth having, whatever my father may say or may not say. It has always appeared to me, Mr. Higginson—and I fancy that I have some classical authority for the idea—that a malignant fate dogs the foot-steps of certain people. Whatever they do—even from the best of motives—turns out to their own disadvantage; whatever they desire—though it be but innocent and even laudable ambition—is invariably denied them. I am one of those unfortunate persons myself, Mr. Higginson."

"Liver," replied Mr. Higginson. Though a

man of few words, they were generally to the point.

But his better-half was more loquacious. "I am well aware of what you mean, Theophilus. Ill-luck not only pursues individuals, it runs in families. My own family—the Fitzwilkins—were always an ill-starred house." Mrs. Higginson's maiden name had really been Wilkinson; in fact, the departed chemist had answered to the name of Wilkinson as long as he answered to anything at all; but since his death and subsequent elevation to the rank of doctor, his daughter had changed the name to Fitzwilkins, which, she explained, had exactly the same meaning and a much more aristocratic sound. In the early days of her married life she had urged her husband to call himself Fitzhiggin on a similar principle, but Samuel expressed himself so strongly on the point that she soon desisted.

Here Mrs. Sprott repeated her question in a somewhat louder tone of voice. "Have you spoken to Mr. Duncan to-day, Timothy, about Theophilus and the living of Dinglewood?"

Mr. Sprott rubbed his hands together in sheer ecstasy at being able to answer in the affirmative at last. "Yes, my love, I have, I have. I have spoken quite plainly and firmly to Mr. Duncan upon the subject, and I hope—I may say I think—that my words will bear fruit. It is not often that I rouse myself, but when I do, I do."

"It is no use anyone rousing themselves on my behalf, I fear," sighed the curate of S. Mark's; "my ill-luck will be too much for them, whatever they may try to do for me."

"What did you say to Mr. Duncan, Timothy?" demanded Mrs. Sprott. "Empty your mouth and then tell us all about it."

Thus adjured, Mr. Sprott set himself to tell his tale; and the strange thing was that he firmly believed all the time that he was giving an absolutely literal and correct account of what had occurred between himself and his chief.

"Well, my dear, I happened to be in Mr. Duncan's room this afternoon, so I said, 'Mr. Duncan, may I embrace this opportunity of saying a word or two to you upon a little business of my own?' 'Certainly, Sprott, certainly,' said he; he is a very affable gentleman is Mr. Reginald—always has been since a boy."

"And what did you say?" asked Mrs. Sprott.

"What I said was this: 'Mr. Duncan,' I said, 'I wish to speak a word to you about my son Theophilus, and the vacant incumbency of Dinglewood.'"

"Quite right!" applauded Mrs. Sprott.

"Certainly, Sprott, certainly," said he; "in

fact, I was going to mention that matter to you myself.' 'Well, sir,' I said, 'I cannot help feeling, quite apart from my partiality as a father, that my son is the man for Dinglewood. A young man of parts, with a University education, and never anything but a comfort to his mother and me from the hour of his birth. And he knows all the Dinglewood people, too.' I said, 'and that is always a good thing in a country clergyman.'"

"And what did Mr. Duncan reply?"

"What he replied, Susanna, was this: 'Sprott,' says he, 'I endorse every word that you've said; I've always cherished the highest opinions of both Theophilus and his mother; and I shall make a point of either speaking or writing to Miss Fallowfield upon the matter this very day.'"

Mrs. Sprott beamed. "Well, I must say that you spoke up well, Timothy."

Her husband fairly crowed with delight at this tribute to his powers. "I did my best, Susanna; I kept him to the point, and was firm, very firm with him. It is the only way."

"Theophilus, thank your father for having so exerted himself on your behalf." In spite of his forty years, and her almost superstitious reverence for his office, Mrs. Sprott never quite realised that her son was grown up.

"Of course I thank him, and am very grateful to him, mother; but it won't be any good—you'll see it won't. Perhaps as a clergyman it may be deemed unseemly on my part and contrary to my orthodox belief in an over-ruling Providence to make use of such expressions—even before our old friends the Higginsons—as fortune, fate, and luck. But, as you know, mother, I always pride myself upon saying what I think, however unexpected or even unacceptable it may be; and I therefore feel bound to state that to my mind it appears obvious that there is such a thing as malignant ill-luck, and that I am one of its chosen victims. Mark my words, as long as I live I shall never be vicar of Dinglewood."

"One can never tell," remarked Mrs. Higginson in an oracular manner. "As the dear Doctor used to say, 'Those that will get a thing, will get it; and those that won't get it, won't.' I have heard him say it scores of times, if you will pardon the quotation; and may I make so bold as to express a hope, Theophilus, that your dear mother's wish may be fulfilled, and that we may see you filling the pulpit of Dinglewood Church ere we are many months older?"

But Theophilus only shook his head and sighed.

[END OF CHAPTER THREE.]

The Constitution of Man.

By the late **SIR ANDREW CLARK, Bart., M.D.**

IT is a very beautiful and very marvellous world in which it is our privilege to dwell, but unhappily not one in a hundred of us will stay to look at its beauty or stay to think over its marvels. No; we have eyes to see and we do not struggle to see; we have minds and we do not strive to understand; and thus it is that in looking and thinking over these things we miss that expansion of thought, that serenity of heart, that elevation of the soul, which contemplation of these things should bring to every one of us.

Yes, it is a very beautiful world, this in which we dwell. Let us take some sunny day in June, and ascend one of the heights here just close to Bewdley, and look on the scene which is spread out before us. There are the beautiful fields, the fields of green grass and golden corn and rich brown earth. There are the browsing cattle and innumerable multitudes of living things that find pleasure therein. There are the stately trees clapping their leafy hands, and making songs thereby to the breeze as it blows in passing. There are the wooded hollows shrouded in mystic mists, and there is the silvery winding river pursuing its course to the distant sea, and making music as it goes. There are the purple hills, and there over all is the great blue sky, crowned with the summer sun radiating down its beams of light and heat upon a gladsome and responsive earth below. Here is the pleasant air laden with fragrance, instinct with life and sounding with the songs of birds; and here, coming to us, as it were from afar, is that sense of the Divine Presence which fills the soul with awful, and yet sweet, joy. Surely it is beautiful!

And above all, we see from this little world on which we dwell, there is the starry firmament with all its wonders. Let us look out on some clear dark wintry night, and see the azure dome studded with

its galaxies of stars shining out of the darkness like lamps casting forth rays of silver. There in those immeasurable fields are systems upon systems of worlds, each complete in itself, each with its sun and its planets, each running its appointed course, and in such inextricable masses as almost staggers the mind to contemplate. Each of these systems does not interfere with another, but each is in such close relationship to the other that whenever anything happens to one, however far distant, it is felt as a kind of throb throughout the whole. We ask the telescope to help us when the eye ceases to be of use, and by its aid we see further into these illimitable fields of space, still further and further amongst the countless systems to worlds upon worlds, each moving in its own appointed course, and yet not one interfering with another. We ask imagination to help us where the telescope ceases, and imagination comes to help us till it staggers and fails at the sight, at the terrible immensity of that with which it is brought face to face.

Man a Trinity in Unity.

Beautiful as is this world, wonderful as are these starry heavens, there is nothing in either of them more worthy of consideration, there is nothing so suggestive of the Divine Ruler of the whole, than the man who is gazing at this world and at these stars. I want, then, to ask your great attention for a very few moments to Man, so small and yet so great, with his feet buried in the earth and his head in the heavens of God.

What is the Constitution of Man? That is the subject I bring forward. You will remember that in one of the first chapters of Genesis there occurs the statement that God said "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." And so He did: and when we speak of God as the Trinity in

It is a great privilege to print an address which was delivered some years ago by the late Sir Andrew Clark, Bart., at Wribbenhall. Sir Andrew was one of the most famous physicians of the Victorian era, and his long connection with Mr. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, and many other eminent personages of the day made him well known to the public. Thousands of patients recall with gratitude his cheery optimism, founded on earnest Christian faith, and his sane advice on the ailments which flesh is heir to. Distinguished in his own noble profession as President of the Royal College of Physicians and the possessor of many honours, Sir Andrew never lost an opportunity of avowing his personal faith in religion. That fact was recalled at the remarkable meeting to promote a memorial to the late Sir Andrew, when the Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Paget, and others bore testimony to one who had been often styled "the beloved physician." The address we print was delivered to working men at the instigation of Mr. Edward Smith, J.P., of Bewdley, and is published with the kind assent of Sir James Andrew Clark, Bart., the eldest son of the famous physician. It will be welcomed as "the sound of a voice that is still" by all who remember Sir Andrew Clark.

Unity, as Triune, so we have to speak of man. Man is a trinity in unity; he is triune. First of all he possesses a body, secondly a mind, and thirdly a spirit. Now these parts are perfectly distinct one from the other, and the one cannot grow into the other, but altogether the three are man. Man has a body and life in common with plants. Life is possessed by a thing which comes from something like itself, which grows, develops, and fulfils certain functions or work in the world, and produces another thing like itself and dies. Plants have this qualification, and therefore man possesses body and life in common with plants. He possesses, secondly, mind—a mind in common with animals. We say a mind is present when anything which lives has a consciousness of its own existence and of the eternal world. A dog has a mind, for if you examine a dog you will see he is conscious of his own existence and of the world, and observes and in a certain degree regulates his acts, and therefore in some sense or another he has what we call a mind. But lastly, man has a third element—a spirit, and this he possesses in common only with God. The spirit is the divine part of man which links him on one side with nature and on the other side with God, in Whose image he was made.

A Well-ordered State.

This wonderful constitution with which man is furnished is like, in a sense, a well-ordered State. He has a body, the machinery, the executive, wherewith to perform his work; he has a mind to deliberate—a council, to give orders; and lastly he has a spirit, supreme, the ruler of all, the spirit which is informed by the mind and which acts through the mind upon the body. This, then, is the constitution of man.

Now, with regard to the body. It is in every respect subservient to the common laws of Nature—if you drop a stone it falls. And there is one thing about the laws of Nature—remember, they are unalterable and inviolable. The whole machinery of man and the whole machinery of the universe work on laws unalterable and inviolable. And although it may shock you for a moment to say so, so also is the mind subject in all things to the ordinary laws of the physical constitution of man. But when we come to the spirit of man we find ourselves in a totally new region, a region of such mystery and marvel that the more we think of it the more are we impressed with the mysterious, and the more and more

utterly hopeless do we become of any explanation.

Let me introduce you a little more closely to the spirit. When you say my hand, my eye, my feelings, my will, what is this "my"? What do you mean by it? It is not your leg, your arm, or even your mind, for you may lose many faculties of the mind, but the mystery "my" remains untouched. You may lop off all the limbs, but as long as you do not destroy life this *my*, this *I*, remains untouched exactly as before. That *I* is the spirit of man. What it is I cannot tell: it is there. It is eternal, ever present, a mystery in his mind, in his body, in him and through him, ruling him, and constituting, as I have said, the spirit of man. I have said that in speaking of the third part of man we go into the region of mystery. I have shown you where the mystery is; I have shown you it is present everywhere, and not one of you can tell what it is—it is the origin of what people call free will.

The Mystery of Free Will.

Up to the time we reach the spirit the laws by which the human constitution are governed are the physical laws of Nature. But when we come to the spiritual part of man these laws cease to act, and for the physical law there is substituted what is called a moral law—there comes in the notion of right and wrong, but where they come from I do not know at present, because this leads us to the point that laws are alterable and violable, and that this alterability constitutes in their infringement right and wrong. Here is only mystery, but here is the freedom. It is a strange thing to which I have brought you face to face, this great mystery, this question of something totally new in the universe, moral laws which are alterable and violable by the will of man!

Mere Logic not a Test.

The will of man! Do you mean to tell me there is such a thing as free will? Philosophers have proved there is no such thing as free will. Well, that does not prove to me conclusively that there is no free will, but it proves to me what I ask you to take seriously to heart, for it is a great saying that mere logic, mere intellectual processes, are not a test, and are not a final measure of proof. I have no doubt that as a mere play of logic and reasoning it may be argumentatively sustained that there is no such thing as free will. But any serious man, of

competent powers of reflection, will not and cannot doubt that besides these intellectual processes classed under the name of logic there are other guides to truth. There is feeling, sentiment, conscience—some of the finest discoveries in the world were not made by logic, but through the feelings, the instinct, the affections, the conscience, at which philosophers are apt to laugh. Let them laugh, for in their lives every one of them acts as though he believes his will is free. I act on the assumption that the will is free, not because I shall prove it by strict logical reasoning, but first of all because I am conscious that I am free; secondly, because I can demonstrate in a moment that I am free; and thirdly, because I am compelled to act in the practical business of life as if I am free; fourthly, because every other man is compelled to act as if free; and, lastly, because every argument which has been adduced against the possession of a free will is an argument which strikes at the cause of the action in man. The will is free!

Responsibility follows Free Will.

Then, if I am free, I am responsible. And to whom is this responsibility? I will give you that answer by and by. We are, then, in a region of freedom, of mystery, and of responsibility. We find ourselves called upon to act, and in every action it may be right or it may be wrong. How are we to know? First, there is what we call conscience, which is the illuminator of the third part of man—that is, the spirit. The conscience illuminates the spirit in order that the will may be enabled to act according to that illuminator. But what illuminates the conscience? The only possible illuminator that I can think of or imagine, or that I ever heard of, is that Divine Light that lighteth every man.

Man's Power.

Now the Constitution of Man, as I have roughly sketched it, implies one thing more—the possession of what we may call causal power, the power of causing things. Everything in Nature takes place through an unalterable eternal necessity, but it is only in the spirit of man we have the power of causing things. I do not pretend to say we can alter the laws of Nature; but we can take these laws and so combine them as to produce results exactly the same as if we were causing this from the laws themselves. The possession of this wonderful causal power makes man—I may say something which you may think is bordering on

the irreverent, but it does not, for it is the sober truth—and it is this, that man at his highest and best is a model in miniature of the Eternal God Himself. For in the highest development of the bodily life we have what is called health, for the mind what is called knowledge, and for the spirit what is called holiness.

True Health.

What is health? I wish I could describe it. It is not a very common possession, although a most blessed one. It is that state in which we live without knowing that we have organs which are enabling us to live; that state in which we can perform all our functions and discharge all our duties without feeling ill at ease, and it is that state in which we not only enjoy ourselves but also give joy to others. How is health to be got? Very simply, so simply that few people think it worth while to get it. Simple rules which, if you obey, and if your fathers handed down to you a good constitution, will enable you to get good health; but, alas, fathers often eat the sour grapes, and the children's teeth are sadly set on edge. The laws of health are very simple: three meals a day, as little alcohol as possible, daily labour, warm clothing, sufficient sleep, sun, and air. These are very simple, but they are not always easier for being simple. It is very hard for us doctors to think that we live by the sins, the ignorance, and follies of mankind—but it is quite true, for with Nature there is no forgiveness of sins. If you disobey her laws when young she will wink at it, but the time of the payment of the penalty will come, and she will exact the uttermost farthing. If people would only believe what is as true a truth as has ever been uttered, it is that labour is health. The highest life of any organ lies in the fullest discharge of the functions which belong to it.

Real Education.

With respect to knowledge—the life of the mind—I will say a word about the great mistake people are making nowadays. They talk about education, and say that it is the great age of education. Is it? I am not quite sure of that. I tell you it is undoubtedly the great age for cramming, and if merely storing the mind with facts, however varied, constitutes knowledge, then certainly it is the age of greatest knowledge. But if education is something different from that, something far higher, then I venture to say



THE LATE SIR ANDREW CLARK, BART.

(From the Painting by Rudolf Lehmann.)

it is not a great age of knowledge. I take it education means two things: first, the development of the human faculties—it does not mean cramming and cramming—it means a calling forth, and for the purpose of calling forth the use of knowledge is employed, but mere cramming stunts, starves, and keeps back. No; true education is the development of the faculties in fit relation to each other.

What is Holiness?

Now as to the third point. The condition of the spirit is holiness. What is holiness? It is the sustained effort to die to yourself that you may live to God. But there is this peculiarity about it, you have not complete and unlimited freedom in dealing with holiness. There are two agents here needed. One is the desire, the struggle and striving of man for holiness, the other is the gift of God.

Now these constitute the three-fold constitution of man; these cover the main part of what I have described as the constitution of man, with a glance at its relation to health, knowledge, and religion.

You may say, "Is all this true? Is it really true?" You may believe me. I think so, or I would not have said it. Some of you sharp young bloods may say, "Oh, you are getting old, and do not perhaps know what men of science tell us nowadays. They tell us it is all bosh—all nonsense; they tell us that the dominion of the physical law—the law which is unalterable, inviolable, and eternal, has invaded the whole dominion of man—that free will is a mere delusion; that vice and virtue, love and hatred, good and evil, are so many mere physical conditions of man; and that we cannot help ourselves because we are in the grip of that physical law which brings us we know not whence, and carries us we know not where. Then let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

The Cause of Moral Death.

That is the materialistic, that is the scientific view. Well, do you like it? Ask yourselves, if you hesitate, what is the history of every individual and the history of every nation which has thrived? Rome thrived—and I do not suppose it needs me to remind you that Rome tried to accept the materialistic view and acted upon it, and came to an awful state of society. Does not every one of you know somebody who is practically endeavouring to carry out life on these terms, and is

it not true that every one of them fails, and dies a moral death?

To every one of us the two modes of life are presented. No sooner do we come out of mere youth than we get into the presence of these two theories of life, one claiming everything for the body, and the other claiming everything for the spirit; one saying, "I desire this, I desire that," and that when he seeks it and takes it, and is enjoying it, there is the other life which says, "Thou art wrong to have it; it is wrong." Where does this voice come from? It is, we know, the voice of conscience. What right has conscience to speak? You know my answer. It is because the conscience is illuminated by God. When every man and woman comes into the world these two theories of life are presented to them, and the whole of life is spent in this conflict between the spirit and the flesh, to which the Apostle Paul so constantly alludes, and if we accept the view which indirectly I have presented to you, it means that we shall be certainly on the side of the spirit.

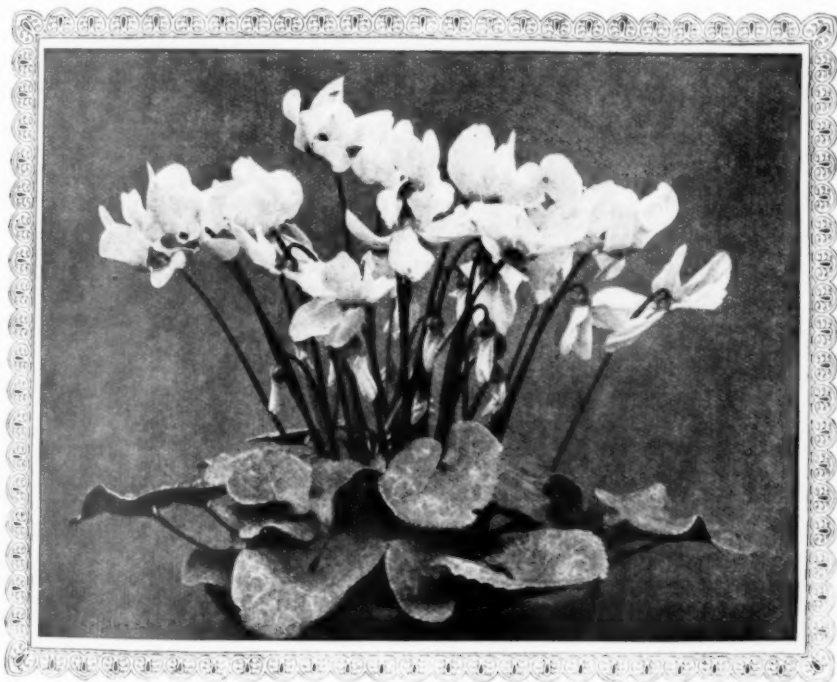
A Struggle and a Sacrifice.

But to be on the side of the spirit, I was going to say, entails a most fearful sacrifice. Those who wish to be on the side of the spirit have to deny themselves every hour of the day and every day of their lives. It is a perpetual self-sacrifice; it is carrying out the best fulfilment of that strange and marvellous paradox which the Man Christ Jesus uttered whilst on earth, "He that seeketh his life shall lose it, and he that giveth it shall find it again." Are there no difficulties in accepting this terrible paradox? Yes, there are many difficulties, and we ought to thank God that there are. Why, what would you be without difficulties? If you had no bodily difficulties where would be your strength? Without any intellectual difficulties, where knowledge? Without spiritual difficulties, without any difficulties of faith, where would your faith be—worthless? Yes, you have difficulties. We are not beasts; we do not walk by sight alone. We are men. We walk by faith, and reason, and sight. And when we say we have difficulties, we know that if we pursue them in all seriousness and in all sincerity, we know these difficulties are as nothing compared to the sureties of faith which we ought to follow.

There is one more victory—I do not know why we call it so—but one very great victory which we have achieved in these later days,

and the victory is this. I am perfectly justified in saying that at the present day there is no man of competent powers of observation and reflection who dares to stand up in any assembly and say he is an atheist. This has become extinguished among all thoughtful men, and what the scientific man says now is not that there is no God—no ; men of competent powers combine to say, "Yes, we do not know anything about God, but we will admit there is a great power behind the universe." But oh ! this is a splendid confession ; this is being very near to the Kingdom of Heaven, for any serious man cannot go the length of

acknowledging the existence of a Supreme Power behind the universe, but in process of time—be it short or be it long—he will go a little further and will be compelled to say, "I acknowledge this Being, and in no impersonal form." No man who is serious in his desire for truth, and ready to make sacrifices for it, no man can ever be in doubt from the history of the world, the history of man, the history of the needs, the sufferings, the strivings and struggles of the human frame, but must be bound by an irresistible force to declare "this Power is no impersonal force—it is the eternal and loving Father of us all."



The Dream.

A Complete Story.

By J. J. BELL

(Author of "Wee Macgregor").



HE old man turned in his chair with an impatient movement. "Can ye no' sit doon an' rest ye?" he cried. "Ye've been dancin' about the hale nicht, like a hen on a het girdle!"

His wife ceased her occupation of re-arranging the dishes above the dresser.

"I didna think I was disturbin' ye, Alick," she said gently, slowly crossing the kitchen floor and taking her seat by the fire opposite her husband. "I was just tidyin' up. It's Seturday nicht, ye ken."

"Ye feenished yer tidyin'-up an' 'oor back," he replied with a laugh. "I've been watchin' ye, an' ye've done naethin' but fiddle-faddle wi' things since eicht o'clock."

"I thoct ye was nappin', an'—an' I was a wee bittie restless."

"Ye sudna be aye on yer feet, wife," he said, his voice softening. "Ye maun keep in mind what the doctor said. What was makin' ye restless? Are ye no' weel, Mary?" he asked anxiously.

"I never felt better, Alick." She looked up at the clock, the old "wag-at-the-wa'."

Her husband's eyes followed hers. "Ten meenutes past nine," he muttered, taking out his fat silver watch for comparison. "Wud ye no' like to gang to yer bed, Mary? Ye're lookin' kin' o' wearit."

"No' yet, no' yet," she said hastily. "I'm no' sleepy."

"Weel, ye've been keekin' at the nock every twa-three meenutes since sax o'clock, as if ye was wearin' for yer bed-time. Is onything disturbin' ye?"

She did not reply, but rose and went to the dresser, where she began dusting the shining pot-lids.

"Tits, wumman!" exclaimed the old man; "ye did that the nicht a'ready. Ye'll rin versel' aff yer feet. What's ado wi' ye?"

She gave a little tremulous laugh. "I forgot I had dustit them afore," she said, and came back to her seat.

Alick produced his pipe and a piece of tobacco. He cut the tobacco mechanically, eyeing his companion the while.

Presently she took a brush from the corner of the hearth and proceeded to sweep the pipe-clayed stone.

"Guidsake!" cried the man, with a half laugh; "ye're soopin' at naethin'! There's no' a grain o' dirt on the stane. What's come ower yer knittin' the nicht, Mary?"

From a bag hanging behind her chair she brought an incomplete sock and a ball of wool, both transfixed by four knitting wires.

"That's better!" said Alick. "I dinna ken ye at this time o' nicht wi'oot yer knittin'. Never heed the time," he added, catching her glancing at the clock. "The nock'll be gettin' a consate o' itsel' if ye keep admirin' it like that. It's no' a bad nock, but it's better nor it's bonny. Wull I read to ye?"

She did not reply. Her knitting was lying in her lap; she seemed to have forgotten it. She sat in a rigid attitude, a little bent forward, her worn hands clasped on her knees. Her wrinkled face seemed pale in the lamp-light, and her eyes were too bright.

"Wife, are ye shair there's naethin' wrang wi' ye?"

There was distress, if not alarm, in her husband's voice. She roused herself. Her eyes met his, searched his, and fell.

"There's naethin' wrang wi' me, Alick," she said, slowly, "but——"

Once more she glanced at the clock.

"But what, Mary?"

She hesitated. "I'm feart—to tell ye," she whispered at last.

"Feart to tell me?"

"But I've got to tell ye." She paused, as if to gain courage.

"I'm no' askin' ye to tell me onything ye dinna want to tell." His voice had become a little hard.

"But I've got to tell ye, dearie," she said, crushing her hands together. "I've had a—dream."

"A dream?"

"Ay—about John."

She bent lower, awaiting his words. But none came. His lips were tightly

closed, and his weather-beaten face seemed to have grown suddenly older. A minute passed without sound save the ticking of the clock and the rustle of the fire. Yet again she looked at the clock.

"Alick," she began, with difficulty of speech. "Alick, it's fifteen year the nicht since John gaed awa', an' I've obeyed ye a' the time. I've never spoke his name. Is that no' the truth?"

Her husband nodded unwillingly, but did not speak. His eyes were fixed on the

a-dream, an' it was aboot—John. I dreamed that John had come—hame." She looked eagerly at her man's face. It whitened, but the mouth remained firmly set.

"I had a dream that John had come hame," she repeated.

The repetition stung the old man.

"Dream nae mair, wife," he muttered sternly. "There's nae hame here for the wastrel that near ruined us. He wudna ha'e the face to come back."



"'I had a dream that John had come hame,' she repeated."

fire, and his expression was very bitter. She sighed and continued:

"Fifteen year I've obeyed ye, but noo—Oh, Alick, has fifteen year no' made ony difference in—in yer he'rt? Can ye no forgi'e him?"

He shook his head. "If ye maun say onything on that subjee', say it quick an' be done wi' 't," he said coldly.

With the back of her hand she wiped her eyes; then dropped the hand to its former position against the other.

"I'll say it quick, Alick. . . . I had

"The Prodigal Son had the face to come back to his fayther," said Mary, tremulously.

"He hadna near ruined his fayther—only hissel' was ruined. Whereas John—" He stopped short. After fifteen years he, too, had uttered the name of his son.

"I think the Prodigal wud ha'e been weel received, whatever he had done," said the wife softly. "Alick, dearie, dinna be angered at me for tellin' ye ma dream. It was a rare beautifu' dream, for John cam' hame—he cam' hame to ask yer paurdon

for a' the trouble he had caused ye, an' to strive an' work to repay ye for a' he had cost ye; an'—an', oh, Alick! ye—ye ran to meet him!" Her voice failed her.

"For the love o' God, say nae mair," the man cried passionately. "I'm sair vexed for ye, Mary. But dinna let a dream deceive ye, for I tell ye again what I tell't ye fifteen year syne: I canna paurdon him. I couldna speak to him if he was staunin' afore me. If it hadna been for him, ye wud be sittin' this nicht in a bonny hoose wi' a braw bit gairden roon aboot it, enjeyin' plenty o' comforts in yer auld age. Instead o' that, ye've got to bide in this puir wee butt-an-ben, wi' scarce enough butter to yer breid. I tell ye, the thocht o' 't drives me near mad; an' whiles, when I see ye that hard-wrocht an' that wearit, wi' never a bairn to think o' but the twa puir wee innocents in the kirkyaird—oh, then I could curse——"

"Na, na, dearie. Ye mauna say that," she whispered soothingly. "I'm as weel aff as ever I want to be. I need naethin'. We've a heap to be thankf' for. . . . Oh, Alick, it's hauf-past nine!" she cried suddenly, and was seized with a trembling.

"Ay, so it is," said her husband. "It's no' that late; but ye best gang to bed. Are ye cauld, Mary?"

She shook her head, shuddering.

"Dearie!" she moaned, regarding him with feverish eyes. He made to rise, but her gesture checked him.

"Bide there, Alick," she said imploringly unsteadily. "I—I've mair to tell ye. If ye was to hear that John was—was deid, wud ye no' try to paurdon——?"

"Deid! John deid!" The old man sank back in the arm chair. Pipe, knife, and tobacco slipped unnoticed from his fingers.

"Na, na, dearie. Ye're no' to think that!" cried his wife. "For John's alive an' weel—it was in ma dream. An' oh! forgi'e me, forgi'e me the lee I've been tellin' ye. For I hadna ony dream ava'. I——"

"Wife!" he exclaimed. "Ye're no' weel; ye're upset aboot——" He lowered his voice. "Wha's that at the door at this time o' nicht?"

For a brief space the old woman sat as if frozen. The man rose. The tap was repeated. With a rending sob the wife fell on her knees before the husband.

"I tell't ye a lee," she gasped. "I had nae dream, but I had a—letter. Oh, Alick!"

The old man clutched at the back of his chair. He swayed slightly.

"Wha's at the door?" he demanded hoarsely.

"John! Oh, Alick, dearie——"

Then she nerved herself, and looked up in his face. . . . And thanked God.

"Ma son—ma son!" he sighed, and went stumblingly, eagerly, to open the door. "Ma son—ma son!"

ST. STEPHEN.

HE fell asleep, mild, placid browed;
The rage, the frenzy of the crowd
Appalled him not: with vision keen
He saw his Saviour, naught between,
Standing to greet him in the cloud.

What recked he then of curses loud,
Or cruel stones? Alone, uncowed,
Before the storm with face serene
He fell asleep.

First in the van of martyrs proud,
Who by their blood their faith avowed,
The Church shall keep his memory green,
And oft recount that Calvary scene,
Where with his Master's grace endowed
He fell asleep.

SAMUEL S. McCURRY.

What may be Done with a Yard of Linen.

By ELLEN T. MASTERS.

ONE yard of coloured linen thirty-six inches wide cannot be called anything but an excellent investment, when it is found that out of it we may obtain no fewer than twelve articles suitable for a sale of work, or for Christmas gifts. The linen may be of any pretty colour, such as pale blue, pink, green, or heliotrope, the make with which the name of Harris is associated being specially well suited for the purpose. Another advantage of buying the linen from this firm is that any cord or lace that may be required for trimmings can be had to match the linen exactly, being woven of the same sort of flax threads as those of the material itself. For sprays, for embroidery, either naturalistic or conventional, there is always an abundance of transfer designs to choose from at any good fancy shop, those manufactured by Messrs. Briggs being procurable almost everywhere. Workers must provide themselves with silks, or silk-like threads, for the embroidery of the designs. Ribbon, lace, clip trimming, cardboard, bran, fancy paper, saten, rings, stout cotton, finer coloured cotton, glue (or seccotine), paste, and other minor articles, can be procured as the necessity arises for their use.

How to Cut the Linen.

The diagram on this page shows exactly how the linen is to be cut to make the twelve articles, some of which (Nos. 7, 8, and 10) require two sections in their construction. The largest article is the sunshade cover (No. 1), which is a most convenient sheath for a smart, lightly-coloured parasol, such as would soon become soiled if it were not protected in some way from the dust.

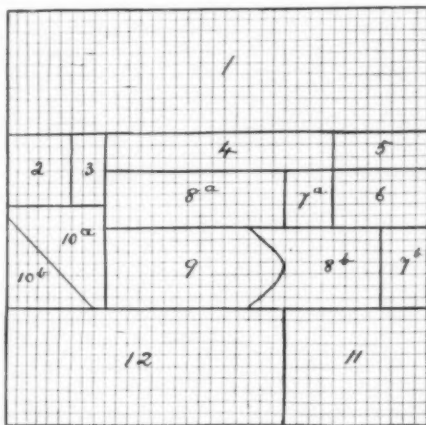
The linen should be placed flat on a table, and a piece marked off at the top measuring eleven inches in one direc-

tion and thirty-six inches, or the full width of the material, in the other. No decoration is absolutely essential for a useful article such as this, but it may have initials, or a simply embroidered device. The two long edges must be neatly seamed together on the wrong side, and at the top and bottom is made a wide hem having a casing to hold a draw-string, just like that of a bag. In one of the hems a tape must be run and pulled up rather tightly so as to leave an opening only large enough for the tip of the sunshade to pass through. The tape should be neatly fastened on the wrong side, but in such a way that it can readily be undone when the case has to be washed. At the other end two rather long ends of tape should be left, which can be passed several times round the sunshade and tied as tightly as desired.

It will make the cutting of the linen rather easier if Nos. 11 and 12, the blotter and the work-bag, are next cut off from the opposite end. The depth of twelve inches will suffice for both these articles, the former requiring a width of twelve and the latter one of twenty-four inches. These two pieces of linen should be laid aside for the present, while we take the remainder in their proper sequence.

Returning to the top left-hand corner of

our linen, we cut from it the piece for the hatpin holder, measuring six inches square. A buckram foundation is needed, about five inches by four. This must be curled round to form a tube, the two long sides being sewn together. Any scrap of saten will serve for a lining, the raw edges at the top and bottom being turned over to the outside. The linen must be seamed down so that it forms a cover of the exact size to fit over the tube. The top is trimmed with



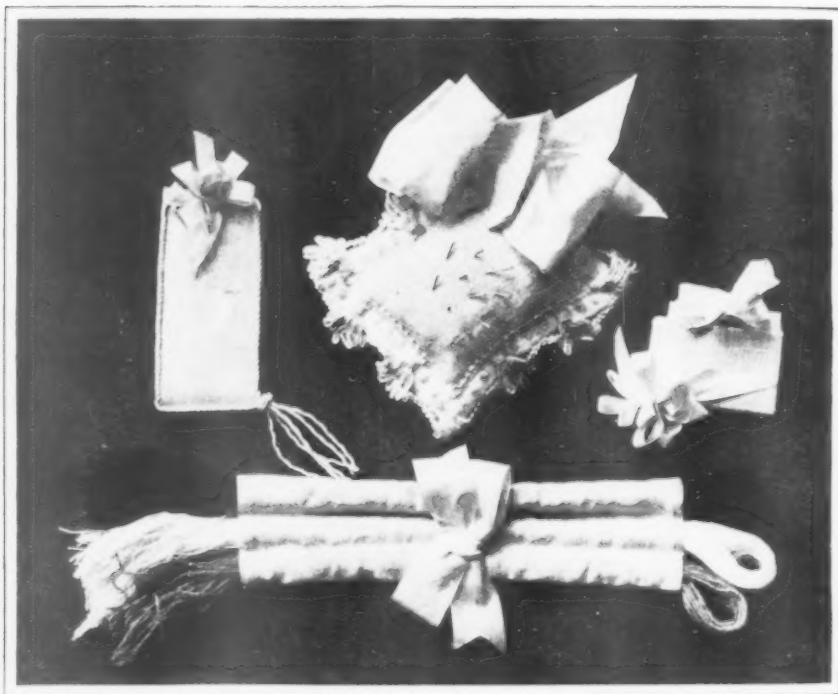
- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Sunshade cover | 11. 11" x 12" Hatpin holder |
| 2. 2" x 2" Blotter | 12. 24" x 12" Work bag |
| 3. 2" x 2" Blotter | |
| 4. 4" x 4" Blotter | |
| 5. 5" x 5" Blotter | |
| 6. 6" x 6" Blotter | |
| 7. 7" x 7" Blotter | |
| 8. 8" x 8" Blotter | |
| 9. 9" x 9" Blotter | |
| 10. 10" x 10" Blotter | |

DIAGRAM HOW A YARD OF LINEN CAN BE USED

a frill, or ruche, of narrow ribbon, the lower margin with white lace put on rather full. Above the lace and at the bottom of the buckram foundation the linen must be tied round very tightly with cotton or narrow tape. This will be hidden later on.

By way of trimming, the holder should have ribbon twisted round it, and finished with drooping bows and ends; these are arranged over the tied-in portion at the bottom. A loop must be added for hanging up the holder, and a pair of strings of ribbon

width and six inches in length. These dimensions, it must be noted, include the turnings, and due allowance must be made for these in preparing any cardboard foundations that are wanted. The linen for the stamp-case has to be folded in half, and two cards cut, each measuring two inches one way and two inches and a half in the other direction. A touch of seccotine should be put on the cards to hold them in place, and they should be laid on the linen side by side with about a quarter of an inch



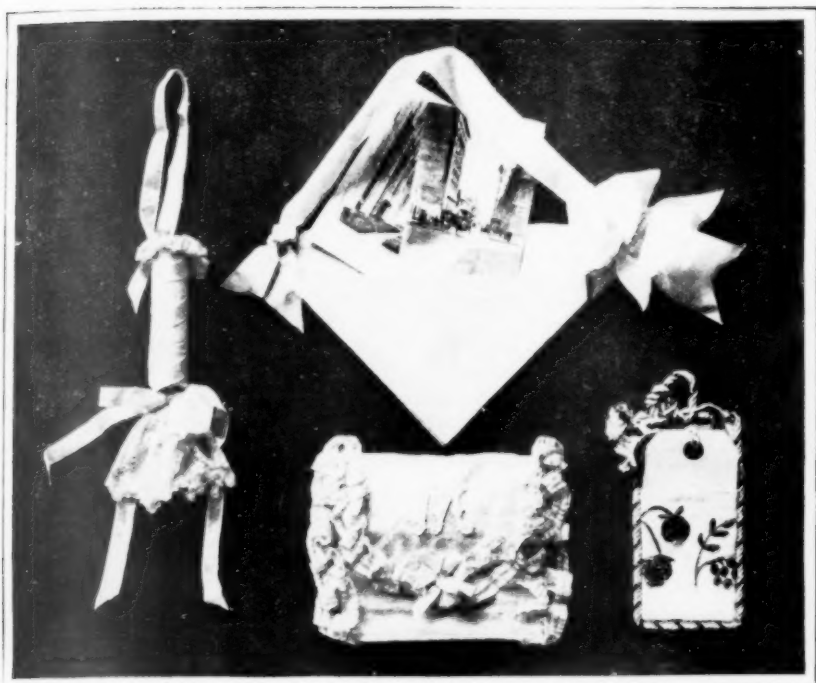
SOME OF THE ARTICLES MADE WITH A YARD OF LINEN

placed also at the bottom, so that it can be secured a second time to the wall or dressing-glass to prevent the heavy-headed hat-pins from disturbing its balance. At the base of the tube inside should be pushed some paper cut up very small, some chips of wool, bran, horsehair, or anything that will offer a slight resistance and keep the points of the pins from working through.

No. 3 is cut from the linen from the side of the place whence the hat-pin holder was taken. It is to be made into a little stamp-case, and should measure three inches in

between them. The raw edges of the material are to be turned down over the cards when they are dried, and secured with seccotine or with lacing stitches of strong thread. A lining of fancy paper will be quite enough, and the case can then be put under a weight to dry while the actual holder for the stamps is prepared.

The holder consists of an envelope of stout white paper, like those in which we used to receive our change when shopping, and at the top is sewn a full bow of very narrow ribbon by which it can be drawn out of the



ARTICLES MADE WITH A YARD OF LINEN

case. By the time it is ready the cards are probably dry, and they have to be folded along the hinge upon one another, and a neat seam made down the sides. A small and delicate trimming of ribbon completes the case. It will be found to hold a great many stamps, considering its small size.

The next piece of linen is cut along the top edge of the main portion, and measures nineteen inches by three inches. The diagram shows the direction in which it should be cut. It should be divided in half across its width so as to make two pieces of exactly the same size. They are hemmed at the top and bottom, and, if liked, worked with featherstitch. The two sides are seamed together, and two lines of stitching are taken down the length of the material to divide it into three compartments, perhaps for black, white, and brown mending wool, or for glove-mending silks, as preferred. A piece of satin ribbon is tied smartly round the centre of the holder, which is one of the simplest and by no means the least attractive of our dozen knick-knacks.

The Needlebook.

The needlebook takes off the piece of linen measuring three inches wide and eight inches long that is left beyond the cotton holder. It is made up very much in the same way as was the stamp case, but no seam is necessary up the sides. The cards are lined with a strip of pretty, fancy flannel, and they have to be folded in half so that they somewhat recall a cheque-book in shape. The leaves need consist of two strips of flannel only, for the needles can be stuck also into the lining. The case should be edged with fine cord, which, in the original, was carried down the back, knotted, and left to form two short ends and tassels, such as we see on many greeting-cards. A rosette of ribbon may be added at the front edges and under it may be arranged a tiny button and loop by which the needlebook can be fastened.

A Pretty Pincushion.

For the next trifle it is advisable to begin at the right-hand end of our piece of linen, and to cut an oblong measuring eight inches wide and five inches deep. This, folded in half, gives us the cover for as smart a little pincushion as we care to make. Three of the four sides are seamed up, the last being left open to take the bran. When this is closed, the case being stuffed rather tightly, the edges are trimmed, and a crisp bow of ribbon about two inches wide is sewn

at the top left-hand corner. In the model the edges were finished with a piece of clip trimming which was sewn into place before the stuffing was put in. Lace, a ruche of net, or of ribbon, will give as pretty an effect if the trimming, like that in the model, is not available.

Allow for Turning-in.

If our readers study the diagram they will see that it is advisable to cut No. 7a (front of label-case) and No. 8a together, the latter being the back of the clothes-brush holder. The piece of material should be five inches in width, and no difficulty will arise in determining exactly where to cut it from off the rest. At one end four inches must be removed for the label-pocket. We must go a step or two further, and, beginning at the right-hand end of the linen, cut a strip measuring seven inches right across the material to within nine inches of the left-hand margin. From one end of this strip must be taken a piece to measure four inches in width to serve as the back of the label-pocket, which we will make next. As we have before said, the cardboard foundations must be cut rather smaller than the linen to allow for the turning of the raw edges over to the wrong side.

No ornament is needed for this back section of the label case, as it is almost hidden when in use, but for the front No. 7a we may have a tiny spray or two. The front of the pocket should be lined, but it need not be stiffened as the labels themselves will keep it in place. The whole thing should have an edging of cord formed into a loop and tassels at the top, and the back must be made tidy with satin, or strong fancy paper.

The Brush Holder

The brush holder (Nos. 8a and 8b) has to be made on exactly the same general principle as the label case, but the pocket will keep in shape all the better for being lined with buckram. Some amount of care is needed in cutting the curve of the top of the pocket (No. 8b), because the other half of the curve has later on to form the flap of a handkerchief case. It would be easy enough to re-shape such a flap after cutting out the material approximately, but a clever worker will take a pride in not wasting even a shaving of the linen.

The handkerchief envelope comes next. It is made in one piece (No. 9), and has to be provided with a lining of quilted sateen. The two materials are slip-stitched

together round the edges, and the bottom is turned up to make a pocket, the top folding over to form the flap.

There is scope here for any style of decoration that may be fancied. If a simpler case is desired it need merely be edged with cord, and provided with a button and loop with which to close the flap. An initial embroidered in satin stitch with white thread would look well. In the model the case was trimmed with a full ruche of net edged with rows of baby ribbon matching the linen in colour.

A Postcard Holder.

The square measuring nine inches across is now left, and it should be taken next. It is intended to do duty as a postcard holder, and the first operation is to cut it across slantwise so as to make two triangles, one being considerably smaller than the other. The usual foundation of stout cardboard is needed here for both sections. At the back, all that is needed for them both is a piece of fancy paper smoothly secured with paste.

The smaller triangle should be smeared at the back with seccotine, but this must on no account be taken less than one inch near the long edge of the triangle. This section is then to be laid on the top of the larger one. The illustration shows how they are placed bottom upwards, and how, in the centre point at the base of the holder, they set exactly together. They must be laid under as heavy a weight as possible to dry. The linen in the model, it will be noticed, has been left unornamented, the idea being that any conspicuous decoration

detracts from the effect of the postcards that are slipped in between the two triangles. A bow and a knot of ribbon and a loop to hang the holder up by are all that are thought necessary.

A Useful Blotter.

We turn next to the blotter (No. 11), the linen for which we cut off long ago. A stout piece of millboard forms the blotter itself. It may be covered with any stray piece of material, such as sateen or brown holland, and a strap or ribbon is laid across each corner to hold the blotting-paper. Our coloured linen forms the flap. It is prettily embroidered in one of Briggs's floral transfer designs, lined with plain material and edged along three sides with flax cord to match the linen. The fourth edge should be laid on the wrong side of the millboard foundation and there herring-boned down. It must be allowed sufficient "play" to fall easily over the front of the blotting-pad, and to cover it completely. The back should be made tidy in the usual way.

A Final Article.

Lastly, we have a piece of linen left that will make a delightfully roomy work-bag. It may be ornamented as richly as our readers please, and will look well if it is closed by means of two cords, different in colour, passed through bone rings sewn on the outside of the hem at the top. This completes our dozen pretty and easily made trifles, and not a shred of linen should remain, unless there are a few chips from corners, that may be included in the stuffing of a pincushion.



Conversation Corner.

Conducted by THE EDITOR.

Off to School on Horseback.

IN Australia, where the schools are sometimes twenty miles apart, the children have either to ride to class or miss their lessons altogether. In families where there are two or three children, and perhaps only one quiet and reliable horse for them to ride, the plan of three-on-at-once, as shown in the accompanying picture, is adopted. The satchel containing the school books can be seen hanging round the neck of the patient steed. It is remarkable how three little ones can stick to their horse, even when it is going at full gallop, but it is quite a common sight in the Australian Bush. Taught of necessity to ride at an early age, the children invariably turn out to be fearless riders when they grow up.

Restless Clergymen.

DR. MANDELL CREIGHTON

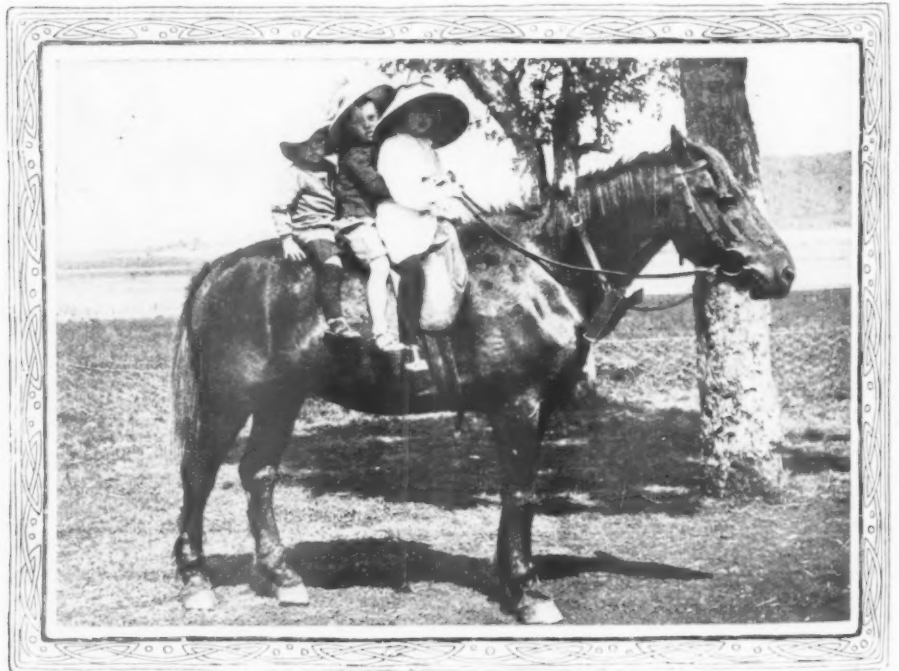
was of opinion that ten years is long enough for a clergyman to be in one parish. Acting on this, the Rev. J. A. Richards, who for eleven years was vicar of St. Bartholomew's, North Camberwell, has recently exchanged livings with a North of England clergyman. "I know that, here in South London," he says, "many parishes would have received the greatest benefit, and several incumbents, to my personal knowledge, would have been spared great sorrow and anxiety had there been some system in the Church of England by which there could be a sort of periodical 'general post.'" It need not be imagined that a clergyman once appointed to a parish is as immovable as the lichen on the

churchyard wall. There is a good deal of restlessness among the clergy, and some of them cannot remain content in a quiet rural parish. I myself know of one case where a gentleman left a delightful country living because he thought there was not enough to do, and took a slum parish in a big manufacturing city, where nearly every night he is called out to quell a disturbance, or to adjudicate in a domestic quarrel. Instead of having nothing to do, he finds that the day should be thirty hours long to get through all the work that lies to his hands.



Phonograph in Church.

THE parish priest of the little village of La Maistre, in France, is a man of resource. Finding himself without choir boys, he resorted to the novel expedient of using a phonograph to recite the liturgy and chant the responses.



(Photo: Harris and Summers.)

OFF TO SCHOOL IN AUSTRALIA.

The Morrison Centenary.

IN England and in China the various missionary societies have been celebrating the arrival in Canton in 1807 of Robert Morrison, the well-



(Stereograph. Enterwood and Underwood.)

A CHINESE BIBLE-WOMAN: MANY OF THE FAITHFUL TEACHERS HAVE SUFFERED MARTYRDOM.

known and courageous missionary who did so much to spread the Gospel among the people of the Far East. The celebrations have not been confined to mere oral expressions of gratitude for Dr. Morrison's work, but an effort is being made to give the celebration a practical aspect by erecting a worthy memorial to his name. The scheme as at present outlined is to raise sufficient money to build a large hall in Canton where the Chinese Christians may meet for praise, prayer, and conference. Officially the building will be the headquarters of the Y.M.C.A., and it is hoped that among a field of 250,000 young men in Canton alone a bountiful Christian harvest may be garnered. The scheme has already received the approval of Sir Robert Hart, Sir John Jordan, President Roosevelt, and Mr. W. J. Bryan. The Viceroy of Canton has given a large donation, and subscriptions have flowed in from many other sources, and there is every prospect that the whole of the money will shortly be in hand. The pictures which we give on this page show a Chinese Bible-woman, one of the many thousands who have experienced the blessings of the Gospel owing to the work set in motion by Dr. Morrison; the other illustration shows the worthy doctor engaged in the laborious task of translating the Scriptures into Chinese.

Brewer's Fortune for Temperance.

MOST of us have heard of Mr.

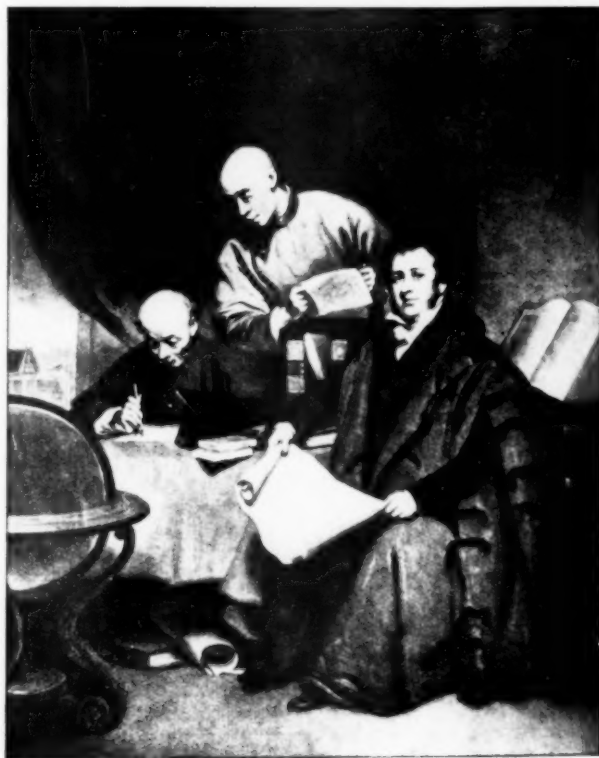
Charrington, the youthful member of the firm of wealthy brewers who relinquished his fortune in order to devote himself to the cause of temperance. A similar case is that of Mr. George B. Schlenk, a brewer of Illinois, who shortly before he died was possessed with the idea that the products of his brewery might have led to the ruin of some of his fellow-men. His obvious duty, he thought, was to uplift them, if that were possible, and for this purpose he left his entire estate, valued at about £3,000, to the Salvation Army, to be used to reclaim drunkards. Neither his son nor his daughter received a penny of the money, and his widow only received the income from her share, the principal not being touched, and reverting to the original fund at her death. One wonders why Mr.

Schlenk did not do something while he was alive for the cause, which, in his will, he professed to have so much at heart. He might also have remembered the saying about charity beginning at home.



Practical Philanthropy.

A NUMBER of Hornsey residents have just completed a very practical piece of philanthropic work in the erection of an ambulance station at the junction of Willoughby Road and Turnpike Lane. The idea originated with Mr. and Mrs. Ede, and they, with a number of willing helpers, arranged an excellent concert which realised £15 of the £25 necessary properly to equip the station, the remainder being contributed by tradesmen living in Turnpike Lane. Many of the subscriptions were collected by Police-Constable Newman. The ambulance was



DR. MORRISON TRANSLATING THE BIBLE INTO CHINESE.

recently dedicated to the public use by the Rev. Cecil E. White, Vicar of St. Peter's, Hornsey, and bears a tablet to this effect. Having regard to the increased use of electric tram-

between the National Bible Society of Scotland and the British and Foreign Bible Society. The books are granted to the Missions gratis, and go out carriage paid. They are



(Photo Chandler.)

PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY.

cars and speedy motor traffic generally, the idea is most timely and might with advantage be copied in other neighbourhoods.



More Light in Dark Africa.

ABOUT seven years ago a committee was formed to prepare a fresh translation of the Bible in Nyanja, in the hope of unifying the three existing versions already used in the dialects of this South African language. The work has progressed so rapidly that the new Testament and the four gospels have now been published in separate volumes, which will be used by many different Missions in Central South Africa. Ten thousand New Testaments and five thousand copies of the four Gospels in Nyanja have been printed and bound at a cost of £630



The Cost of the Light.

THE cost of packing and sending out the books was £160; while import-duties levied in Africa came to £49 10s. more. The whole of these charges have been shared

sold by the missionaries at prices which they themselves fix; then, after any expenses of distribution are defrayed, the surplus of proceeds are remitted to be divided between the two Bible Societies.



Ruined Tower as Storehouse.

ALTHOUGH for many years the fabric of the main portion of the old church at the little yachting station of Potter Heigham, in the heart of the northern broads of Norfolk, has been mingled with the dust of the earth, and the ancient sanctuary where father and son worshipped through succeeding generations is no more, its career of usefulness is not yet ended. The tower of the church, now a ruin, still stands in the midst of a peaceful cluster of farm buildings, and it has been made use of by the farmer for storing his crops and the fruits of the earth. For many years the Bread of Life was broken in the sacred building with which this old tower was once connected; now, however, the grain and food for hungry men and women are stored there.

Ready Hands for Church Work.

SELF-HELP is a beautiful virtue which the people of the little village of Arnesby, near Leicester, have learnt to practise. They have just been celebrating the provision of a new church clock with chimes, and a fifth bell for the belfry. The clock and bell were given to them, but the villagers themselves have collected about £130 to defray the cost of rehanging the four existing bells. When one remembers that the population of the village is only about four hundred, and that more than half of these are Nonconformists, one must admit that a good deal of energetic work has been put in. Just before the memorial clock and the new bell were dedicated the women of the village cleaned the church, while the men cut the grass and repaired the churchyard paths.



Sixty-Six Years at the Bell-Rope.

SOMETHING like a record in bell-ringing was claimed for Mr. James Storey Wright of Spalding, who for more than sixty-six years has "set the bells a-ringing" at Spalding parish



OLD CHURCH TOWER AT POTTER HEIGHAM USED AS A STOREHOUSE.

church. He began when he was a lad of fourteen years of age, and was shortly afterwards made a member of the Spalding company. For over thirty years he has been captain of the ringers at the parish church.

But he has not confined his attention entirely to this place of worship, for there are few churches in the Eastern Counties where he has not rung the bells on various occasions. On his seventieth birthday Mr. Wright was honoured by being made a free member of the Eastern Counties Guild of Change Ringers.

may be estimated from the following story. Thomas Read still lives to tell that when a child he was apprenticed to a chimney sweep. One day he was ordered to ascend a flue, nine inches square. His knees were so bruised and sore that he stuck fast in the middle; up he could not go, and he would not come down in view of

the church which had been the scene of his long labours. Thirty years after his death, the malice of his enemies, who had been unable to wreak their vengeance on him during his lifetime, awoke afresh. The Council of Constance declared him to have been a heretic, and not only ordered his books to be burnt, but



(Photo: Lambers, Leicester.)

THE RIVER SWIFT AND CHURCH, LUTTERWORTH.

Oldest Bell-Ringer in England.

IT was thought that the honour of being the oldest bell-ringer in England could be claimed by Mr. Wright, but this belongs to Mr. John Needham, of Barwell, Leicestershire. Mr. Needham is now in his ninety-fifth year, and for eighty-four years out of that long period he has rung the bells. He rang in the Coronation Days of King William IV., Queen Victoria, and King Edward VII. Before the organ was introduced he used to play the 'cello in the old gallery of the church.



A Climbing Boy.

HOW far the world has travelled in the worthy pursuit of child-culture during the limit of a single life

the thrashing that awaited him. After waiting two hours, the poor little lad's descent was secured by his master lighting a bundle of straw in the fire grate! It was in August, 1840, that Lord Shaftesbury carried the day in Parliament with regard to the climbing boys. Since then, Thomas Read has taken his sweet revenge. He and his wife have given the best of their days to the Sunday School. He is well on towards his ninetieth year, and she is only a little younger.



Sacred to Wycliffe.

JOHN WYCLIFFE, the "Morning Star of the Reformation," resided for the greater part of his life at the small town of Lutterworth, Leicestershire, and at his death in 1384 he was buried in the chancel of

was malignant enough to add that his body was to be disinterred and cast at a distance from the sepulchre in the church. This occurred in 1415, but it was not till 1428 that sufficient courage could be summoned up to carry out the decree. Archbishop Chicheley presided over the ceremony, and the grave of Wycliffe was speedily rifled of its hallowed contents. The bones were carried to the spot shown in the photograph where the road crosses the little river Swift, and there they were publicly burned and the ashes thrown into the stream. But as a writer of a later period quaintly remarks, "The brook did carry his ashes into the Avon, Avon into the Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."



"There she stood, the little sea breeze blowing the ends of the blue motoring scarf she had tied over her panama."

Stories Illustrating Popular Hymns.

I.—"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

By A. B. COOPER.

I.

"CONSTANCE, can that possibly be Herbert Alison talking to a vulgar crowd on the sands?" cried Lady Cochrane, stepping almost perilously near to the edge of the cliff.

"Don't be ridiculous, mother! Where? I should like to see Herbert doing such a thing!"

"Then if it is not he, it is his double," returned Lady Cochrane. "See—there he is—waving his arms about like a Salvation Army captain. And who is that little chit of a girl at the harmonium, who gazes at him so fixedly? Take the glasses, Constance. You can see their features quite distinctly. I'm amazed."

Constance took the glasses from her mother, and looked long and searchingly at the group on the beach. She saw a young man in tennis flannels and a chocolate and blue "blazer" talking to a semi-circular group of youngsters, ranging from tots of two to boys and girls in their early teens, backed by mothers and fathers and nurses; and she even noticed a donkey-boy, who stood half-way between the cliff foot, where his donkeys were stationed, and the listening group, that he might make the best of both worlds—hear the preacher and attend to possible business. Behind the preacher stood a blackboard, on which he presently wrote something. Constance could read it as he wrote, for the glasses were good ones: "Golden Text: Let thine eyes look right on."

Constance dropped the glasses hurriedly. The text made her feel as though Herbert knew she was quizzing him and did not mind.

"It's Herbert, sure enough," she said. "What can have happened to him while we have been in Italy? He was always a bit serious but never religious. Indeed, I thought he knew I couldn't tolerate it. A man is trying enough when he takes to agriculture or bee-keeping, but when he begins to preach in the open air he's impossible."

"Don't be ridiculous, Constance," said her mother. "You know how Sir Archibald has set his heart on it, and quite right, too. The two estates when combined will make a splendid property worthy of the Alison baronetcy. Besides, the alliance is as good as settled."

"You talk as if it were an international

treaty, mother; but it takes two to make a treaty as well as a quarrel."

"Never fear, Constance, I'll soon talk Herbert out of this new absurdity. We cannot have him making an exhibition of himself."

Constance approached the edge of the cliff again and looked down. The "talk" was over, and the girl who had been seated at the little instrument was standing in the place vacated by Herbert. Was she going to speak? The strains of the tiny harmonium—a little reedy and gasping—floated up to where the two ladies were standing. It was evidently the prelude to a song, and was played by a young man who had taken the girl's place.

There she stood, the little sea breeze blowing the ends of the blue motoring scarf she had tied over her panama and knotted under her chin, and gently swaying the graceful folds of her cornflower blue skirt. Herbert Alison stood behind her with folded arms, and Constance Cochrane felt a pang of scornful jealousy as she compared her church parade figure with this simply dressed girl singing on the sands to a very mixed audience.

The ears needed no artificial assistance to catch even the words, for the voice was strong and rich, with that intimate note of sympathy which makes the simplest ditty thrill the listener through and through. Even Constance's face relaxed as she listened:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

"She has a passable voice," said Lady Cochrane, in the tone of one who is appraising a professional vocalist.

"Come, mother, I don't know why we should waste our time here. Of course it was the startling figure of Herbert holding forth which first attracted us. I wonder if Sir Archibald knows."

"Why, there is Sir Archibald, surely," said Lady Cochrane. "Let us speak to him."

A man of soldierly bearing was approaching. He looked what he was, a soldier and a gentleman.

Meanwhile, the group on the sands under the cliff had broken up, and the children were helping

to remove the goods and chattels. The black-board had to be taken off its easel, and there was a friendly fight among the boys as to who should do it. Then the harmonium and the board and easel had to be carried to the store-room under the pier, and many willing hands were emulous of doing it.

"Steady on, boys," said Herbert Alison, "you'll knock all the remaining wind out of the poor thing, and then what will Miss Smith say?" and he looked roguishly at the cornflower blue girl, and she smiled back at him.

"Heave ho!" cried Percy Smith—Mary Smith's brother—"twenty's too many. Fifteen boys are quite as many as can hope to get a finger in the pie. Come along, Alison—leave them to it. They can't do it much harm."

Thus, laughing and joking, the sand-service party made for the end of the Promenade and ran full tilt, where the cliff dwindled away to nothing, into Lady Cochrane, Constance, and Sir Archibald. The boys went staggering on with the harmonium, the easel, and the black-board, keeping step to the "Glory Song," while Herbert shook hands with Lady Cochrane and Constance, neither of whom he had seen for three months.

The Smiths were passing on, but Herbert was determined that they should be introduced. Miss Smith—Lady Cochrane, Miss Constance Cochrane. Not a muscle of either lady's face relaxed. If there was an inclination of the head it was so slight that it would not have dislodged a poised dinner plate. Mary Smith, however, seemed to take little notice and shook hands, as did her brother, with Sir Archibald, who was not particularly cordial himself, only his manners got the better of his animosity before he could pull them in. Then the two Smiths made a timely and strategic retreat, and followed the harmonium and the strains of the "Glory Song."

"You seem to have changed your set since last we had the pleasure of seeing you," said Lady Cochrane, a little distantly. "Who are—these Smiths?"

"I haven't the ghost of an idea, Lady Cochrane," replied Herbert. "I only know they can get more music out of that old box than anyone else. They stick at nothing."

"So I should think," said Constance. "Did you notice how that girl offered her hand to me, Sir Archibald? They have evidently not been accustomed to anything."

"No, I shouldn't imagine she had ever been snubbed before," said Herbert drily; "and that sort of thing takes a deal of getting accustomed to."

Constance's eyes flashed. "You should not demean yourself by associating with such people, or us by introducing them. We have no desire to know your beach friends, have we, mother?"

"Certainly not. Why should we?" said Lady Cochrane, with her nose in the air. "But I daresay Sir Archibald may be safely left to deal with Herbert. It's only a touch of midsummer madness," and Lady Cochrane laughed. "Talk to him for his good, Sir Archibald—*au revoir*."

Sir Archibald, a taciturn man, had been standing a little aside frowning and twisting his long white moustache.

"You're a fool," said he, laconically.

"I'm sorry you think so, uncle. If I am I can't help it, and, hitherto, I have not been specially aware of it."

"Now you're impertinent, sir," cried Sir Archibald, moving across the grass a foot or two in advance of Herbert.

"I beg your pardon, uncle. I spoke hastily, but I was more annoyed than you think by the way Lady Cochrane and Constance treated Miss Smith."

"You are going to spoil everything with this ridiculous new-fangled style of yours. Look here—Herbert—you give up that crowd—this Salvation Army mummerly on the beach—or you give up me. That's absolutely and eternally final."

The old man stopped, faced round to Herbert, and struck his cane savagely into the sandy turf that edged the beach and promenade.

"Do you mean that, uncle?"

"I do mean it! If you won't obey me, you can cut away this minute, sir; and go and join a Gospel caravan where you'll get enough of this sort of thing in a week to tire you."

"Good-bye, uncle, then, I'm going."

"Wha—wha—what, you young cub, going? You defy your own uncle! Then not a cent of mine shall you have! Go! I wipe you off the slate."

When Herbert Alison experienced a change of heart at a mission at Oxford, he entered whole-heartedly into the new life, and, having made his own "calling and election sure," set himself to do any work for the Master which came to hand. His uncle, who was a man of the world, looked upon his views with a good deal of cynicism. He regarded them as a passing phase, something he would get over, like the measles in infancy and stamp-collecting in youth. He had never realised the depth of Herbert's nature, neither did he know anything

of the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to recreate a man and make all things new.

But it had made all things new, indeed, for Herbert Alison, and, like Paul, he counted all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. Even the parting with his uncle was not to him an unmixed evil. He felt from the first that this new factor in his life would place an impassable gulf between them. His uncle viewed everything from the worldly standpoint. The things of the Spirit were nothing to him, the things of sense everything, and "What community hath light with darkness?"

The same train of thought applied equally to Constance Cochrane. They had been brought up in the same neighbourhood. There was a sort of tacit understanding between the families that these two should wed. There was every worldly reason why they should, and spiritual reasons were not taken into account. But Herbert had had serious misgivings during the past three months, and the affair on the beach revealed to him like a lightning flash the distance—the infinite distance—which now separated them.

One thing and one thing alone cost him a serious pang as he took his ticket the same evening for London. He was leaving without saying good-bye to the Smiths. He did this for reasons of chivalry. He could hardly make even a lame explanation of his sudden departure without bringing his uncle's name into the matter, so, knowing that they had rooms on the front he bought a copy of "The Christian Year" for Percy Smith, and some roses for his sister, affixed his card with "For Remembrance" to the flowers, and inscribing Percy's name in the book, sent them by a messenger. Then he booked for London.

He went straight to Oxford House, and was welcomed by his friend the Warden with open arms. He had a small income of his own, which he supplemented by journalistic work, chiefly on subjects bearing upon the terrible economic problem which surrounded him and his co-workers on every side, and it is safe to say that he had never been happier in his life before.

Had he thought that Constance Cochrane's heart was given to him, he would have felt uncomfortable, for he had, at any rate, passively acquiesced in the family arrangement. But he did not think it was. She was not a girl overburdened with sentiment, and what little she had was expended upon herself. But it was a comfort to him to see her portrait in a society paper, along with an announcement that she was engaged to a South African millionaire.

Certainly he was of desperately plebeian origin, and thus ought to have been beneath Constance's notice, and his name moreover was Schmidt—for which Smith is good English—but he had millions, and they evidently covered a multitude of sins in Constance's eyes.

One other thought often came uppermost in Herbert's mind—the thought of Mary Smith. The picture of her sweet face beneath the careless panama, with the blue veil tied around it that the sea breeze might not carry it away, while she played the little harmonium or sang some sweet hymn to the children, often visited his day-dreams.

But all that was a thing of the past. He did not even know where the Smiths lived—no, not even which of the three kingdoms owned them. That they were both well-educated, charming, and exquisitely mannered, Herbert knew very well. Whether they were rich or comparatively poor he had no means of knowing. If ostentation meant riches, they must be as poor as church mice, and if the occupying of a very nice suite of rooms on the front meant poverty, then it must be of a very respectable order, bearing the same relation to the East End type which a thousand a year bears to starvation.

He had become acquainted with them quite by accident. The Children's Special Service Mission was holding meetings on the sands when he came down to join his uncle, and Herbert, now always on the look-out for opportunities of service, simply offered to do anything except play the harmonium. If the instrument had been a barrel organ he would not even have made that exception. Thus he had become acquainted with Mary and Percy Smith, volunteers in the work like himself, but older hands at it.

Mary Smith had made a great impression on him. There had not been the slightest shadow of love-making between them, but whenever and wherever his eyes rested upon her he felt that she was good to look upon. Even before the final parting he had confessed to himself that she was the sweetest girl he had ever met, but he did not realise how much his heart was engaged until he began to think that he should never see her face again.

When Herbert had been about eight months at Oxford House he fell ill, and was in bed for a fortnight, and indoors for another. The Warden and the doctor both advised him to take a rest and change, but, in his obstinate way, he refused, and said it was time he got back to work.

A little commission carried him to the West End one day in May, and he was just looking

into a picture shop in the Haymarket, when someone tapped him on the back and said "Hullo!"

Of course he knew a great many people who might possibly do that, and he turned round expecting to see some college friend. It was Smith—Percy Smith—last seen some months before beating a strategic retreat behind the little harmonium to the martial strains of the "Glory Song."

"Who would have thought of meeting you?" said Herbert, shaking his hand for a good half-minute. "Are you living in town?"

"No," said Percy, "I've just run up for the day. I'm living in the country at present. Where are you?"

"At Oxford House," said Herbert, "and enjoying it."

"You don't look too florid," said Percy. "You look as if you'd been in hospital and escaped the vigilance of the nurses."

Herbert laughed. "You're not far out," he said.

"Well, look here, Alison, now I've found you again I'm not going to let you slip so suddenly, and without a word——"

"You got my——"

"Yes, thanks, old man—we got them all right and appreciated them, I can tell you. But that only deepened our impression that there was something wrong, and—we couldn't quite get over the idea that we were, somehow, in it."

"Why?"

"Well—hang it!—a man couldn't exactly help seeing that Lady Cochrane—not to mention her fair daughter—was not exactly gushing—and coming so soon after that little affair——"

"I see; you put two and two together."

"That's about it. And I went to see your uncle."

"You did?"

"Mary wouldn't let me rest until I did. She has a woman's eye, you know, and she saw the signs of a storm much more plainly than I. By the way, is it the same Miss Cochrane who is engaged to Carl Schmidt?"

"Yes," nodded Herbert.

"Mary thought it was."

"But how did you fare with my uncle?"

"Oh, all right. I've been under fire before. The interview was brief, bright—but not very brotherly. I inferred more than I learned."

"And what did you infer?"

"Two things. First, that though he blustered and stormed, he would be glad to undo the whole episode, and second, that a certain friend

of mine had chosen to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than——"

"No, no—I'm not suffering affliction—I'm enjoying myself."

"Nevertheless, I'm right, am I not? Sir Archibald likes his religion, if at all, in homeopathic doses, and objects to enthusiasm—services, for instance."

"Well, your conclusion was pretty near the mark as far as that goes. But he's not a bad sort, and has been very kind to me many a time."

"Um," said Percy. "Well, now, what about this health trip to the country?"

"Health trip?"

"Yes, didn't I tell you that you've got to come down to our place for a good long stay?"

"Oh, I can't at present."

"I've got your address. We're not going to let you slip this time—Mary and I. Look here, you'll come all right. I'll drop you a line in a day or two. Good-bye, old chap. I'm booked for lunch at one, and it's five past——" He hurried off and turned into Pall Mall. But whether he was due at the Carlton or at the "A.B.C." Herbert did not know. The one thing he did know was that his name was Smith.

II.

"DEAR MR. ALISON,

"I was delighted to hear from Percy that he had run across you in London. It was evidently providential, because he says there is only one way of saving you from an early grave, and that is by your coming to stay with us at our country retreat.

"Everything is looking lovely just now, and, if you enjoy a quiet life, you will enjoy this. You had better bring your golf sticks if they are favourites, or we can set you up with any number if you don't want to burden yourself. What's your handicap? Percy's is six, and mine—well, mine doesn't matter. You book for Charlton-on-Trent. Oh, by the way, bring a fishing rod, and we'll meet the 12.40 on Wednesday, and you'll just be in time for lunch.

"Yours sincerely,

"MARY SMITH."

"I'll go," said Herbert aloud to his morning egg. "Why shouldn't I? It'll be a change, and the doctor says I need one and—Well, I'll go."

Now that he had made up his mind about it, and now that he had Mary Smith's letter in his pocket, Wednesday seemed a long time coming.

but it came in due time all the same, and he alighted at Charlton-on-Trent, and looked about him. There was no one there but a porter. The station stood high, and commanded a view of the valley, and a long white road stretching away into the distance. The only visible thing of note, except the lovely scenery, was a motor car buzzing along at a rare speed, and Herbert stood and watched its approach.

"Surely—surely—No—Yes—it is indeed—Mary Smith!"

The big white motor came up like a flash, stopped like another flash, and out jumped Mary herself, looking flushed and lovely, and wearing the most delightful summer costume, quite indescribable by a mere male, but soft and shimmery and gossamer-like. It beat the cornflower blue all to nothing, and the long white motor coat only enhanced its beauty.

"Percy couldn't come, so he sent me. Do you mind? He'll be delighted to see you."

"And you?" said Herbert, roguishly, though this lovely vision and the big white motor rather staggered him.

"Don't ask impertinent questions, but get in," she commanded, and Herbert found himself seated beside this lovely girl and the hedgerows flying past them.

He saw a nice house standing back from the road, and he thought: "That's the place!" but the car took no heed of it and dashed on. Then he saw a quaintly gabled mansion standing among trees, and he thought: "That's it, then, but it's a big place!" but the car dashed on still, while Mary rattled on almost as fast as the car, recalling every little incident of the sand-service, and telling him about some of the children with whom she had kept up a correspondence since, and what nice letters they wrote, and how they remembered especially the talk about letting their eyes "look right on."

Then the car swept through great gates with heraldic lions rampant surmounting each gate-post.

"Mr. Smith Senior must be factor to some gentleman of title," thought Herbert.

Through a wide spreading park they sped, where the deer browsed beneath giant beeches which stood in island groups all about the lovely green sward. Then they swept round a fine belt of timber and a lordly mansion came into view.

A terrace as long as Waterloo Bridge ran along its whole front, with a lovely stone balustrade, surmounted at intervals with flying Mercuries and white-footed Dianas.

A gorgeous footman, be-powdered and gold-braided, came down the broad steps, and stood at attention while Herbert handed Mary Smith

out of the car. He then preceded them to the door like Gold-stick taking the Commons into the Lords, and bowed them through the great doors.

"Hallo, Alison, old man! Sorry I couldn't meet you, but I thought Mary would do as well. I was called off at the last moment, and that was why she was a bit late. All right, Marsh will be your valet. Come to my room now, luncheon will be served in a few minutes, and you're ready for it, I'll wager."

The hall and staircase were in the true "old baronial" style, with a great painted window at the head of the stairs. The balustrades were of exquisitely carved oak, and spoils of the chase from every land were mingled with shields and suits of armour. But Percy went up two steps at a time all the same, and called Herbert from the top to "hurry up." Percy's room was like himself, jolly and unconventional. Nevertheless, Herbert was determined to "have it out" with him before they descended once more to Mary and luncheon.

"Look here, Percy Smith, or whatever your style and title happens to be, explain yourself. Why have you been masquerading like this?"

Percy laughed, and took Herbert by the shoulder.

"Really, my dear boy, it's very simple. Certainly my father happens to be Lord Charlton, but the family name has Smith in it nevertheless. As far as I am concerned the family register sets me out as John Marmaduke Percy d'Eyncourt Smith-Arlington."

"But why didn't you tell me all this before?"

"Our incog. was not for you, or the likes of you. It's a little device Mary and I resort to in order that we may engage in work we love—such as the sea-side services—without frightening those we don't want to frighten, and encouraging those we don't wish to encourage. If Lady Mary Smith-Arlington were to play the harmonium on the sands and sing "Tell me the old, old story," all the papers would blaze it abroad with huge headlines—"Earl's Daughter Sings on the Beach at Highcliffe." "The Hon. Percy Smith-Arlington Carries a Blackboard." See?"

"It begins to dawn on me, but why keep me in the dark?"

"We didn't mean to eventually, and, in fact, we'd planned to tell you the very day you left us in such a shabby, underhand manner."

"Don't be too hard on me."

"Then, on meeting you in London, I couldn't begin to say, 'I'm really not simple Percy Smith, but a bloated aristocrat,'—could I?"

"But when Lady Mary wrote—"

"Don't call her Lady Mary—she won't half

like it from you—well, the fact is Mary thought it a great lark, and that's the only bit of it that was deliberately planned. For one thing she wanted to see if you cared enough about us to take pot luck. She's a bit of a democrat, Mary is."

A beautifully mellow chime sounded through the house like distant bells.

"That's luncheon—come on," said Percy, and, linking his arm into Herbert's, they passed through the gorgeous guards into the dining-room.

Herbert could not help wondering what Constance Cochrane would have said could she have seen the girl she snubbed, and the regal table she sat at. Yet Mary was just the same as of old. She looked neither more nor less the sweet woman than when she sat at the wheezy harmonium on the sands with the panama on her shapely head, and the blue veil tied so bewitchingly under her pretty chin.

She rose as they entered, and the gorgeous one drew out their chairs. But Mary leaned towards Herbert as he passed and, with an indescribable twinkle, said: "He's told you, I can see. Am I forgiven?"

"Yes," he half whispered, "but I'm sorry."

"You must tell me why."

"I will later."

It was three days later when he actually told her why. They had gone out together over the private golf course, and, of course, ought to have turned and played home. But they did not. There was a beautiful beech grove a stone's throw from the green, and it was Mary herself who proposed that they should sit on a grassy mound there and rest. It was hot, and—well, perhaps she was tired a little, there's no telling.

"Now," she said, sitting not very far from him. "Why were you sorry?"

"Because I liked you as you were—plain Mary Smith."

"I am Mary Smith to you still—but—*am* I plain?"

She looked so bewitching as she said this, with her beautiful head slightly bent, that

Herbert had an insane desire to take her in his arms—Lady Mary or no Lady Mary.

"You are the most beautiful woman I know, and—the sweetest."

He got a long way in that sentence, and even Lady Mary looked a little startled. But she did not get up and run away, all the same.

"Then why—are you sorry—if—if—you think that?"

"Because, oh, you know why."

"Because I'm——" she raised her golf club above her head, as though measuring a great height, and made a delightful little grimace.

"Yes," he said—"and I'm——" he put his club almost level with the ground as though to indicate someone very small and insignificant.

"Then," said Lady Mary, leaning towards him until her shoulder almost touched his, and putting the white hand which grasped her club side by side with his—"then, I'm coming down there too. May I?"

They did not play home. They had had enough of golf, and, besides, they wanted to tell every thought they had had of one another from the first moment they met. They had not nearly finished when they reached the house, although they went slowly.

"Well, what sort of an opponent does Mary make, Alison?" said Percy, meeting them on the terrace, and looking from one to the other rather suspiciously, for they looked so ridiculously happy.

"So poor," said Mary, answering the question for Herbert, "that we have agreed to be partners for the rest of our lives—if you and pater have no objection."

"Herbert Alison," said Percy, "you're a lucky dog. Mary Smith, if you had left it to me I should have chosen the same man. Leave the pater to me, he'll be home to-morrow."

The society papers, a week later, contained the announcement of the engagement, and by the first post next morning old Sir Archibald wrote to Herbert and asked him to come back home. Herbert, like the good fellow he was, went.

But the coming of Mary and the chagrin of Constance is another story.



The Beliefs of Unbelief.

By DR. W. H. FITCHETT.

THE FIRST ARGUMENT FOR CHRISTIAN FAITH: A DIVINE CHARACTER.

"The simple record of three short years of Christ's active life has done more to regenerate and soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers, and all the exhortations of moralists."—J. ECKY, "History of Morality," vol. ii., p. 88.

WHAT is the evidence on which this great faith rests? Putting aside all secondary and incidental arguments, it may be said with confidence that the whole cause of Christian faith may be risked on two Facts: the Fact of a divine Person, and the Fact of a divine history. The fact, that is, of Christ, and the fact of Christianity.

In a deep and most true sense, Jesus Christ proves Himself. He who sees Mount Everest does not need the poor argument of the foot-rule to persuade him that the sky-piercing peak, with its white crown of dazzling snows, actually exists. And to look at Jesus Christ with uncoloured vision is to believe in Him. He is like no other figure on the world's stage. Uncounted hosts of human beings—men of the loftiest intellect side by side with men of the most lowly heart and the most saintly life—have what may be scientifically described as a personal verification of the existence and of the divinity of Jesus Christ.

They are conscious of being saved by Him. They feel, every moment, the pulse of a life that beats direct from Him. They know Him to be the living root from which all that is best in their nature springs. Christ's great parable of the vine and the branch is the exact transcript of their experience. For them there is no rebuke for sin like His purity, no comfort for sorrow like His gentleness, no argument for hope like the vision of His face. His name, for them, is an open window into the very heart of God. His words are the supreme interpretation of duty.

Enemies as Witnesses.

By some strange compulsion, the very enemies of Christ become His witnesses. "Never man spake like this Man," was the testimony of the rude soldiers sent to arrest Him; and that witness is repeated afresh by every new generation of sceptics. Unbelief, as little as belief, would take the greatest of the world's poets and thinkers,

and set them, as equals, side by side with Jesus of Nazareth.

"It is no use," says Mr. Campbell in that strange book "The New Theology," a book which might be described as metaphysical fog shot through with gleams of piercing light—"It is no use trying to place Jesus in a row along with other religious masters. He is first and the rest nowhere; we have no category for Him."

There is a quality in the words of Christ, a power to reach the human conscience, which no poet or philosopher or scientist ever possessed. He talks the language which the human soul instinctively recognises to be divine. He interprets Himself to us in strange, brief, deathless phrases which on any other lips would sound extravagant to the point of lunacy, but which on His lips seem natural.

The Bewildering Sayings of Christ.

"I am the light of the world," He says. Imagine Plato saying that, or Epictetus, or John Stuart Mill! But on Christ's lips the words shock nobody. They seem self-evident. They are a self-verifying revelation, with profoundest meaning in every syllable. Exactly as the light shuts up in its white purity the whole scale of colour—the beauty of all flowers, the purple of far-off hills, the rainbow glories of sky and sea and earth—so the character of Jesus Christ is found to contain the elements of all goodness. Nay, exactly like the light, it possesses an energy which creates beauty in others.

As every hint of grace in sky, or flower, or human face is born of the light, and lives by the light, so all that is lofty, or pure, or gentle in the world's life to-day can be traced, directly or indirectly, to the teaching of Jesus Christ, and to the spiritual energy that streams from Him.

"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." Here is another of the deep, bewildering sayings of Christ. What merely human lips could speak such words without kindling the laughter of the world? In the mouth of a Galilean peasant they sound like the wildest extravagance. But looking back across twenty centuries we see that these words are an exact

prophetic forecast of human history, fulfilled afresh with every day that dawns. God never hurries. Centuries with Him are but as moments. But as seen in the perspective of history, how clear it is that, from the moment He hung on the cross, Christ, by some deep, mysterious attraction, has been drawing all men unto Himself. All the currents of the living world are flowing Christ-ward, and must flow.

Or take another of the profound utterances of Christ, words that overleap the boundaries of time, and have in them the vibrations of eternity. "When the Comforter is come, Whom I will send unto you from the Father, . . . He shall bear witness of Me. . . . If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you. . . . When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, . . . He shall glorify Me, for He shall receive of Mine and shall show it unto you."

No one can read these words without feeling how profound a note they strike. Here is one Who speaks as Master of the spiritual world. His authority runs into those dim regions which lie beyond death. He declares that from beyond the grave, with forces moving at His bidding, and working to glorify Him, He will touch and shape the world He has left. These are not accents that fit human speech. But they are natural on Christ's lips; and once more the experience of twenty centuries attests their fulfilment. His words as reported by His disciples have shaken thrones. They have outlasted kingdoms and dynasties.

Christ's Influence on His Disciples.

If a proof is wanted of the transcendent force that dwells in Jesus Christ, we find it in the impression He made on the men about Him. He took a handful of Jewish fishermen, with the ignorance of their day, the narrowness of their race, and the prejudices native to their blood. They were bits of very common clay, and He touched them only for three brief years. To say they only half understood His words is quite insufficient; they visibly and grossly misapprehended them. And they witnessed what, to human eyes, must have seemed the shame and defeat of His death. This, surely, was enough to wreck faith!

Yet the touch of Christ's hands made these men not only saints—such saints as the world to that hour had never seen; it made them the world's teachers. Not that

Plato talked like John, or Socrates like Paul. What philosopher or ethical teacher, up to the present moment, indeed, has spoken with the accents of these men who caught their message from Christ's lips?

No one can pretend that it was by virtue of any endowment of natural genius these Galilean peasants rose to a point so high. They took their impulse from Christ. His Spirit, as He had promised, wrought in them when He Himself had left the earth; and we can watch across two thousand years, and see, like crystals forming in some chemical solution, the faith of the early Church in Christ taking shape.

Wonder in Galilee.

The process is clear, definite, inevitable; an evolution as plain as anything known to natural science, but it is an evolution shaped by forces that stream from the spiritual world. The area, in time, of Christ's ministry is very brief, only three crowded years; but upon that little span of time beats perhaps a fiercer light than upon any other equal tract of human history. And, watching the impression made by Christ on those about Him, we see, first, the mere wonder awakened by the miracles; the vague sense kindled of Something great, half understood, mysterious. This sense grows, but it is perplexed by the shock to all the traditional expectations of a Messiah. Guesses as to who Christ is run through the land. All men wonder, and the wonder spreads to the court, to the Temple, as well as to the streets of the city and the villages of Galilee.

The inner circle round Christ shares that wonder; but faith there, at a fit moment, is brought to a climax by Christ's challenge to Peter—"Whom do ye say that I am?" Peter, when first brought to Christ by his brother Andrew, had been told, "We have found the Messiah, . . . the Christ"; and no doubt he was prepared to see in Jesus the Messiah of Jewish expectation. But that expectation had been wrecked. Now, Peter has reached a loftier reading of the truth, and so comes his historic confession, "*Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.*"

Trembling into a Religion.

The note here is personal, sure, lofty. In these memorable syllables Faith makes its leap, its spring on to the high levels of Christian truth. And Christ seals the act with the great words, "Blessed art thou,

Simon Bar-Jonah: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven." On the truth of this confession Christ declares He will build His Church.

But Peter can keep on those great heights only for a step; with almost the next breath he is rebuking "the Son of the living God," and undertaking to correct His plans. During Christ's whole earthly ministry indeed His disciples never reached higher than that point of wondering, fitful, half-incredulous belief. "I have many things to say unto you," said Christ before He left them; "but hitherto ye have not been able to receive them; neither yet can ye understand them."

Then came the shock of what seemed the final disaster and shame of the Cross, a shock that threatened the whole wreck of faith. And the very hour of that wreck, while they are staggering under its shock, there broke in on the disciples the amazement of the Resurrection and the wonder of the risen Christ. He is seen at last in His true glory; all that He has taught about Himself falls into order; it kindles into clearness. We can discern, in the apostles, the awakening vision of sublime truths, the thrill of dawning intuitions, of great forces and emotions, in a word, trembling into a Religion.

The New-born Church.

It is not yet a Theology, though a theology is latent in it, and must soon come; but in both the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles we can see the mind of the new-born Church adjusting itself to a world of new ideas. A complete new reading of the universe has broken in upon it. Not Columbus, when he caught, through the dark night, the gleam of light that streamed from the new world he was seeking, knew such wonder. Keats, in a famous sonnet, has pictured the emotions of "stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes," he—

"Stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent upon a peak in Darien."

The famous Spaniard had an unknown, uncharted ocean spread at his feet, on which no European ship had ever sailed. But the early Church had a landscape nobler and fairer spread before it, a universe of new spiritual conceptions. And the key to it all was the realised personality of Christ.

So when the new theology comes, it is a

Christology. The sense in the infant Church is not that some new truth has been discovered, but, as Cairns puts it in his "Christianity in the Modern World," that "some new and amazing thing has happened." The mind of the early Church is preoccupied, not with the miracles of Christ or with His parables, or with the Sermon on the Mount, but with the personality of Christ Himself. The new theology, it may be repeated, is a Christology. The master truth for them is that "God was in Christ"; God, not a far-off and dreadful being to be sought, but a redeeming Saviour, seeking them. Kepler, when in a high mood of feeling, explained his science by saying, "I am thinking God's thoughts after Him," and the whole theology of the early Church consisted in thinking Christ's thoughts after Him.

Christ's Greatness.

Great human discoveries, while they seem to exalt, in a sense, dwarf their discoverers. Newton discovered the law of gravitation, and so won fame; but, set against the truth he discovered, how tiny is his scale. Darwin built with patient industry the magnificent formula of evolution, and in our exaggerated fashion we call his name "immortal." But how much less is the discoverer than the thing discovered. Who can imagine Newton saying, "I am the law of gravitation"; or Darwin offering himself to the world as being in his own person the formula of evolution?

Now, Christ reveals great truths; but they centre in Him, they have no existence apart from Him. "I am the truth," He says; and this is exactly the vision the early Church has of Him. The proof of this is found in the new accent in which they speak of Him. Peter's "leap of faith" in the confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," is an impulse exhausted almost at a breath; it is a sudden dazzling vision of truth, on which at the next moment falls an eclipse.

The Central Truth of Christianity.

Compare this with the majestic verses with which John's Gospel opens. There is a sound in the very syllables as of the tread of some victorious host: "IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD, AND THE WORD WAS WITH GOD, AND THE WORD WAS GOD. THE SAME WAS IN THE BEGINNING WITH GOD. ALL THINGS WERE MADE BY HIM, AND WITHOUT HIM WAS NOT ANYTHING MADE THAT WAS MADE." Peter's confession is a

leap, and a stumble; John walks on the great heights of faith with surest step.

And the reading of Christ's nature which we thus see taking possession of the consciousness of the early Church, and kindling it to rapture and power, is still the central truth of Christianity. This is the faith that has re-made the world. Many are willing to sit at the feet of Christ as a Teacher, but they refuse to adore Him as a Saviour. They are trying the melancholy experiment of taking the spiritual ideas of Christ and rejecting His Divine Personality. But the divorce is impossible. It would be fatal if it were possible.

Yes: in all the later writings of the New Testament we can see the great conception of Christian faith taking conscious shape, and coming to its Kingdom in the hearts of the first generation of Christ's followers. In this way the Spirit of Christ so interpreted Christ to His followers, and enlarged their power to receive Him, that they became at last saints of a type unknown in history, martyrs whose heroism is a kindling memory, teachers at whose feet each generation of the human race, in turn, is willing to sit.

And Christ has still this strange power to transform men; a power which centuries, as they pass, leave unexhausted. Men are sceptical as to the miracles Christ wrought in the flesh two thousand years ago, but the miracles He works to-day in the enduring field of human character are beyond challenge. Suppose it be denied that He turned water into wine at Cana. It is historically certain that He turned a handful of Galilean peasants into the world's teachers. He transformed Saul the persecutor into Paul the saint. And He still keeps the key of all hearts; He puts His stamp on each generation in turn.

It is curious to note how each fresh student finds some independent argument for worshipping Christ, something different from what other men see, and yet equally authoritative.

A sceptic like Theodore Parker is lost in wonder at the human greatness of Christ: "The manliest of men, humane as a woman, pious and hopeful as a prayer, brave as man's most daring thought. He has led the world in morals and religion for eighteen centuries, because He was the manliest man in it: hence the most divine."

A saint like Phillips Brooks is most impressed by the sinlessness of Christ: "He is the one sinless man in history, and even if He had done nothing else for our salvation,

this makes Him the most saving Fact that the world ever saw."

A philosophic historian like Seeley declares that "Christ is surely the most sublime image offered to human imagination"; but the secret of His sublimity lies in the wedlock of measureless power with inexpressible gentleness. This, says Seeley, "is the masterpiece of Christ." It is "a sublime moral miracle superinduced upon a physical one."

A theologian such as Bushnell, on the other hand, finds the surest mark of Christ's divinity in the strange union of perfect lowliness of spirit with the most solemn claims to supernatural authority. "I," says Christ, "am meek and lowly of heart"; and no one doubts what may be called His infinite humility. Yet what voice that ever fell upon human ears uttered claims so transcendent. He claims to be the very root of our life: "I am the vine and ye are the branches." He offers Himself to us as the one link betwixt the human race and God. "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." He lays His hands on the sweetest relationships of human life, and claims the right to come before them all. "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me."

Now the world is swift to discover conceit and pitiless to scourge it. On any other lips such words would kindle universal laughter. But on Christ's lips they seem natural; and on this single point Bushnell challenges unbelief. "Come now all ye that tell us in your wisdom of the mere natural humanity of Jesus, select your best and wisest character; take the range, if you will, of all the great philosophers and saints, and choose out one that is most competent; or, if perchance some one of you may imagine that he is himself upon a level with Jesus (as we hear that some of you do), let him come forward in this trial and say, 'Follow me.' 'Be worthy of me.' 'I am the light of the world.' 'Ye are from beneath, I am from above.' 'Behold a greater than Solomon is here.' Take on all these transcendent assumptions, and see how your glory will be sifted out of you by the detective gaze, and darkened by the contempt, of mankind! Why not; is not the challenge fair? Do you not tell us that you can say as divine things as He? Give us this one experiment, and see if it does not prove to you a truth that is of some consequence; viz., that you are a man, and that Christ Jesus is—more."

The following striking testimony to the value of total abstinence derives special value from the fact that it is written by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the devoted worker for many years among the deep-sea fishermen off the coast of Labrador. Dr. Grenfell was decorated last year by King Edward with the Commandership of the Order of St. Michael and St. George for his gallant services.

Why I am Against Liquor.

By DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G.

THE reasons why I have no use for alcoholic beverages on sea or on shore are so numerous that it would be impossible to detail them all. My standpoint is simply that liquor is quite unnecessary and bad. It is a help only to thieves and robbers, and I have seen them use it over and over again as a means to lure the fisherman and sailor to his destruction. Saloons and haunts of vice swarm around most seaports, and it is easy for the liquor sellers to prey on the newly landed sailor, with his pocket full of money, his generous and simple nature, and his lack of friends in a strange place, as it is for any other vultures to prey on carrion.

How many times have I seen our poor fellows robbed of their money, of their self-respect, of their honour, and even of their lives by the liquor seller, who furnishes them with it for no other object whatever than the base desire to get rich at the expense of anyone at any cost.

Alcohol is not now allowed to be sold on any part of the coast on which we are working, but so surely as it comes and an illicit sale begins, one sees its evil results as quickly as if, instead of alcohol, it had been the germ of diphtheria or smallpox. Lying at my anchors in Labrador harbours, women have come off to the ship after dark, secretly, for fear of being seen, to ask me for God's sake to try and prevent liquor being sold near them, as their sons and husbands were being debauched, and even their girls were in danger of worse than death.

Why don't I want to see liquor used at sea? Because when I go down for a watch below, I want to feel that the man at the wheel sees only one light when there is only one light to see; that when the safety of the ship and all it carries depends on the cool head, the instant resolve and the steady hand of the helmsman, there is not standing there in place of the man, the poor, debased creature that all the world has seen alcohol create—even out of such gifted men as Burns and Coleridge and hosts of others.

I have seen ships lost through collision because the captain has been taking a "little

alcohol." I have had to tell a woman that she was a widow, and that her children were fatherless, because her husband, gentle and loving and clean-living, had been tempted to take "a drop of alcohol" at sea, and had fallen over the side, drunk, and had gone out into a drunkard's eternity. I have had to clothe children and feed them when reduced to starvation, because alcohol had robbed them of a natural protector and all the necessities of life. I have had to visit in prisons the victims of crime, caused as directly in honest men by alcohol as a burn is caused by falling into the fire.

Why do I not want alcohol as a beverage in a country where cold is extreme, exposure is constant, and physical conditions are full of hardships? Simply because I have seen men go down in the struggle for want of that natural strength which alcohol alone had robbed them of. The fishermen that I live among are my friends, and I love them as my brothers, and I do not think I am unnecessarily prejudiced or bigoted when I say that alcohol is inadvisable, after one has seen it robbing his best friends of strength, honour, reason, kindness, love, money, and even life.

During twenty years' experience on the sea and on the snow in winter—and experience coming not on the top of the kind of life which would naturally fit one to meet these conditions, but rather after an upbringing in soft places—I have found that alcohol has been entirely unnecessary for myself.

I have been doctoring sick men and women of every kind, and I have found that I can use other drugs of which we know the exact action and which we can control absolutely with greater accuracy in cases of necessity for stimulating the heart. I contend we can get just as good results without it, and I always fear its power to create a desire for itself. It is not necessary for happiness, for I have known no set of men happier and enjoying their lives more than the crews of my own vessel, and the many, many fishermen who, like ourselves, neither touch, taste, nor handle it.

Bad Manners.

By ISABEL BROOKE-ALDER.

AMONGST all the changes that have come into being in recent years, nothing is more striking than the extraordinary increase of bad manners. It would, of course, be absurd to demand of these hurrying times the stately grace that ruled every action of our grandparents' youth; but there is, surely, no reason why the quickening of the pace of our modern life should have proved so absolutely destructive to pleasing behaviour. Something subtle has happened, some silent catastrophe of the nature of a blight to the *flower* attribute in humanity, has passed over our compatriots, affecting all grades of society. Its passage has deadened their power to appreciate the capacity for beauty presented by even the trivial events of the flying hour. Nobody cares, nowadays, how his conduct appears to his neighbour, nor whether in association it be found beneficial or the reverse. Indeed, to "kick a man when he is down" is no longer held a reprehensible action, and secretly to place a stumbling block in his path is merely to make the most of your opportunity to occupy his desirable position.

Bad manners are certainly the most disastrous characteristic of the age; a rampant evil, for which some patriot ought to discover, and strenuously apply, a cure, as he might to excessive indulgence in alcohol or drugs. If the affliction were apparent in one class exclusively, the case would not present such overwhelming difficulty in treatment, but all classes have resigned themselves unprotestingly to its thrall, and they spread the infection daily.

To prove this sweeping indictment, let us review the habits and customs of some of the vast array of misdemeanants appearing on our own particular plane of vision. There is, for instance, the elegantly attired dame, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, deeply in debt to her "clothes woman," as she indifferently calls her dressmaker, thanks to whose long-suffering her ornamental person is to be met at half the great social events. She never thinks of answering a letter or considering an invitation until her correspondent has for days been agonised by the inconvenience of wanting the desired information. Surely to keep the balancing of a dinner-table so long unsettled, or more important information so long withheld, should be reckoned bad manners. So,

too, should this same fine Madam's behaviour at her club—one of the smartest of the smart—where she systematically appropriates three newspapers and two magazines at the same time, and fails to surrender even those she has finished reading, although well aware that another member is vainly searching the racks and tables for them. When at length she does decide to quit, she scatters the daily journals, widespread, on the floor around her chair, and leaves the smaller publications in such tattered disorder as would procure for a servant in her own household the sharpest reprimand.

This same lady is the inglorious "heroine" of many a heated argument with the secretary of the club, consequent on the statement of liabilities incurred—such as for telephone calls, special meals prepared but countermanded after the time fixed for serving. The most striking episode on her record resulted from a mistake in carrying out her order for a "half-bottle" of champagne, a large one being brought in error. The large one was emptied at her table, but she declined to pay for more than half!

Does a lady visit the tenant of an upper flat, and chance to share the lift with an unknown man, will he stand shoulder to shoulder with her bare-headed? Almost invariably, no. Should they mount by the stairs, and he pass her on the upward or the downward journey, will he uncover whilst they pace the same section of the way? Invariably, no. Your true-born Briton would scorn such foreign antics. Not so, however, would his grandfather have squandered the golden opportunity for graceful homage. Perhaps the modern man, did he give the matter a thought, would excuse his conduct by the reflection that in an age when the weaker sex uses so little deference-compelling endeavour to please, and claims so vociferously so many "women's rights," civility has become superfluous.

It is urged in masculine exoneration, and with some justice, that since the Sisterhood arrogated to itself pursuits and occupations once the monopoly of its brothers, the conditions of association have undergone revolutionising change. Woman is no longer Queen, 'tis said; and as her abdication has been voluntary loyalty is inappropriate.

If we accept the verdict of modernity, establishing the equality of the sexes regarding their like fitness for taking part in legislation, in the quest of fortune, the curing of all the natural ills that flesh is heir to, and the hundred other divisions of the struggle for life, then let us give it weight by adding a rider touching the advisability of absolute "fair play." Both sides need reminding of the lack of observation currently bestowed on that commonly beneficial commodity.

But our women workers are themselves by no means free from the reproach of disregard for fair play. Surely, having encroached on fields of labour hitherto held exclusively by men, it behoves them to observe with the utmost scrupulousness the rules whereby they are ordered. For instance, when men and maidens are waiting for the same omnibus to convey them to offices where their punctual appearance is equally necessary, there can be no possibility of obligation compelling the men to allow all the few remaining seats to be taken by the girls. The acceptance by a girl of such a sacrifice denotes dishonesty, added to bad manners. Women do not thus resign to each other their just rights, therefore, whilst filling the place of men, they have no claim for more consideration.

Even in such small matters as using a slipshod method of expression and indistinct utter-

ance are the bad manners of to-day made painfully obvious, for to hear the younger generation speak is often torture to ears attuned to the music of our language as rendered when middle-aged folk were children. It is as though all care for the comfort of the listener, and all delight in dignity of phrase had been crushed out of England's everyday intercourse by the ruthless wheels of destructive "progress," nothing remaining but a confused and confusing jumble.

Deterioration in manners has touched all sorts and conditions of men, every hour providing fresh evidence in whatever surroundings it be passed. Remember, for example, how the brusque ticket collector, who trod on your foot on a recent train journey, merely grunted and glared as you flinchingly withdrew it; and how the jaunty waitress who bumped your shoulder painfully with a heavily-laden tray and splashed your hand with hot tea, merely remarked, laconically, "Sorry!" instead of offering the old-time apology, "I beg your pardon."

Taken for all in all, it is certain that the world-citizens of to-day, in their total disregard for the probable predilections of their fellows, fashion their course on the model of the monarch, who, prophetically aware of their need of a motto, emitted the appropriate phrase, "*Après moi le déluge!*"



Between the Days.

B*BETWEEN the days—the weary days—
He drops the darkness and the dews ;
Over tired eyes His hands he lays,
And strength and hope, and life renews.
Thank God for rest between the days !*

*Else who could bear the battle stress,
Or who withstand the tempest's shock,
Who tread the weary wilderness
Among the pitfalls and the rocks,
Came not the night with folded flocks ?*

*The white light scorches, and the plain
Stretches before us, parched with heat ;
But, by and by, the fierce beams wane ;
And lo ! the nightfall, cool and sweet,
With dews to bathe the aching feet !*

*For He remembereth our frame !
Even for this I render praise.
O, tender Master, slow to blame
The falterer on life's stormy ways,
Abide with us—between the days !*

John Drummond's Crisis.

A Complete Story.

By WALTER HIGGINS.

AS the clock struck midnight John Drummond rose from his fireside chair, and began to pace the study floor.

The lines on his face were painfully accentuated, and his head, usually so erect, fell slightly forward on his breast. His lips, generally arched and full, were now compressed to a long thin line, and his hands were tightly closed as he strode to and fro. He had the countenance of a deep and constant student—a man of regular and good mental habits—and a body by no means of the spare, ascetic type. Drummond belonged rather to the robust kind of men—robust in thought and constitution—a fine example of what has been called “muscular Christianity.” In consequence of which he was almost the ideal minister of a growing church. His great physical strength and powers of endurance enabled him to carry out his more arduous duties with comparative ease, while his mental equipment and his fine manly presence brought him many and sympathetic followers. John Drummond was a splendid man, and a splendid minister.

Since he had been at Felstown, a matter of seven years, he had gathered round him a band of capable young men, and these he had trained into fine specimens of his own school of thought and manners. Himself an enthusiast in outdoor games, he had won his way into the hearts of the sport-loving youths of the district. This, and their personal esteem for the man, had led the lads to pay some measure of attention to the message which John Drummond could so attractively proclaim. And the message had not failed. In a comparatively short time he had built up a good church, and laid the foundations of a promising institution, through which he hoped to get closer to the hearts and intellects of his people. It had been hard, uphill work; but work of enormous promise.

And now it was all over. He had decided to tell of his resignation at the evening service next Sunday. He swallowed with difficulty the lump that rose in his throat when he thought of it, and, clenching harder his fists and grinding his teeth, continued his march up and down the room. How easy it would have been for some men to stay on and say nothing, waiting and hoping for the difficulties to be cleared away or forgotten! But John Drummond was moulded of another clay.

For months now, probably years, he had been losing his hold on the Gospel which he preached. Doubts had come, and at first gone easily enough; but they had returned with ever-increasing persistence and growing frequency. They had come back, and, challenged, had refused to go. And so they had been admitted and hidden in cool, shadowy recesses of his mind, and there for a time they had stayed; but at length they had forced their way into the light and presented themselves in all their fulness and strength, and the frantic challenge of the man had died down to a mere hoarse whisper and groan.

Books had been set before him by his young men—strong, masterly expositions of the determinist, rationalist, and agnostic schools—and his advice on them had been asked. He had read and re-read them, and the weak points in his armour had been pierced. Lesser men would have laughed the books to scorn, refused to read them, and advised their disciples to do the same. But for Drummond this was an impossible course; he must fight it out. As he said to one of his promising young men, an eager student of science, “You and I must see this through to the end. Some men will tell you to leave it alone and stick to the Bible, to ignore all difficulties and laugh at all doubt. They will point to the beautiful lives of men who never have a moment's trouble, and hint that these men are in some way better off than we; but it is not true. The man who has thrashed out the matter is the only armed man; the other is blind to the dangers of the way, and may be stricken down suddenly in an unheeding moment, and may never rise again. No, my boy, we will read these books, and, never treating them lightly, as many do, we will find what is wrong, and, maybe, learn something new and true from them. We will remember that peace cometh to the armed man.”

And so the books had been read, and many of their obvious fallacies and contradictions noticed and corrected. What had appeared like mountains of difficulty had vanished before his practised mind, and arguments that had seemed incontrovertible had fallen away under his critical instinct and experience; but something had remained, and that was the spirit of the books. Long after

he had closed the bulky volumes, and got well on his way with more immediate work, strange thoughts had begun to take shape, vague and subtle questionings, deeper far than the verbal difficulties he had solved. And these had grown and grown, and numbed and paralysed the ready weapons of controversy and examination which he always brought to bear on his subjects. And at last he had found it harder and harder to clear away doubts, which at first had flown like birds of night at the coming of day. The walls of his mental prison had seemed almost imperceptibly, yet certainly, to close in upon him, until he had been forced to admit that his old faith was well-nigh gone.

Drummond stopped in his walk and surveyed the volumes; then went over to one corner. Here were the books of the "enemies of the Cross"—clever, painstaking, scholarly researches, representative of the finest intellects in Europe and America. He smiled bitterly as his eye ran over the title—"Free-thought": his thought was far from free just now; doubt seemed like a prison-house. He took down a Bible. It was a German volume, printed in various colours to show the parts of doubtful authenticity and certain falsity. He turned up the Gospels. Nine words of Jesus affirmed to have been His with some degree of certainty. He closed the book with a sigh, and took down another, a discussion on the Pentateuch. That did not seem to matter so much, did not seem so vital. He turned the well-marked pages of another—a destructive study of the miracles, and emphatic denial of the Resurrection. Heart-sick and weary, he turned to the fire and sank again in his easy chair.

His Bible lay at his side, opened at the Psalms. To these songs he could always turn. Men might cast doubts on their authorship, and prove, by all means of scholarship, that David had little to do with them, but men could not rob them of their eternal humanity. They were real—the sighs, the sobs, and crying of men; the fall of human tears sounded through them; they gleamed with the glad smile of a man, greatly helped and thankful.

"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places," he read; "yea, I have a goodly heritage."

In pleasant places! His whole life seemed to come up in review as he read these words. He thought of his boyhood, with its boisterously happy schooldays, away at the seaside town where his mother and father dwelt; he recalled the quieter but no less pleasant days in college, with their many associations and

friendships, their inspiring memories of tutors and fellows. Lastly there rose before him the picture of the last seven years at Felstown, and his great work.

Only one memory of all these was sad. During his college days he had loved a girl with all the strong and restrained love of a scholar, hoping, when things were turning out well, to make her his wife, and interest her in the work of his church; but when he had been two years in his present position the news had come one day that she had suddenly gone off and married a man of the world—a rich and gay young artist. John Drummond had borne the blow in silence; and beyond a slight breakdown, which his congregation thought due to overwork, he had shown no sign of the great mental anguish and bodily suffering it had caused him; and the matter had passed, driven by his strong will to some neglected corner of his thoughts and feelings; but it had done its work.

As he sat there he realised that all his doubts and difficulties began at that time of pain and sorrow, that before that he had never questioned the eternal purpose. He saw the events of the last four or five years in a new light, with a new perspective. He continued to read the twentieth Psalm—

"The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee: . . . The Lord fulfil all thy petitions."

He paused. "I have but one petition," he murmured; "that God will make Himself real again to me. Then will all doubts and dark visions vanish as nothing."

"He will hear him from His holy heaven with the saving strength of His right hand."

"Oh for a sign," he cried in his agony, "some token that God still moves among men, still guides the tortuous ways we tread, still holds the frail threads of our tiny destinies in His powerful hand. Oh for a sign!"

The wind outside wailed mournfully around the gables and chimneys.

"Save, Lord: Let the King hear us when we call." If only God would give the sign!

He bent forward, his head in his hands, and gazed into the dying embers. Fixed in thought, he conjured up fantastic pictures in the fire—strange faces resembling those he knew. He was recalled from this reverie by a gentle knocking. He failed to hear it at first, being too pre-occupied; but gradually he realised that something unusual was happening. The noise ceased, and the silence fully roused him. Someone knocking at this time of night! Ah, there it was again! It was the front door. Quickly he stepped

out from his study, felt his way down the unlighted stairs, and fumbled for bolts and locks. At last he had the door open.

At first he could see nothing; but as his eyes grew more accustomed to the dark he saw a tiny child crouching in a corner. A child's voice said:

"Me come in: me cold."

"Who are you?" he asked, as the little one came forward.

thought of veal-and-ham pie, and a few viands of that substantial nature; but it presently dawned on him that something more delicate was required. Eventually he returned with some biscuits and milk—all his inexperienced eyes and hands could discover. He found the little one studying intently a portrait of Jesus that hung over his desk.

"Me like dat!" she said, indicating the picture. "Your daddy?"



"Me come in: me cold."

"Margie."

"Where do you belong?" he asked.

"Here!" came the bewildering reply.

"Do you really?" he said, smiling. He picked the little one up in his arms, and, having fastened the door again, returned to his study.

"There!" he said, putting the child in the great armchair and bringing wraps and cushions to her; "sit there, and get warm!"

"Me hungry, too," said the undaunted tiny stranger.

"Very well, we'll see what we can find." And John Drummond journeyed to the kitchen in search of food for the child. At first he

The strange question brought tears very near his eyes.

"Who brought you here?" he asked, when the little girl had finished the biscuits and milk.

"Patsy!"

The mention of that name seemed to recall something to the child's mind, and a puzzled look came into her eyes. She looked at her hands and round about the floor.

"It's gone," she said at length.

"What's gone?"

"Paper."

"What paper?"

"Patsy said 'oo wanted it."

And then it occurred to him that perhaps the paper was a letter, throwing light on this most curious business. He went downstairs to look, and found the paper in the hall. It was a letter addressed to himself by name. Puzzled at a happening so strange, he tore it open and read.

It came from the woman whom he had loved so well and who had treated him so badly. She described the extreme folly of her course, and told how, when the glamour of her new worldly life had worn away, she had repented of her foolishness; how her passing fancy for the artist had failed when she knew him more intimately, and given place to a dislike no less violent; how her husband had fled from her when tired of her, and had gone abroad, leaving her to fend for herself and the child; how she had grown weaker and weaker in her care, until she lay on her death-bed.

He read until the child's voice startled him with—

"Don't cry! Me likes 'oo."

And then his great manly frame shook with his violent sobbing, till at last the little one clambered down from her chair and pulled frantically at his arm. He took her in his arms and continued reading.

"John," the letter went on, "you will forgive me, I know, when you realise how God has punished me for my folly. Were I not sure of this, I would not dare to ask so great a thing as I now ask you. When I die, my child will be alone in the world with no one to help her, no one to nourish her, no one to protect and train her in the way. No one, unless—unless you do. And so I ask you if, forgetting and forgiving, you will take

care of my child, or, supposing you cannot do that, if you will find her a home where she will learn to love God and her fellows. They tell me the child is like me—what I once was; that may help you to decide; but I feel sure that you who were once so ready to do my will, will now do the last thing I shall ask in this world—if not for my sake, for the sake of Him Who loved the children."

He could read no more. Tears blinded his eyes, and he felt an awful choking sensation within him.

"My God!" he cried; "what she must have suffered."

And then slowly, through his stricken senses, came words—words thrilling and beautiful:

"The Lord fulfil all thy petitions. . . . He will hear him from His holy heaven."

A radiant smile spread over his face as the light shone in upon his clouded soul.

"It is the sign," he cried aloud. "God has answered. I know again. I know again." And tears once more took their unhindered way down his freshening cheek—tears, not of anguish, but of unspeakable joy.

And the little one crooned on its declaration of love.

Suddenly he took the child's face between his hands, and looked deep into her laughing blue eyes.

"Thank God," he said; "I have been mistaken all this time—miracles do happen."

That night he gave thanks for his deliverance, for the wonderful sign that had come. And then he breathed a prayer for the child, and for the work to which he could now go back with renewed vigour and hope. John Drummond's crisis was over.

Wisdom from Japan.

Genius hears one individual, and then comprehends ten.



Negligence looks at the battle-field, then makes its arrows.



If the mind is clear, even in a dark room there will be radiance; if the thought is dark, at noon-day there will be demons.

Seeking information is a moment's shame; but not to learn is surely a lasting shame.



Be not lenient to your own faults; keep your pardon for others.



When the sense of shame is lost, advancement ceases.

Mr. Sam Jones was for many years one of the greatest evangelists in America. His quaint forceful sayings were quoted from end to end of the country. In the following article Mr. Charles M. Alexander, of the Torrey-Alexander Mission, gives a striking pen-portrait of Sam Jones, who died last year, greatly mourned by thousands.

A Helper of Men:

MEMORIES OF SAM P. JONES.

By CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

ONE hot afternoon last May I stepped on to the platform in the Tabernacle where we were holding our meetings in Atlanta, Georgia, and looked into the face of Sam Jones, a man whose name has been an inspiration to me since the first day I heard him ten years ago, in Knoxville, Tennessee. As I speak his name now, my heart grows warm and is full of thankfulness that I ever knew him, for many of his thoughts are treasured as pure gold.

Following that afternoon meeting, I went with him to his train. One of the first things I was impressed with in personal conversation was his cultured gentleness. How thoughtful he was of his wife and daughter, and how thoughtful they were of him!

It was interesting to watch the workings of his great mind in summing up the impressions he had received from the meeting. If I had never read his words or heard him speak, that short conversation would have proved to me that his was an extraordinary mind. His grasp was so quick and accurate in dealing with subjects, and with it was a tone of conversation as quiet and calm as that of a mother talking her baby to sleep.

A Delightful Day.

His home was only a few miles from Atlanta. He and his wife gave us a pressing invitation to visit them on our rest-day. We went up to Cartersville—and what a day it was! It was such a day as I remember having with Mr. Moody when he was in Atlanta during the Cotton Exposition. He was visiting in the home of a friend, and spent the day answering our questions about the good and great men he had met, and his wonderful experiences. I believe great men would spend more time with small men if they knew what a help a few hours' conversation would be to their lives.

Sam Jones and his family received us that morning in true Southern style. They had too many carriages at the station for us, for they had expected more in our party.

When we reached his home we were made to feel at home immediately. After getting acquainted with the members of his family we went for a drive around the town, and then new beauties of his character began to shine out as he talked about his love for the people and how interested he was in their welfare. He showed us a big tabernacle he had built on a hill which had been bought and given for the purpose by the town. He made it a point for many years to hold at least ten days' meetings in his home town annually. As a Nashville religious paper said, one of the greatest tributes to Sam Jones was that he had held his congregation in his own home town for twenty years.

Fighting the Saloons.

I plied him with questions constantly, for there were many I had longed to ask him for years. He said when he first came to that town to live with his family, there were twelve saloons there. He stated before an audience soon after coming that even one saloon in that town was too many for his boy, and that they had to go. He kept preaching, praying, getting other people to pray, and working, until they conquered. The saloon-keepers threatened to kill him, and did dynamite his barn. I asked him if a saloon could legally be brought into the town. He said, "Yes, I suppose it might be, but," with a very earnest glance into my eye, he added, "we have given them warning that if they won't go head first, they will have to go feet first." I asked him how it was, and he said, "We just keep the spiritual atmosphere of the town at such a temperature that the liquor-seller cannot live here."

Memorable Sentences.

After the mid-day meal, we sat on his broad verandah. He was in a rocking-chair, with his little grandchild on his knee—we, all as close to him as we could get, asking him questions. And what answers he gave us! I wish I could recall all of them. Among

other things he said this: "You cannot say it with your tongue if you haven't got it in your head." Another striking sentence was: "The men who leave their mark on this world are the men who have convictions. The men who have mere opinions slip through without leaving a trace."

The love and respect shown to him by each member of his family, and those who were his servants, was a proof of his home Christianity, which he had preached so constantly. I asked one kindly-faced coloured woman how long she had been with them.

"Twenty years, sir."

"And how do you like to live with them?"

"I could not live without them," was her reply.

I watched Mr. Jones as he walked about on the lawn talking to us. I thought then he seemed very feeble, although his eye was clear and steady and his voice resonant and full. We all went back to Atlanta, repeating his sayings to one another, and each with a stronger determination to be better and truer men.

The Story of His Conversion.

Sam Jones was trained for the Bar, but he was a dissipated drunkard up to the age of twenty-one years, when he promised his dying father that he would meet him in heaven. This is his own story of how he came:

"You will ask, 'How long did it take you, Jones, to get religion?' Well, I was fooling along at it a whole week, but as soon as I meant business I got it right there. I went along a whole week a-mourning, an' a-crying, an' a-praying, but at last I said: 'Sam Jones, you will have to give this thing up; you'll have to do something more than weeping and praying.' I had an idea that the more you prayed and the more you cried and the more you moaned, 'the more better,' as the darky said, 'you got it when you did get it.' Well, as I have said, I kept on a whole week. At the end of the week I took a calm, sensible survey of the field, and said: 'Sam Jones, you haven't moved an inch. You've turned round instead of going forward.' And I just stood right there and gathered every sin of my life and threw every one of them down in a common pile; and then I crossed the bridge to the other side; and lest I should return, I stopped and set fire to the bridge and watched the last spark drop into the water, and waited till I saw the pillars topple over—and

it was not fifteen minutes till I was in the arms of God, a saved man. If you give up your sins, every step you take is towards God; and as long as you keep them in your life, every step you take is towards the devil. 'What must I do to be saved?' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.' 'How can I believe?' 'Repent.' If you do repent, you cannot keep from believing, to save your life."

I remember reading this twelve years ago, and the words burned into my heart like fire. I would not have introduced them here did I not think that they might reach some other man. I was already a Christian, but the bridges were not burnt.

Some of His Stories.

Some of Sam Jones's stories may seem rather light, but when you think of them they are worth whole pages of some books on the Christian life. Here is one:

"I was riding down by a neighbour's lot, when I saw him digging in a ditch, and asked him why he was digging there. He said, 'I want to lower the bed of this ditch, so that the water from the spring will run clear. My horses won't drink this muddy water as it is now.' I said, 'Neighbour, I have just passed your spring up there. There is a hog in it rooting up the mud. If you go and take the hog out of the spring your stream will run clear without lowering the bed.' Let us get a clean fountain and the streams will run clear."

This illustration is so portable, so easy to carry around with us. It comes up so many times in our everyday life, when an involved statement of the same thought would not be usable.

Another story which an audience of men grasped quickly was the one he told about two horses:

"Put a slow, lazy horse into a cart and start down through a city street, and you will have to dodge to keep out of every vehicle that comes along. Everybody expects you to move out of their way. But you put a thoroughbred trotter into a light buggy and start down the street at a fast rate, and everybody will roost on the side-walk to watch you go by, and say, 'What a wonderful horse!'"

"You go on your way to heaven a mile a week, and you will have to spend your time in getting out of people's way, and everybody will trample on you. You go on your way a defeated, whining person. But you start towards heaven a mile a minute, and

everybody will make way for you, and say, 'Watch him go!'"

His Reading.

I questioned him a great deal about his reading. He said if a book did not grip him the first two or three pages he would have nothing to do with it. He always felt it was lost time to go further. His power of choice was most striking. He could look into a bushel of mixed wheat and chaff and pick out the wheat with unerring quickness.

He said when he entered upon his work in his first circuit (he was then a Methodist):

"I had three books: the Bible, the fifth volume of Spurgeon's sermons, and an old volume of 'Skeleton Sermons.' Of course, my Bible was the Book of books to me, but I read and re-read that volume of Spurgeon's sermons until my soul was stirred with the spirit of the man. I owe much to this one volume of Spurgeon's sermons. I remember how I frequently read the text of one of his sermons, then read his sermon, and then I would read my text, and say,

'If Spurgeon treated his text that way, how shall I treat mine?' If what a man does is the test of what a man is, Spurgeon was one of the grandest preachers of his century; and if I have directness and earnestness of style, I owe much of it to the sermons of this great man."

True Sincerity.

In speaking of earnestness, he said:

"Earnestness cannot be feigned. It is like the healthful glow on a maiden's cheek compared to the artificial colour produced

by rouge. Earnestness can always be distinguished from emotional gush or bellowing hurrahism. Earnestness is a thing of the eye and face more than of the voice and of the words. It is a great compliment to any preacher when the people say, 'Let us go and hear that fellow. He is in earnest.' Earnestness in the pulpit is born of

experience which conscious pardon and complete deliverance from sin gives to the speaker."

I am going to quote the next in full. I cannot bring myself to cut it anywhere. It has been such a blessing to me for years; I want to pass it on to others.

Hatred of Shams.

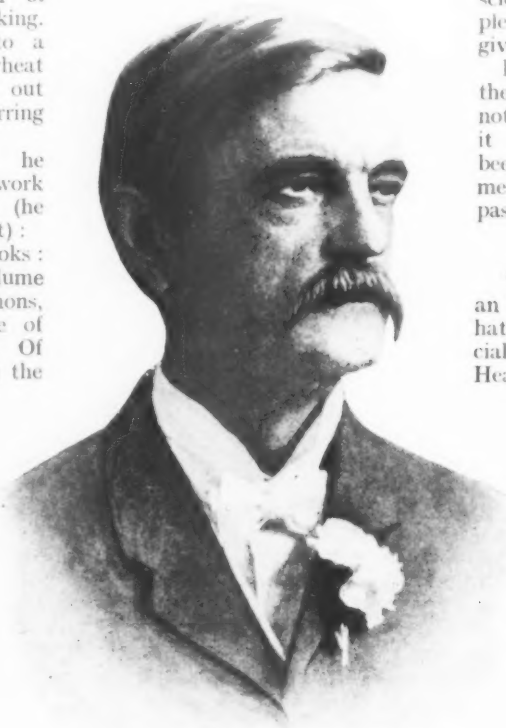
'I have always had an inborn, constitutional hatred of shams, and especially of religious shams. Heaven and hell, one top-

less and the other bottomless, are real to me. Truth is real; life is real; and no man can be a sham or a hypocrite without getting out of line with God and truth; and hell itself will make real devils out of religious shams before it will receive them.

I have always contended there is no hoof or horn, fang or

poison, attached to theoretical infidelity; but practical infidelity has all these things. I had rather be an Ingersoll and disbelieve the Book, than to be a Methodist, believing everything and living just like Ingersoll.

"I saw upon the first round on my first circuit that there were either two distinct kinds of Christianity, or else a majority of my people had Christianity, and I did not have it, or *vice versa*. They had indifference and carelessness and prayerlessness, and I found no room for any of these in my religious life. Oh, how many hours I spent



THE LATE REV. SAM P. JONES.

as a youthful pastor trying to solve the problem and to know my duty toward my people. It was more than three years before my courage was screwed up to the sticking point, where I could preach the truth in such a pointed way as to leave no one in doubt that I meant him. In other words, in the fourth year of my ministry I began to preach to my people just as I thought about my people. I may preach the truth as it is in Christ; but a dissertation on truth is one thing, and the application of truth to the lives of men is another. A dissertation on mustard—where it grows, how it grows, and how it is prepared for the market—is one thing, and that one thing does not help the colic; but it is the spreading of the mustard upon a thin cloth and applying it that relieves the aches and pains of the agonized patient. Abstract truth may influence the mind to some extent and bring out the brain sweat; but consecrated truth, vigorously applied to the conscience, arouses the mind, produces conviction—and all upward movement is from conviction, from first to last. The bootmaker who makes the best fit gets most customers. The preacher who fits most consciences will get most hearers.

Preaching at the Conscience.

"I have known for a long time that men *knew* better than they *did*. It is not in the pointing out of new paths, but it is the power to make them walk in the old paths; therefore my preaching has been at the conscience. The intellects of men, when taken in the whole, vary in altitude like mountains and valleys; but the consciences of men form a vast plain, without an undulation from shore to shore, and he who stands on a level like this will move not only the peasant and labourer, but the intellectual giants of earth alike, for the conscience of Webster is on the same plane and level with the

conscience of a brakeman or any other common labourer.

"In preaching at conscience there are three essential requisites: First, clearness; secondly, concentration; thirdly, directness. He who conceives truth clearly will express it clearly. Show a man all sides of the truth, and then open it out and bathe it in a sea of light; then take a whole lead mine and run it into one bullet, and then aim where you want to hit, and your work is done. When you arouse the conscience, amid its ferocious lashings the only alternative left is a better life or complete abandonment. Very few men will choose the latter."

He told of listening to a frock-coated professor lecturing on science. He had made some slighting remarks about the Bible, and had passed on to the subject of life. He was talking about an egg, and said that scientists had analysed an egg until they knew all about it. Sam Jones quietly asked him, "Can you tell us what gender it is?"

The Two Mothers.

I think that this closing story will give an idea of Sam Jones's heart as much as any I have ever heard him tell. I wish I had more pages to give to this wonderful man. His references to home life were always most telling, and the two pictures contained in the following I have never forgotten, although I read them years ago.

"God bless the mother! These two pictures I want you to take away with you. Here is a mother, a real mother, and here is a mother in name only. Here is little Annie, the daughter of the mother in name only—a sweet six-year-old girl—and she comes in and says, 'Mamma, please give me some scraps for my doll's dress.' 'I shan't do it,' the mother answers; 'you have wasted more scraps than you and your doll are worth, and I will punish you if you don't quit bothering me.' Little Annie hangs her head and goes away. Next day she



RYMAN AUDITORIUM, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, BUILT FOR SAM JONES.

comes in again: 'Please, mamma, give me some thread for my needle.' 'There you are again, you little trouble. You just worry me from morning to night. Go, put on your hat, and see if you can't bother Mrs. Brown a little while; I am clean worn out.' And Annie goes away, and she says to herself: 'I just wish I was dead; mamma never says a kind word to me.' And the next day she comes in again and says, 'Mamma, please let me have your scissors.' 'I shan't do it. You just want to stick your eyes out, and I will certainly punish you if you don't go off and let me have some peace.'

"The little one goes off by herself again, but this time she says, 'I just wish my mamma was dead.' And so little Annie is coming up, and now she is eighteen years old, and a perfect typhoon. Her mother draws the corners of her mouth down and says: 'I want to know what is the matter with my daughter; I've done the best I could for her.' I can tell her what is the matter. She is a chip off the old block.

Praying Together.

"But here is the true mother. Little Mary comes in and says, 'Please, mamma, give me some thread for my needle,' and mamma says, 'Very well, dear, in a moment,' and she takes the thread and threads the needle and ties it in a strong knot for her, and little Mary says, 'Thank you, mamma.' When she comes in the next day and says, 'Please, mamma, give me some scraps,' the mother says, 'Yes, dear, in a moment.' But the mother was just now reading a verse in the Bible: 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.' 'Do you know what that means, darling?' 'No, mamma.' 'It means that you ought to begin right now to be good, and grow up a sweet and noble Christian.' And the next day Mary comes in again, and her mother says, 'Do you remember, dear, the verse that I repeated to you yesterday?' 'No, mamma, I can't repeat that verse, but I

remember what you told me about being a good, sweet little girl, and when I went upstairs yesterday I knelt down and said, O, Lord, help me to be a sweet Christian girl like my mamma. And her mother says, 'Will you go into the next room, Mary, and kneel and pray with mamma a little while?' And I imagine I can see a thousand disappointed angels shut out on the outside. They wanted to see what great things God was going to do for mother and Mary. And by-and-by, when the mother comes out holding little Mary by the hand, and a tear that would not have stained an angel's cheek running down little Mary's face, an angel went up and put his hand under the tear and caught it and crystallised it in his hand; and then, ahead of all the other angels, he winged his way back to the skies, and called the hosts of heaven together, and said, 'Here is the crystallised tear of a sweet little girl that a mother is training for this world.' And when Mary is eighteen years old she is the joy and blessing of her mother's heart, and a comfort to her friends. Do you want to know what is the matter with little Mary? She is just like her mother. Go thou, sister, and do likewise."

A Lovely Farewell to the World.

The night before Sam Jones died in a sleeping-car on the train, he was on his way home to celebrate with his family his fifty-ninth birthday. He heard that a poor consumptive and his wife were in another car and would have to sit up all night, as they had not sufficient money to purchase a sleeping-car ticket. Immediately Sam Jones went back and hunted them up and purchased a berth for him and his wife, and saw that they were comfortably settled in it. And the last words that his associate heard him say that night were as he told this poor consumptive how glad he was that he had money enough to give them the comfort which they needed, and thus enable them to have a good night's rest. A great soul has gone, and his memory makes us better.



Echoes from Living Preachers.

I.—THE REV. T. G. SELBY.

The Mystery of Prayer.

WHEN we take into account what God really is, the chief mystery of the world is that any prayer in it should go unanswered, and the mystery is one with the mystery of iniquity itself.

Crucified to the World.

IN the studies of painters who set themselves to depict the cross and passion of Jesus, living models may be seen posing for sketches of the crucifixion. They are held by tapes and pins on dummy crosses to give the artists correct perceptions of limb and muscle and attitude. Some of us are crucified to the world after the method of the artists' models. We are upheld in attitudes of apparent renunciation by the ties of convention, ceremonial vow, religious formality, half-real profession; but we have never felt the piercing pain which brings final deadness to the world and separation from its unholy interests.

The Value of a Human Soul.

IF our range of influence is circumscribed, and we cannot contribute much to the Macaulays and the Froudes, the Greens and the Justin McCarthys of the next century will think it worth while to mention, a page in God's Book is open to us that we can crowd with sublime subject-matter. When we lay our work down upon the surface of the planet and look at it side by side with swarming cities and far-ranging continents, it seems small as the pin-head poem on a microscopic slide. Two or three unknown men recovered from the error of their ways; a child led into the kingdom before he has strayed many steps from its frontiers. But the light of Eternity will reveal the majestic and illimitable magnitudes of work that once looked a mere speck and had scarcely been heard of in the next street. It will be found that we have done more than goddess poets, statesmen, kings, for we have plucked men from the brink of the second death, and by means of the work in which God has been our helper, we have covered the multitude of sins.



THE REV. T. G. SELBY, AUTHOR OF "THE UNHEEDING GOD," "THE IMPERFECT ANGEL," "THE LESSON OF DILEMMA," "THE HOLY SPIRIT AND CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGE," "THE MINISTRY OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST," AND OTHER VOLUMES.

Earthquakes of Faith.

SOME years ago a volcanic eruption of unusual violence occurred in the Straits of Sunda, and showers of ash fell hundreds of miles away. It was calculated that the force of the disturbance would have availed to carry the volcanic matter ejected three times round the earth. That matter, if brought together, would have filled a box as big as Hyde Park, and equal in height to the dome of St. Paul's. Skies far enough away from the centre of that disturbance were mysteriously darkened. And is it not thus with those agitations of thought which have been taking place in the world around us? Many an outbreak of unbelief may be far removed from our sight, and yet our sky is overcast, the atmosphere we breathe is clogged, and if the subtle forms of unbelief which so often penetrate our innermost life were to settle down upon the Churches, the Cross and all the hopes it inspires must be for ever buried from our sight. We are sensitive to some of those upheavals of thought whose thunder never reaches the ear and with which we are not in direct contact.

Moral Vitality.

MORAL weariness and decrepitude in the soul are marks left by the devil's branding-iron, whilst moral freshness and love and strength are the sure signs of God's health-giving favour.

Our Approach to God.

ENTER a heathen temple and you will hear there the rattle of crackers, the firing of guns, the beating of gongs and bells. The attention of the god must be arrested, and a very noisy process it often is. The approachment begins with man, and it is not judged likely that the spirit hovering near the image knows very much about the petitioner. Many beside those in heathenism, or just emerging from it, are in danger of forgetting the fact that our knowledge of God is an effect following upon an eternal cause—God's knowledge of us. The heathen man reverses the order, putting the cause in man and the effect in God. The self-boasting into which the Galatians were being led through the practice of an effete ritual is excluded by the principle that God's thought of us is the starting-point for all our thoughts of God. Our discovery of the Eternal is a response to the wise and tender solicitude concerning us which throbs in His almighty heart.

"God is our Refuge and Strength."

IT is said that in order to produce the evaporation out of which comes the snow to build the glacier, an amount of heat is required which would melt a mass of iron five times the volume of the glacier itself. We are told, on the other hand, that the cold of absolute space is four hundred degrees below zero. The temperature of the Arctic and Antarctic circles is that of the dog-days in comparison. Cruel cold hems us in on the one side and devastating heat on the other; and our life perches itself on a little ledge between these portentous extremes. We are poised midway between gulfs of ice and abysses of fire, and it is on the frailest and most precarious foothold we pass our days. The thought of these vast, impersonal forces should surely drive us to make our refuge in the pitiful, personal God.

A Troubled Heart.

A Complete Story.

By SCOTT GRAHAM.

I.

THERE are moments in life—they come, alas! to all of us—when we can see nothing but a dead wall, far too high to climb, in front of us, and existence seems to become absolutely unendurable.

Even the man of faith cannot help feeling his trust severely shaken, when, after a lifetime of honest purpose, spent in doing his duty, he finds himself confronted by difficulties beyond his power to surmount.

He prays, though the heaven above seems as brass, and the earth as iron; but no answer comes—apparently. Still there remains that impregnable wall; which he must surmount somehow, or it will assuredly fall and crush him.

Maurice Carr, Vicar of the remote country parish of Torfield, had arrived at one of these dreadful crises in life's journey. He was restlessly pacing his shabby little study, a prey to the bitterest anxiety. His well-worn Bible lay open on his writing-table. He had been trying to comfort himself by reading some favourite passages. "Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid." He had said the words over to himself again and again. He had prayed most earnestly that he might be shown some way out of the difficulty. But, though the promises still remained there in the Bible, their fulfilment tarried.

He was a very poor parson indeed. There are too many such. The total value of his living, though it sounded better on paper, since the income was computed on the basis of a price for corn which it never brings now, was well under a hundred a year. And on this he had three children to keep.

He had had a terrible year. It was autumn now, and in the previous spring his faithful, devoted wife had died, after a long and expensive illness. His two boys were attending a cheap school; and his daughter Julia, aged eighteen, was his housekeeper and general factotum.

Yet, out of his poverty, he had to keep up a Vicarage and grounds far too large for his humble needs; for Bishops do not approve of their clergy letting their parsonages instead of residing in them. In individual cases this rule often presses hardly; though the principle is just. The taxes alone were a great burden

for a man in his position. And yet, poor as he was, everybody in the parish came to him when in want. He was expected to provide port wine and beef tea for the sick, coals and blankets for the needy, and sympathy and help for everybody. And, to an extent which would have amazed an outsider, he managed to do it; but only by stinting himself and his children so much that they seldom tasted meat.

He had no private income to fall back on. A hundred pounds he had managed, by incredible self-denial, to save, had been lost in an unsuccessful motor-car company which promised great things in its lying prospectus. And now he was at his wits' end, and on the verge of ruin, for the sake of five pounds—only five pounds!

His wife's illness had so crippled him that he had been forced to abandon his usual wise plan of paying ready money for everything. His tradespeople were pressing him sorely. One, a chemist in the nearest town, had that morning written to say that, as he had several times sent in his account for five pounds two shillings and tenpence, if the money were not forthcoming by the first post on the following Friday, he should sue Mr. Carr in the County Court.

That, of course, would be an indelible disgrace. All the other tradesmen would hear of it, and follow suit. It would be published in the local papers, and he would probably end in becoming bankrupt. The Bishop would suspend him from his living. He would be turned out penniless into the wide world, and his children would starve.

"Let not your heart be troubled." What did those words mean? How could he help having a troubled heart? He had no friends to help him; nobody would lend him this money. And even if he had, he would not have liked to borrow it, for fear he might never be able to pay it back.

And then suddenly his eyes fell on a shabby old picture which hung in a bad light in one corner, behind the door; and it seemed like a Heaven-sent answer to his prayer. Here was a chance of escape from his most pressing difficulties! He would sell that picture.

It was the only oil-painting he possessed. A few engravings and photographs of no value, in cheap Oxford frames, made up the sum

total of the Vicarage art-collection. Although it was of a good size, he set no store by this painting, except that it had been left him as a remembrance, by an old parishioner now dead; and for her sake he had valued it. She did not know the history of it, or the name of the artist. It was only just possible to make out what the subject was, for the corner was so dark, and the canvas so beclouded by dirt and time. But it seemed to be a lady's portrait, and dingy as it was, the Vicar always thought the face was very sweet. The tarnished gold frame was battered and broken; and, evidently, the poor picture had seen evil days.

Yet, strange to say, despite its dinginess, its owner had had an offer to buy it. Mr. Trotter, a prosperous auctioneer in the neighbouring city of Barminster, who had been over once or twice to the Vicarage on business, had seemed quite struck by it, and had offered to buy it—for the frame. He had been very careful to impress upon Mr. Carr that it was not the daub of a canvas he wanted in the least, but *only* the frame. It was a good old frame, and he liked the pattern of it. As it could be restored and regilt, he was willing to give five pounds for the picture, complete.

That was nearly a year ago, before Maurice's difficulties became so acute; and he had not closed with the offer, on account of the history of the picture. It formed his last link with one who had been a saint on earth, if ever there was one.

But now he felt it would be quite wicked to hesitate longer. His just debts must be considered before sentiment. He sat down at once and wrote to Mr. Trotter, saying he could have the painting for £6. He could not possibly take less. To his intensely scrupulous mind, even £5 seemed a great deal to ask for such a shabby old thing. But perhaps the frame, when regilt, might partly compensate Mr. Trotter for his outlay.

The post-office was some distance off, at the other end of the straggling village. He was just putting on his hat to go and post the letter, when there came a hurried ring at the front door.

He opened it himself—they could afford no servant, only a woman came in sometimes for a day's charring—to find a small girl sobbing on the doorstep. It was the kind of incident with which his career had made him painfully familiar.

"Oh, please sir, mother's awful bad. She's fell down the stairs; and Johnny's gone for the doctor, and please, we don't know what to do, and will you come at once?"

Impossible to resist that appeal! "I'll

come in one moment, my child, if you'll wait," he said gently; and went into the kitchen to Julia, who was doing some ironing. She was a pale, intellectual-looking girl; the sort of girl who ought to have been at Newnham or Girton, preparing for a brilliant career as a high-school mistress, as her father often bitterly thought; instead of spending her days drudging for very little profit. It was not the least of his troubles that, instead of enjoying the society of young people of her own age and station, she was forced to stay at home for sheer lack of means to visit or entertain.

"Julia, my dear, I've written a letter for the post, but I can't take it myself, for I'm sorry to say poor Mrs. Parrott has fallen down and hurt herself badly, and I'm wanted there immediately."

The injured woman lived a mile away, quite in the opposite direction from the post office.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" exclaimed Miss Carr, looking up quickly.

"I left the letter on the study-table. You'll be sure and post it, won't you?"

"Yes, I'm going out by-and-by, so it'll be all right, daddy dear. What time shall you be back?"

"Impossible to say. It will all depend on how the poor woman is."

He went off, hand-in-hand with the sobbing child, over the fields to the cottage. Julia meanwhile fed her fowls, looked out some scraps of old linen for an untidy matron who came to beg for some, and got the tea-tray ready. Then she dressed to go out, and was actually on the doorstep, when the village dressmaker appeared with a voluble account of a grievance she had against one of the farmers' wives, and would not be satisfied until she had poured it all into Julia's ears.

Miss Carr, like a prudent girl, avoided giving any definite opinion; and at last, though with great difficulty, got rid of her talkative companion. Then she set off at a round pace to the village, but the various distractions of the last hour, culminating with the annoyance of the dressmaker's loud voice and excited exclamations, had put her father's letter quite out of her head.

She only remembered it as she was coming back; and the post went out at five! She flew home, seized it, and rushed back to the village. But alas! by the time she reached the post-office, the postman was speeding merrily on his bicycle to Crossford, four miles off, and there was no possibility of despatching it that night!

She brought it back in her hand; for it was well known the village postmistress was not

too particular about investigating the contents of any unsealed letter which piqued her curiosity, so that it was as well not to leave it in the post-box all night.

When her father at last returned, worn-out and additionally depressed after a trying couple of hours at the cottage, he secretly felt it was the climax of his misery that his letter—his precious letter on which so much depended—had not been posted after all.

But he was very magnanimous. He did not angrily reproach Julia, and tell her it was abominably careless of her, and so on, as some parents would have done. In general, she was exceedingly methodical and dependable. He knew what a harassing life hers was; and from old and sad experience of the dressmaker's deafening tongue, he quite appreciated its distracting effect. So he said very little—he had kept his trouble about the £5 from his daughter, not wishing to worry her any more than he could help—and quietly resigned himself to the worst. It was not possible to telegraph to Mr. Trotter, for the nearest wire was at Crossford, and he was too tired to trudge there and back that night. There was no post, either, in the morning; only that which left the village at five. So now Mr. Trotter would not receive his letter till the day after to-morrow, which was Friday; and then his answer must be waited for. By that time, of course, it would be too late.

Well! It was very unfortunate; but it could not be helped. He tried not to let his heart be troubled. He had honestly done his best; and could do no more. He must just steel himself to endure whatever further trials it might please Providence to send.

II.

"IF you please, I should like to have the key of the church."

A well-dressed young man, standing in the porch, thus accosted Maurice as he was setting out to go and see Mrs. Parrott, at ten o'clock the next morning.

"Oh, with the greatest pleasure! I'm sorry I have to go and see a sick parishioner, but if you like to go in and have a look round, I'll join you there as soon as I can."

In that dull country place, where educated people were almost non-existent, it was quite an event in the Vicar's monotonous life when intelligent strangers, from the great world outside, called to see the church. The ancient building had many interesting features, and it was a treat to Mr. Carr to point them

out for the admiration of discerning visitors.

Fortunately, he found Mrs. Parrott much easier, and peacefully asleep; so that he had an excellent excuse for not remaining at the cottage. He hurried to the church by a short cut, and found the stranger admiring a fine brass to a priest, which was one of the antiquarian gems of the place.

He introduced himself as Harold Woodhouse, a young don from Oxford—as it chanced, from Maurice's old college. The time flew quickly away; and the Vicar more and more regretted the poverty which forbade him to invite his agreeable young companion to the Vicarage for a decent lunch. It was a relief when he declared he had to catch a train at Crossford, from which he had motored over; and must return soon. They went back to the Vicarage together, however, for Mr. Woodhouse wanted the address of a well-known archaeologist, which Maurice thought he could find for him amongst his papers. The two men walked into the study, and whilst the Vicar rummaged amongst his belongings, the visitor looked round the shabby little room.

"I can't lay my hands on it just now—but I'll look again, at my leisure, and if I can find it, I'll send it to you by post," said Mr. Carr at last.

But his companion scarcely seemed to hear. He was staring at the dingy old oil-painting behind the door—of all things in the world!

"I'm afraid you'll think that's a sad daub," remarked his host apologetically. "But it was left to me by a valued old friend, and so I have kept it, for her sake."

"Daub!" returned Mr. Woodhouse, in a most singular tone. "Would you mind if I took it down?"

In a trice he had snatched it from its nail, and carried it to the full light of the bay-window. He examined it fixedly, both front and back.

"I've had an offer of five pounds for it," timidly added the Vicar. "A gentleman in this neighbourhood admires it—for the frame."

"Oh, for the frame? Indeed? And who may this prodigiously liberal connoisseur be?"

"An auctioneer at Barmminster. But I have written to tell him I really must have six pounds for it, as I have made up my mind to sell it. Do you think it's worth that? You see, the frame's really very shabby."

"A fine old eighteenth-century frame, notwithstanding! Oh, my dear Mr. Carr! Why was I born an honest man? Oh, if only I didn't possess an inconvenient conscience!"

"What do you mean?" asked the amazed cleric.

The young stranger shrugged his shoulders with a whimsical smile.

"Alas! Here's Dame Fortune actually knocking at my door, and because I'm a gentleman, and—I hope—an honest man, I must say No to her wiles! My dear sir, the auctioneer—who must know something of the value of pictures—who offered you five pounds for this valuable work, was meditating a deliberate fraud! I'm not an expert in pictures, of course—I don't pretend to be. But I know something about art; and—well, I don't want to raise hopes that may never be fulfilled! But before you sell this picture to anybody whomsoever, send it to some first-class firm in London, and get their opinion upon it."

"You—you think it may really be valuable—that dingy old thing?" gasped his bewildered listener.

"It's only dingy because it's begrimed with smoke and dirt. When it has been well cleaned by an expert, I venture to say you'll hardly recognise it again. Unless I'm greatly deceived, it's a masterpiece of one of the great eighteenth-century portrait-painters—a Reynolds, a Hoppner, or a Romney."

"And—how much do you think it should be worth?"

"I can't possibly say. Send it to Christie's, or Agnew's, and see."

"But—but that would cost a lot of money," stammered Maurice; and then reddened with vexation at having revealed his dire poverty to this mere casual stranger.

But he need not have been troubled about it; for the young man's shrewd eyes had already taken everything in at a glance—the shabby room, his host's threadbare clothes, and his air of patient, unexpectant resignation, which betokened one with whom the world had gone hardly. He divined that the simple packing-up of the picture, to say nothing of its carriage to London, would present almost insuperable difficulties to a man so guileless and unworldly as this one.

It was not often Harold Woodhouse acted on impulse. But for once, he allowed the dictates of his naturally kind heart to overpower the reserve of a cautious and somewhat fastidious disposition.

"Of course," he said gently. "A valuable work of art like this requires tender handling; and I expect it would be difficult to find anybody to pack it properly in the village. Suppose you trust it to me, and let me take it away in my motor. I'm going up to London to-morrow.

No, pray don't thank me. It will really be a great favour, for you can't imagine how I should enjoy the honour and glory of being the discoverer of a forgotten masterpiece in a remote country village! Why, my fame as a connoisseur will be established for ever!"

"But—but Mr. Trotter," urged the Vicar. Truth to tell, the prospect of six pounds in hard cash almost outweighed the possible benefits to accrue, after considerable delay, from the sale of the picture in London. He could not forget that dreadful chemist's bill which hung over his head.

"Don't give him another thought! It's my opinion he suspected the picture was very valuable all the time; and deliberately tried to cheat you! But I'll tell you what—of course, I can't expect you to trust me with a valuable painting like this, when I'm a perfect stranger to you, and you've only my word to prove who I am! You must allow me to leave a deposit—shall we say twenty pounds down?—and then, if you never see me or the picture again, you will at least have that much to the good!"

"But—but, my good sir——"

However, Woodhouse was resolute, for he was sure there were empty cupboards at the Vicarage. Drawing out his pocket-book, which was fortunately well supplied, he thrust four five-pound notes into the hand of his flustered host, and proceeded to write out an acknowledgment that he had in his possession an old oil-painting belonging to the Reverend Maurice Carr, which he proposed to have valued in London.

"But twenty pounds is far too much," faltered the over-scrupulous Vicar.

But Harold would not listen to him. He called for wrappings for the newly-discovered treasure; and Maurice went off in search of his unfailing counsellor, Julia. In a few minutes she came into the study, looking very creditably neat and well-dressed, considering that her father had found her in the kitchen, making blackberry jam to serve as a cheap substitute for butter.

She was introduced to Maurice, and the two young people soon became quite friendly over the excitement of packing the picture. After every spare bit of old carpet and soft rag in the house had been wound about it, it was carefully swathed in brown paper, and securely tied with a derelict clothes-line; since no packing-case was available. Then, and only then, Harold pronounced it to be fit for a motor-car journey. Julia was immensely amused at the pains which their visitor took; although, like her father, she had seen too much of the

shady side to believe in good fortune, until it came in the most unmistakable shape.

When the car had tootled off, Woodhouse waving a farewell from the front seat, Mr. Carr, still feeling utterly dazed by the suddenness with which all this had happened, returned to his study. He tore up his letter to Mr. Trotter, which was still lying on the table, and enclosed a five-pound note and the balance in stamps to the chemist, in payment of his account.

"Let not your heart be troubled; neither

shone down from the canvas in all its fresh bloom once more, great critics went into ecstasies of admiration over it, and it was bought by an American millionaire for twelve thousand pounds.

Harold Woodhouse paid many visits to the re-decorated and transformed Vicarage after that, in the capacity of the chosen friend of the family. Maurice Carr felt that he could never be sufficiently grateful for the great service he had rendered to a man in direst need. And at



"'Unless I'm greatly deceived, it's a masterpiece'"—p. 235.

let it be afraid," he murmured to himself. He made up his mind he would preach from that very text next Sunday. Perhaps it might comfort some other weary wanderer too!

* * * * *

The picture turned out to be a genuine and very well-preserved Romney. When the lovely face depicted therein had been freed from the soils and stains of more than a century, and

last, he carried off another treasure, in the shape of Julia, who, like the house, had improved in appearance amazingly.

The Romney lady had been a great find, Harold averred, in his loverlike devotion; but blessed for ever should be the memorable day which first brought him to Torfield, since it led to the greatest find of all—a charming young wife!



At the special request of the Editor, the Rev. A. G. Mackinnon has written an account of his recent visit to Canada, with the view of giving details as to the opportunities which await suitable emigrants in the Dominion. Mr. Mackinnon has travelled far in Canada, and his views as to recent developments in that country will be read with interest. He emphasises the importance of only the right men and women going to seek their livelihood in Canada.

Chances in Canada.

By the Rev. ALBERT G. MACKINNON, M.A.

EIGHT days from Liverpool to Winnipeg makes one realise how small the world is growing; the luxury of an "Empress" liner how easy travel has become; while the sudden change from a peaceful Scottish burgh to the bustle of this Western metropolis, where walking has grown old-fashioned, impresses one with a sense of the world's quickening speed. The magician's wand of prosperity has passed over this city, since last I stood, only four years ago, on its railway platform. Then the long emigrant train crawled in with the clanging of the engine bell through streets and over level crossings, where horses and men dodged the cow-catcher. Now on the "Over-seas Mail" everything is sacrificed to speed. You have to cling to the arms of your seat as you are swung round the dizzy curves on the northern headlands of Lake Superior; and the visions of fairy islands no longer surfeit you, for your glimpse is brief as your car roars and rattles into the rocky cuttings. The wilderness of stone and scraggy pine, with its peeps of hidden lakes and lonely islets, clothed only in their natural simplicity without even a habitation peeping from their foliage, comes suddenly to an end, and you pull up in a palatial station so roomy that even the very trains seem lost.

Wasps in the Luggage.

This rush is typical of the country, and one wonders whether it accomplishes more than the steady pace—except, perhaps, in the breaking of bones and smashing of boxes. There are no railway porters here: their work is indifferently done by baggage-masters. These eye a light trunk with the unholy glee with which an Association player marks the football, and its crash on the platform is music in their ears. So pack tight, or else you will find your silk hat very neatly telescoped, while your hand mirror will have flung little bits of sharp glass all over your clothes, where they will be *felt*

before they are seen. One traveller had his revenge. He searched until he got just the type of box the baggage-man dearly loved. Then he filled it with swarms of *wasps*. He was not present when it was dumped on the platform, but for many a day he noticed a marked difference in the delicate handling of luggage on that line.

Winnipeg has followed the fashion which the Tower of Babel long ago set in the matter of sky-scrapers; but it is trying its best to undo the language tangle begun then. Forty different tongues are spoken on its streets. One reads inscriptions in Hebrew, in Russian, in Greek, in Chinese above the little shops on the north side. There are some hieroglyphics that puzzle the stranger, though he feels, like Pat—that if he had a fiddle he might sound them on its strings! Gradually these tongues will all merge into one—the English language—and that quickly, for it is the medium of trade.

The Need of Muscle.

A man makes his own chance. That statement is truer of Canada to-day than of any other country. Such capital as it possesses has been dug from its own soil. It has depended, not on money, but on labour, for its wealth, and this condition still holds good. The man with empty pockets does not feel here the handicap of the Old Land. What is wanted is *muscle*: the riches are already here. Yesterday I had visible evidence of that in a pilgrimage across the prairie. There had been heavy rain, and I will admit the walking was not very pleasant, especially through the shrub, and along wheel tracks that were dignified with the name of roads. But the clogging mire on one's own boots told its own story. It was black with the accumulated *débris* of centuries. In it lies the country's gold mine, and the question that faces the emigrant is how quickest to turn into coin the results of Nature's silent toil during the ages.

What are the openings out here, you ask ? The West has got something of the Minotaur's hunger for our youth and maidens. Two hundred thousand emigrants have already arrived this year, and half as many more will likely come before the season closes. Of course, the greatest demand is still for agricultural labourers. Step into an office on Main Street, bearing the high-sounding title, "Employment Bureau." You will likely have to stoop your head as you enter and mind the step. There is scarcely room to stand in the little place, and the air is unbreathable, for all nationalities have been there that day. The man behind the counter, however, seems to thrive : his shirt-sleeves are rolled up, as if he meant work, and his chair tilted back : one hand lovingly caresses the telephone, while the other fondles a tooth-pick. He is in touch with every corner of the great West, and his inquisitive eyes read your character and capabilities at a glance. This is the place where muscle is turned into money. The raw material is of all sorts, and those penetrating eyes have to detect the quality. The honest British workman, whose hands are well hardened, has only to present himself to be assured of a situation with a wage of six or seven pounds a month with board.

The Attractions of Canada.

One bronzed, muscular son of Scotland asked me to marry him. His bride had just arrived from Galashiels. My heart sank a little as they pledged their troth, for I felt how our glens and rural villages were being robbed of their best blood. At the present moment it looks as if the Old Country cannot compete with Canada in its inducements to young farmers. Why should this be so ? When will our country take alarm, and stop this bleeding by keeping its own people on its land ? The broad acres in the West still invite with their virgin soil ; and when sinew and brain and hand unite with British grit they soon yield up their treasure of gold. These men will never go back to the Old Country except on a visit, though it is dearer to them now than ever before ; but the fascination of possession, the knowledge that the acres are one's own, that the work put into the soil becomes a lasting wealth, are attractions which the home land does not offer ; so a nation is growing up here infused with the American spirit, borrowing from the States ideas and sentiment, though intensely loyal to the British Crown.

What impresses one is that it is not so much the thoroughness of the work that counts as the getting of it done. Take a carpenter, for instance. It is not his neatness or finish that are his best recommendations, but his ability to drive nails. At this he can earn about 12s. a day, while for indoor work he may make £1. Similar wages are paid in the other trades. Bricklayers can easily make the latter sum.

Civil Engineering and Teaching.

The other day I met a young civil engineer, who had come out recently from the Old Country.

"Had you any difficulty in getting a situation ?" I asked.

"No ; the Canadian Northern took me up at once ; but there is a way of going about it," he replied, with a significant smile.

"Tell me first how not to succeed," I said, with a laugh, for I read in his face that he had some secret to divulge.

"That is easy. Plenty of chaps go straight to the foreman, and ask if he has got a vacancy. Of course, he tells them no, and so they give it up."

"What should they do ?"

"Well, get a pull on one of the principals. It is not very difficult. I secured a letter of introduction to one of the heads of the department. He looked me over, asked some questions, and then sent an order to the foreman that he was to find a place for me."

Let me now turn to the teaching profession. I learned from one of the school inspectors what chances there were in that line.

"Would you take teachers from our side of the Atlantic ?" I asked.

"Yes ; if we are satisfied with their training. Possibly we would require them to take three months' course in our Normal before appointing them."

"And what about salaries ?"

"With a second-class certificate one would get from £100 to £120 a year. While a first-class certificated teacher would get from £200 upwards. With this rush of immigration we have more openings than we can fill. And there is another difficulty," he added, with a smile.

"Too frequent changes on the staff ?" I replied, catching his idea ; for I had become familiar with it in my investigations about other employments.

"Exactly. All our trouble in training lady teachers so often goes for nothing.

Just when they become proficient they go and get married."

Now listen to what a clerk told me the other morning. He was just the type of young fellow I wanted most to meet. A face full of intelligence, with firm lines about the mouth, made quite visible his certificate of character. I then asked him what he considered the secret of promotion. He told me something I was beginning to suspect, and which reveals the real switch on the track of success. There is a very aggressive I-don't-care sort of an air about the typical Westerner. He has a mania for showing that he is his own master. Hence, if he gets tired of a job he simply walks off and tries another. A barrister, who has just been chatting with me, says it is this which makes the lawyers thrive in Winnipeg. There are so many people working at their wrong profession. A carpenter has started as a grocer, or a blacksmith thinks that he can do better as a confectioner, and so before long they get sadly mixed up in a business they know nothing about, and thus fall like ripe plums into the lawyer's hands. There is a good deal of this restiveness about office clerks, and the danger a newcomer runs is that he will catch the infection. Steadiness is a virtue that business men are quick to detect, and here, perhaps more than anywhere else, just because of its lack, it leads quickly to promotion.

Risks.

People here seem to have a natural weakness for taking risks. You see that in the very crossing of the street. Whether one invites them or not, risks have to be met. Now the settler has quite a variety of them: when he has chosen a suitable quarter section and pitched his tent, he meets his first. The tough job of breaking the virgin soil confronts him. Now, modern machinery has made pioneering easier than what it once was. In Kildonan Churchyard, near Winnipeg, you will see the graves of the men who first transformed the prairie into a field, and whose only patent was their own muscle. Perhaps the cashless emigrant has the heroic ambition of following in their steps; but he has scarcely eaten his first meal when the ubiquitous canvasser presents himself. He dispels all gloom from the prospect. There never was a man farther removed from Job's comforters. He is of the opposite breed. He predicts splendid harvests, and quick returns. He makes the settler's mouth water as he tells him how much money he

is sure to turn over in his first year. He advises that he should take in as much land as possible, in order that his profits may be bigger. In fact, his logic is most convincing. When at last the pill is sufficiently gilded, he begins to mention a number of labour-saving machines which he is willing to dump down on that farm for nothing—to start with. All he wants at present is a mere promise—a *mortgage* on the holding, which will soon be cleared off. Meantime there will be a nominal interest of 10 per cent. ! He takes away a little of the glamour with him, and the prospect does not appear so rosy. The machines come, but they perhaps do not bring good weather, without which the most perfect implements are useless. Hail lays half the first year's wheat, and when the books are balanced after harvest the cheque that is sent to the implement maker's is just big enough to pay the six months' interest. Then letters come to the Post Office for which the farmer is in no hurry to ask. At such a moment he needs pluck to persevere. The temptation is to sell out and try something else. But if he only holds on, his farm will in the end pull him out of his debts.

There is the risk also from the big harvest; in fact, the larger it is the greater the danger. Does that sound strange? Well, let me explain. Last year was the biggest harvest on record, and I met a farmer from South Manitoba who has scarcely got any money as yet for his crop, the reason being that there was so much wheat that the railways could not transport it to the market. Ten million bushels from last year are still unmoved!

Social Conditions.

What makes a country, after all, is its people and their customs. Our next-door neighbour, whether he be distant miles or feet, is a factor in our happiness that cannot be discounted. There is this fascination about the West, that the new-comer has still a chance of giving final shape to its character. Geography, with its wide plains and vast elbow room, writes the headline "Liberty," but each may copy it in his own style.

The sense of largeness pervades everything—even adjectives. "Practical Sanitarian" was the sign I saw over a plumber's shop. "The Alberta Meat Market" was painted on another huge board that dwarfed the shanty underneath, which wonderfully resembled a small butcher's shop. The title

might well make one shrink from going in and asking for a pound of chops! But exaggeration will in time cut its own throat, and then some enterprising business man will outbid his neighbours by calling a spade a spade.

The Land of the Young Woman.

Life on the prairie begets a frank, easy manner—perhaps a little too free for the Englishman's tastes. You enter your room, and find a stranger, uninvited, seated comfortably at your desk using your telephone. You have to wait explanations until he has deigned to finish his dialogue, and then, as he rises, he jerks a nod and sentence at you as he passes out to his horse, "I guessed you had a 'phone all right."

This is certainly the land of the young woman. She has gripped the reins and means to drive. Chivalry is tested to its utmost. The gallant meets the fair one, not in the sweet seclusion of some scented arbour, but in office and factory, where she is slowly but surely elbowing him aside. When married, he wheels the perambulator, and is often seen nursing the baby. One youthful wife remarked to me, in—shall I call it an excess of gallantry?—that she did not like to see her husband cooking!

One phase of social life is its total lack—that is in the new settlements. I asked an emigrant's wife about the hardships of her first winter. The neighbours did not call: because there were none. Even when a political election came on the candidate did not come round. When I heard that I was *convinced* that they must have been pretty far from anywhere. The returning officer who was commissioned to ride up into their district with a ballot box stayed at home, and filled up the voting papers him-

self—as he wished! He thought the news would never carry up-country. But it did, and the six odd settlers who inhabited that hundred square miles became righteously indignant at being deprived of the rights of which they had just heard. The successful candidate had to give up his seat to his rival. So the settlers felt that isolation had its compensation.

To have no one to talk to for a whole winter might suit a Trappist monk, but for a woman who had not taken the vows of silence it could only be equalled by the horror of having nobody to talk about. To-day she bears the coveted title of "Old Timer," but the dignity she feels has been dearly bought.

The Charm of Summer.

There is one thing I would like to steal from Manitoba, and that is its summer climate. The cloudless canopy, that day after day throws its dome of deep blue over city and prairie, is Nature's set-off to the gaily-painted houses, perched so fairy-like on green lawns lined by shaded boulevards. There is a clearness in the air that defines every outline sharply, while the soft breeze is a constant fan to the heat. Of course, the skies do get out of temper sometimes; but they are never sulky and sullen. They blaze up, and have done with it like a passionate man. Thunder peals follow each other until they become prolonged into one reverberating crash, while the electric light turned on in the heavens makes us wish that we could finger the switch and shut it off, if only for a moment. But it is soon past, and the sun shines out so sweetly, and the flowers have all such a fresh kiss on the tips of their brilliant petals, that you forgive and forget—until the next fit of temper.

September, 1907.



Nancy and her Small Holding.

A Complete Story.

By E. BOYD BAYLY

(Author of "Jonathan Merle").

IT was forty years ago.

The harvest moon and the hunter's moon had come and gone. A little young moon—so young, she looked like a mere thread of silver in the darkening sky—hung high above the lingering glow of the sunset, and near to her the evening star shone large and bright. Below, there stretched out one of those long narrow strips of table-land that form the foothills of Salisbury Plain, lying parallel to it, as if, when the great Plain upheaved, a molten sea had rolled in about its base in long straight lines—quiet as the waves lapping softly on broad sands on a summer day—and suddenly had paused and lain there, still, for all the ages since. That is the effect of the landscape west of the Plain in certain lights—the calm of a calm sea arrested; long levels lying parallel, with hollows between, as though each mighty roller had drawn back there, ready to leap, and only threw its weight into the mass behind it and lay still.

There was a touch of frost in the air, and a look of it in the red glow above the sundown and beneath the moon. Not a breath of air stirred, nor a living thing. The birds and insects had gone to bed, and there was not a larger creature in existence on the sandy waste covering the surface of the plateau. Yet, apparently the tiny plain was inhabited, for near the track that crossed it there stood a low thatched cottage, the white of its window curtains gleaming through the twilight. The ground all about was green, but not with meadow grass—the vegetation was all "trump'ry"—that is, things not cultivated. What with sinking deep in the sand along the track, and plunging in and out of nettles, sorrel and dock leaves beside it, it was not easy walking, up there.

Presently through the stillness came a sound of merry voices—a wedding party were bringing a bridal couple home to that two-roomed cot, out on the waste. That morning Reuben Armstrong had taken Anne Simmons to be his wedded wife. There were not wanting village beaux who had

* Looked on with chagrin that they could not disguise, That they were not fixed on to carry the prize.

for Anne was a village beauty, fair and rosy, with pretty features and beautiful eyes and

hair. "Sweet Nancy" her dead father used to call her. Some mothers whose sons were disappointed said that Nance was more sharp than sweet: she had a tongue, and Reuben would find it out some day. Certainly she had known how to keep the lads in their places, and her temper was not patient. How came she to take up with a slow sort of coach like Reuben, whom no one would ever suspect of setting the Thames on fire? She was a better "scollard" than he was, too, always reading and getting hold of a lot of things to know, while Reuben had only the three R's, which he used laboriously. How was it?

Nancy used to ask that question of herself sometimes, and never found the answer. She was sure it was not for his good looks, though in that respect he was her match; and it was not for worldly goods, for she might have looked higher than a farm labourer earning ten shillings a week, and very glad she would have been of a little more money, that she might help her widowed mother. The question baffled her. She gave it up.

Perhaps the truth was that Reuben rested her. "You never feel as if he was standing on his hind legs, like, all the time you are there, like the rest of 'em do when they come a-courting," she said once to her mother. And if Reuben did not scurry, no one could say that he dawdled, either.

She had ambitions, and she had not quite renounced them when she said "Yes" to him. She had seen what it was to bring up a family on ten shillings a week and harvest money: she knew good mothers who had had to send their children hungry to bed when the mouths were many. She could never bear that; and while the two were waiting and saving—he at work and she in service—she had stirred up Reuben to look out for a bit of land. Those were the times when landlords were set against letting land in small pieces. It was no use going to any of the great owners; but that strip of land belonged to several different people not great. They also preferred not to let in very small lots; but the soil was so extremely poor that nobody wanted larger ones, and the land lay empty till it was "that full o' trump'ry, you couldn't not hardly step for un," and only very poor people who could get nothing

better would have taken it as a gift. One tumble-down cottage there became vacant. The owner had no land to let with it, except its own garden-patch, but the man whose land lay next to it was willing to let at £4 an acre—the rent of a large farm on the best land in the neighbourhood being then about 20s. to 25s. an acre. It was the only chance, and Reuben took as much as he could hope to be able to clear, stock, and pay for—one acre and a half.

He made good money in haytime and harvest that year; he had had a bit of garden that did well, and Nancy was getting £12 a year, which was thought grand wages in those days and those parts; but household goods were dearer then than they are now, and by the time they had set themselves up with all that a woman cannot keep a good home without—iron pot and earthen pot, besides the furniture—each was secretly wondering how much the other had left. They "had a little wedding, same as other folks"—mostly at their own expense, so as not to burden the good mother—and now they were coming home, with wedding guests helping to carry the wedding gifts—very sensible gifts they were. One young man was pretending to stagger under the weight of a large bag of potatoes, another had a basket of delf which had been used at the party: the bride carried two great loaves of her mother's baking, and everybody else had something—clothes or presents. Laughing and chaffing, they came stumbling over the weedy ground to the little cot. Reuben unlocked the door, struck a match and held up a lighted candle to show the way in, till Nancy could light a lamp which had been one of her presents. Then they all unloaded, set the bits of things in place, and looked round, admiring.

"'Twer more for you to do than for her Majesty to have Buckingham Palace," said one old friend.

"Anyhow, *we like it better*," said Nancy. She would not have changed with a queen then—in her own little home, all neat and trim, and every stick paid for. They were starting with no debts, at any rate.

The company stood round and sang

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, as we go"

—simply because they all happened to know it. This was loyally followed by "God save the Queen," and then, with cheers for the young couple, and answering cheers sent after them in return, the merry party went away, and Reuben and Nancy were left to face the world together.

The stars that were white when they came

up had turned to gold, flashing in the dark night-blue; the silver sickle of the moon was stealing down to the horizon, the great star above her shining across the waste as if it were going to speak. Alone—they two alone: not even a dog or a puss beside—alone with the weeds below and the stars above, and the one little cot behind them—not even a fire alight in it—everything to start fresh, except love. And love is shy, in my country, and finds very little to say for itself.

They had promised the Sunday School teachers of their youth not to begin life without a word spoken to God. They knew what they wanted to say, but both felt it quite impossible to go and say it indoors with the lamplight staring at them. They knelt down on the flags outside—only the light of that large, bright star streaming through the darkness—and said "Our Father" together. Then Nancy, as braver than Reuben, repeated—

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep us, oh, keep us, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings."

For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

"Amen," said Reuben. They rose and kissed each other—then softly passed in, under their own roof-tree, and felt that the Almighty Wings overshadowed it.

The lamp stood on the kitchen table, and beside it the loaves of bread, cheese, sugar, and a packet of tea. One of the wedding gifts was a bread-pan—a present which would make a difference to almost every meal they ate. Out in the shed Reuben had store of potatoes, carrots, and parsnips from his own garden; that meant a fine lot of food. But how about cash in hand?

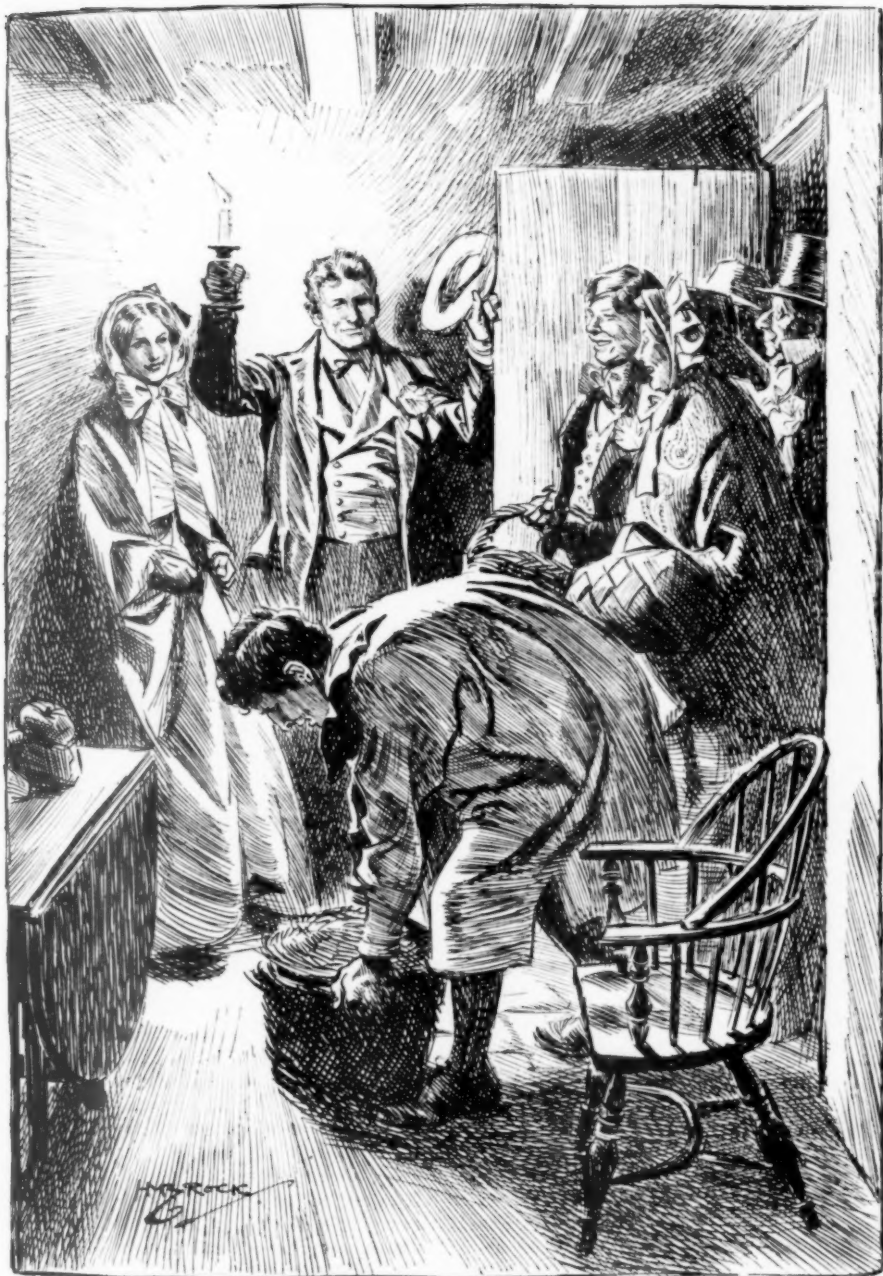
"I've a-settled up everything ther was to p'y for the wedding," he said.

"And what have you got left?" asked Nancy, coming to the point.

With rather a shamefaced look he drew out one shilling and laid it on the table. Nancy put her own hand in her pocket and laid down one shilling and sixpence.

"That makes half-a-crown," she said cheerfully. And that was all they had, with landed property to bring into order.

Morning saw the ragged weeds all dressed like bride-maidens—hoar frost tipping their leaves and lying soft upon the gossamer that veiled them. It was a fairy scene. Reuben was off in the first grey dawn, carrying a hunk of bread and cheese for his dinner. Nancy had a long day before her. It was strange to be alone and have to make her own tasks, instead of finding them all calling out for her.



"He held up a lighted candle to show the way in."

The sun rose clear in a cloudless sky. By the time she had settled things to her mind indoors the frost had vanished—it was going to be one of those exquisite days of Indian summer which make the late autumn so lovely in the West. She stepped across a bit of rough grass to the edge of her own little holding—hers and Reu's! It had not even a fence round it, marked out only by stakes driven into the ground, with a cord from one to the other. Tansy and thistles grew waist-high in clumps. Nettles and dock and sorrel were almost as tall, and thicker; and the ground between was all overrun with the farmer's worst enemy, coarse couch grass, and hawkweed and all its tufted tribe, and other bright things that are plagues when in the wrong place. On that light soil, weeds flourish like green bay trees; but they are also very easy to pull up. Nancy fetched a fork and went for the biggest of them; ploughing would be out of the question till they were down. Up they came, and down they were laid in heaps, but, oh, dear! what a deal of "trump'ry" can grow in one square yard, and how many yards there are to an acre!

Nancy's mother came up to see her in the afternoon. "Lawk! bless thee, Nannie, thee can't never get up all thic ther stuff by hand," she said. "Thee must get a hook and re'p on it."

So Nancy borrowed some kind of sickle from a neighbour—there were a few small holders in that region even then—and next morning was able to lay about her like Samson slaying Philistines. Talk of pleasure! If you want to know something about it, wish yourself young and poor and strong, with love in your cottage—with the heart of a lion and the eye of a wild bird looking far ahead to the vision of a fruitful field—hacking away at your enemies the weeds, and seeing them fall before you, all out in the bright sunshine and sweet, fresh air, with robins singing on the thorn. Two or three robins flew and perched as Nancy moved on, singing their sweet notes; but it was all out of cupboard love. As the plants fell, the grubs and insects under their leaves were shaken off, and spread a feast so rare, the robins ate and ate till one of them was obliged to lie down on his back and roll.

Nancy dined frugally on bread and a crumb of cheese, with a draught of pure spring water from her own well: that well had been one of the chief attractions when the young couple chose their home. She had never eaten a more delicious meal. Then to work she went again, until the low sun told the happy time had come to kindle the fire for her good

man's hot supper. Then came the listening for a step—and hearing it—and then the meeting.

"For shame on 'ee, Reu, to come a-kissing afore ee've cleaned yourself," said Nancy.

It had been as much her doing as his, but Reu was not the fool to say so. He went to tidy himself while she served up her dish of steaming hot potatoes with a little drop of hot skim milk to put over them. How good it was! And after it Reuben made toast for them both, with just a taste of dripping on *her* piece. They looked at a piece remaining from their home-made wedding cake, but put it by for Sunday. Then came a short evening—the long, sweet sleep of the labouring man and woman, and the waking fresh, to rise before the skylark and go joyfully to work again.

That was the way that patch was cleared for ploughing. A neighbour lent Reu his horse and plough, but whether his master gave him time off, or whether there were clear nights without frost when that moon was high and he ploughed by twilight and moonlight, I do not remember. I know a good deal has been done on the land by moonlight, in those parts.

After the ploughing, Nancy went plodding along the "vollers" (furrows) one after another, hooking out the couch. You must know there are weeds *and* weeds. Some, once uprooted, can be ploughed in again, to rot away and fertilise the soil; but couch and sorrel you must pick out clean, or they will be shooting up again and look you in the face as saucy as possible.

The days grew shorter, and more and more beautiful with the rich hues of autumn: the blackberry leaves were a blaze of glory. Of course there were grey days and wet days, but Nancy cared very little for that. Her heart was set on getting a better living for her nearest and dearest than a labourer's wage could bring. As time went on, and thoughts of the future became definite and clear, the motive for labour grew so strong—both man and wife turned back to that bit of land as if it were a gold mine—with this difference: on a gold-field you may get anything or nothing; on the land, you find no nuggets, but you never come away without something.

You would not believe how many furrows there are in one acre and a half, nor how long it takes for one woman to tramp the length of every one of them, picking out couch; but Nancy came to the end of it before hard frost set in. Farm work was not pressing then: Reuben got time to harrow his ploughed land. Nancy took to her indoor work, and actually found time to gratify the passion of her life—

the love of reading. As a girl at home, in service, and now in a house of her own, her greatest temptation was to go on with a book she liked, no matter what else she neglected. This winter she could read with a clear conscience. There were ladies in the village who had many books and lent them out. Nancy lay in a canvas chair that Reuben had made for her, and devoured those books—Baker's "Travels" on the Nile, "Masterman Ready," stories of adventure, history, and tales of mission-work. In the evening she read the best bits aloud to Reuben, and the world grew wider and wider before their eyes. Best of all she loved to read the life of a great and good man or woman, for that set her thinking what one human life could do—what one child might grow up to be; and then she built her airy castles and dreamed dreams.

* * * * *

Meanwhile something quite solid came along to help to make the dreams come true. Out of thirteen little pigs grunting in Reuben's brother's sty, one was promised to Nancy. The landlord gave bits of wood, Reuben knocked up a pig-sty and made a feeding trough, and with loud squeals the little "jintleman to pay the rint" was taken from the bosom of his family and set up in his bachelor quarters, where he became perfectly happy, and was quite company for Nancy while Reuben was out.

The winter wore on. February was wet and mild, and, alas! poor Nancy saw her furrows turning green again. The "trump'ry" had been running to seed and sowing itself again upon that land for years and years; the earth was full of the wicked seeds, and, in spite of the ploughing, up came the weeds.

"Thee'm bound to put in carn this year, to clane the land," said the wise men. "Thee'll never get un clane no other w'y."

Corn cleans the land, you must know, by growing so vigorously itself that neither space nor nourishment is left for "trump'ry."

"Eh, but that ere won't pay we like taters an' green stuff," said Reuben.

So they split the difference and decided to have some of each. The lot was ploughed again, and then came the stocking. That was the hardest tug of all. And there was the rent to pay—three pounds down: that meant as much as two shillings a week for thirty weeks, to come out of Reu's wages, besides a shilling a week for their cottage. They had it ready—far too much afraid of losing their scrap of land and all the work put into it to get behind; but there was not a penny left for seed or labour, and this was a busy time on the farm where Reuben worked.

The seedsman trusted them, and Nancy put in the labour. Hour after hour, in bitter wind or blazing sun—or both—she toiled along those furrows sowing and planting—ready to drop, but still struggling on, with a fierce resolve to get those crops in, happen what might.

At last, she dropped indeed. Reuben came home one evening to find her lying on the kitchen floor, conscious, but too ill to move. In great alarm he got her to bed and rushed to the nearest neighbour, who went off to fetch her mother and the doctor.

Mrs. Simmons walked in, dreadfully frightened.

"If I didn't just tell 'ee so, I did!" she said. "'Ee oughtn't never to ha' let her done it, Reu'."

Now Nancy had done it in the teeth of Reu's protestations, simply because there was no one else to do the work, and the seasons will not wait. For a moment she forgot her pain and roused up to defend him, but before she could speak, a deadly sickness came over her; her eyes closed again.

A neighbour had followed Mrs. Simmons in.

"Eh, her *do* look bad!" she said sepulchrally, sending a stab like cold steel to Nancy's heart.

"Ah, that be just how my poor dear sister looked! And her died," said Mrs. Simmons.

Nancy's eyes opened suddenly.

"I shan't—not if I can help it," she said.

It made her so indignant to hear them talking like that before poor Reuben, her wrath quite set her circulation going again. The doctor came—put a good face on it before her, and told them cheerily to do so-and-so, and she would be all right; but he knew it was touch and go, and so did Reuben.

The doctor went farther on, promising to call again as he came back. Reuben walked out in the wild March wind. He had loved his bride with all the soul he had when he brought her home, on that fair October day; but oh, how his heart and soul had grown since then, and his love with them, after these months of sharing everything—work and hope and fear—bright visions and stern self-denial. His eyes were fastened on the square of light from the cottage window: his lips did not move, but his heart was crying

"Keep her, oh, keep her, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings."

Nancy did not die. In a few days she was so much better that she could scarcely believe that she had ever been so ill.

"Thee mustn't go on the land no more," said Reuben fondly.

"Bless you, I shall. I shall do what I can; but I shan't hurt myself again—not now I know what I can do and what I can't."

There would never be quite the same temptation, for when once the first year's crops came in, each season would bring in something to help the year that followed.

Nancy had to be very careful that summer. Late in August, the fairest of all dreams came true—a little son awoke to life under the thatched roof. Day by day, as Reuben came home, his step would quicken when the cottage

knew couch when he saw it, and would pick away like a little man, putting it in his pinafore. Dulness vanished from the "vellers" when his little feet were there. The rush of the wind through the bushes, the song of the birds, were his music; and as every weed was a toy for him, the supply unfortunately was endless. Better still were the live toys. One morning he was called to the sty where one large pig had lain the night before, and lo!—there were fourteen little ones too!

"Will they lay eggs?" he asked, when the first surprise was over.

"No, they won't lay eggs, but they will bring you some milk one of these days," said Nancy.

Harry pondered long in silence as to how those pigs were to bring the milk. Would milk-cans be hung round their necks? Or would each of them carry one in his mouth, like a dog he had seen in a picture carrying a basket? He had never heard the story—was it not



"The doctor came—put a good face on it before her . . . but he knew it was touch and go"—p. 245.

came in sight, and he felt beforehand the touch of a tiny velvet hand closing round his finger there. Ah, what vistas opened then! what dreams of happy toil, of little feet following him, and little hands all eager to "help father."

And they came true. As I write the story, real scenes rise before my eyes—sunny fields, and lilac sun-bonnets with dear faces under them—some brown and wrinkled but more loved than ever a maiden's fair face could be—some fresh and rosy as a girl's; and Nancy's was like one of those. She grew strong and hearty with her firstborn in her arms; and though she did plenty of hard work, she kept her word—Reuben saw to that—and never hurt herself again.

And how soon those little hands began to help! Before Harry was four years old he

Bishop Stubbs who told it from his own experience when a rector?—of a certain village where milk enough for the children was not to be had, and the rector tried to set up a Co-operative Cow; but when the contributions were levied, all put together were, I think, under a pound, and the cow seemed almost as far off as ever.

"Spell it with an S, sir," said one of the men.

Carried unanimously. In due time the rector, going through the village was greeted triumphantly with the news, "The Co-op. Sow has thirteen little pigs, sir." The Co-op. Society reared them, I presume, and "spelt it with a C" after that.

But alas, though twelve of those fourteen pigs went to market, I am afraid it took all the profits on them to pay the rent. Reuben had

taken four acres more, at £3 an acre. The land was just as poor as his first patch, and almost as foul, and as yet it was doing little more than pay its costs, which included the loss of his own wages, as his land took nearly all his time.

"It's like flogging a dead horse," Nancy said, when they reckoned the profits against the outlay.

And yet they were doing better for the children than they could have done on a farm-servant's pay. But it was heartless work to struggle on, with no buildings for keeping live stock enough to manure the land.

When Harry was nine, with four boys and girls below him, in Reuben's country one more poor fellow failed, and left seven acres in very bad condition and buildings little better. And yet—it was a chance to get any at all.

On Sunday morning Reuben and Nancy could sit down together while the two little ones were asleep. The other three had gone to Sunday School and stayed to the morning service with their grandmother. Reuben and Harry always went down to the evening service, and when Grannie or a neighbour could stay with the children, Nancy went too. But Sunday morning was their one quiet time together—when, like King Jotham, they prepared their ways before the Lord; and like Ezra at the first Parents' Prayer Meeting, beside the River Ahava, they sought of Him a right way for themselves, their little ones, and all their substance. That meant all the live stock as well as the crops.

The time had come when they had to make a great decision. They could not go on as they were.

"It's neither one thing nor the other," Nancy said; but if they took more land still, Reuben must give up working out occasionally, and lay out more money too. They had reckoned it all up, during the week, and felt they could get on if things went well and health and strength were spared to them. But if not—

"Us don't know what be a-coming," said Reuben. "But—God Almighty do."

They sat silent, each in the secret of the heart laying the question before Him—what was right to do? It was not only of profit and loss that they were thinking—it was the right and the wrong of it, with risk to run and money to borrow. This year had been a good one and they had a little of their own, but not enough.

When they spoke again, they had both come to the same mind: they would take the risk or not, according to whether the landlord would do what they knew must be done, to give them

a fair chance. That should be their Gideon's fleece.

"Ther's men would take un with not half so much done," said Reuben.

But the landlord had learned that that sort of thing spelt ruin, and he gave the good tenant a chance.

Then what excitement there was! A new house, a garden full of currant and gooseberry bushes—and raspberries! and soon, two lots of little pigs! And then—they spelt it with a C, but the word was not Cow: a heifer *Calf* came in at the gate, straight from its poor mother, and all the children danced for joy. Hard work it was, you may be sure, to bring up a family and feed the young of all those creatures too—and clear the land of weeds; but now, instead of one tired woman toiling alone, four little pairs of hands were helping—and really doing work, too. Even in winter the children could sort the root-crops, and put out the best for sale, the next for eating, and then all the little tiny potatoes no bigger than damsons, and little carrots and parsnips, to boil up for the pigs. When the spring came and the days lengthened, the three children who went to school could scarcely stay to have their tea before they scampered out into the field "to help father."

Quite lately, a man who is great and gifted and very kind (but there are *some* things he does not know), speaking at a meeting—and his words have gone all over the country—complained that boys of twelve and thirteen were taken from school and put "to the drudgery of farm-work"; and the audience cried "Shame." Oh, dear people, *do not* teach this generation to call good hard work "drudgery." If you had seen the face of a farmer's daughter when she heard that! the astonishment at such delusion! "*Oh!*" she said, "*It's a pleasure.*" There are few pleasures like the pleasure of loving one's work; and it is so easy to love the out-door work of a farm.

Harry passed the fourth standard in the winter after his ninth birthday, and from that time he "helped father," and learned what was a great deal more useful to him in life than anything he could have learned from books. Nowadays this would be forbidden. "They leave school at thirteen or fourteen not half as useful as we used to be when we were years younger," a good woman of Harry's generation said to me. The burden of the parents is frightfully increased, and the children are deliberately *unfitted* for the most important part of their life-work, namely—earning their living, if they are to get it off the land.

In America or New Zealand this would not

be endured. New Zealand farmers *will* have holidays for the boys to come home and go to work in hay-time, harvest, raspberry-picking and hop-picking—and the girls too, when it is girls' work. The children are no losers: they go to school in the winter.

Fortunately for Nancy's ten children, in their time there was no law against their being brought up primarily to "help father" and "help mother."

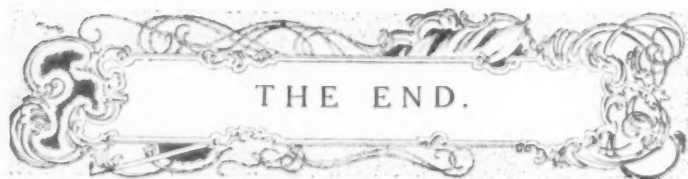
I have not lifted the veil from sacred passages in a family life which could be identified by any reader; but the farm statistics given were taken down from the lips of a farmer's wife as brave as Nancy: I can vouch for them all. It was when her ninth baby lay in the cradle that she told me the story—from the beginning with a capital of half-a-crown to that very day, when the eldest son was eighteen, and both he and his father found their time well occupied with the land they had then—about fifteen acres in all—the younger boys also working part of the time. Upon that land they were comfortably maintaining the whole family except one girl in service, who soon had to come home again—there was so much to do! They had four cows, one horse, and any number of pigs and fowls. But the best of it all was that the mother said she could do so much better for herself and her family now that she had more children! Food went for little, it grew in such plenty on those acres; and every

pair of hands counted. Four of her children were then of an age to go to school, and it was her pride to stand at the gate each morning and see them go down the lane—neat, healthy and happy. She got through her sewing in the winter: while we talked a pile of cut-out garments lay ready for her machine.

Not in that home only—all around have I seen our little neighbours run to their work in their fathers' fields as though it were a pastime.

Fifteen in 600 goes 40 times. For a farm of 600 acres to yield as much in proportion as Reuben Armstrong's 15, it would have to employ 80 men, and maintain also 40 women and 320 children—160 cows, 40 horses, and pigs and fowls beyond counting. Thirty or 40 houses would be required, and outbuildings, too. That, however, need not be a fatal difficulty; men can build their *own* houses as fast in England as in Canada, if they have a chance and materials are provided. But no one centre could find the brain-power for it all—we want the forty farmers and their "Sweet Nancies."

Ah, when one thinks of it, one feels like Bunyan's pilgrim, when the City was seen afar, and "Christian with desire fell sick." Forty more of those busy, happy little homes, such as I know so well—the sons and daughters growing up to flourish "on the land" themselves! There is room in England for forty thousand, and more beside. Will *that* dream ever come true?



A CORRECTION.

We much regret that by an error a reproduction of "*The Spirit of Christianity*," by G. F. Watts, R.A., appeared in *THE QUIVER* for October without stating that the copyright of the picture belongs to Mr. Frederick Hollyer. We have to acknowledge that gentleman's courtesy in permitting the reproduction of the picture to appear in our pages.

Seed Thoughts for the Quiet Hour.

For the New Year.

"On Mine arm shall they trust."—ISAIAH li. 5.

[Suggested by the following incident: A lady crossing the frail and narrow bridge beneath Niagara Falls suddenly lost nerve; her guide, seeing this, immediately turned to her, saying "Both hands in your guide's hands," and thus he led her into safety.]

*BOTH hands in Jesus' hands !
For this New Year ;
And whatsoever it brings,
I will not fear !*

*Both hands in Jesus' hands !
The hands of love,
Nail-pierced, to purchase me
A home above !*

*Both hands in Jesus' hands !
My trusted Guide,
To Whom in utter faith
I all confide !*

*Both hands in Jesus' hands !
He holdeth fast,
And thus the slippery path
Will safe be passed !*

*Both hands in Jesus' hands !
Just day by day,
Upheld by Him, I climb
The narrow way !*

*Both hands in Jesus' hands !
Come weal or woe ;
The clasp of His strong hand
Will ne'er let go !*

*Both hands in Jesus' hands !
Through Jordan chill,
Then rest, and light, and joy
On Zion's Hill !*

EDITH FIELD.

* *

WHAT of the New Year? "Each year is a new chance given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life—this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new year offers you." Let us turn from the defeats and failures of the old year resolved to achieve a larger life in Christ for 1908—more of that mind and heart which was in Christ Jesus! In our Bible study may we fulfil the double task set forth by Bergal: "Apply thyself wholly to the Scriptures and apply the Scriptures wholly to thyself."

YULETIDE brings its ever fresh message of joy and love. God so loved us that He gave to us "His Son—that unspeakable gift." May we so love others that we shall give to them of our treasures. May we so love God that we shall give to Him our own selves. Let us heed the words of Phillips Brooks: "Lift up yourselves to the great meaning of the day, and dare to think of your humanity as something so sublimely precious that it is worthy of being made an offering to God. Count it a privilege to make that offering as complete as possible, keeping nothing back, and then go out to the pleasures and duties of life, having been truly born anew to His Divinity as He was born unto our humanity on Christmas Day." May our study of the Bible, the Book that tells the story of Christmas, inspire in our hearts the true Christmas spirit!

* *

LIFE has to be a series of new beginnings, with all the misery and trial that fresh attempts to do right may bring. Dr. J. R. Miller tells the story of a boy who joined a skating party. He was so evidently a beginner that his frequent mishaps awakened the pity of a tender-hearted, if not wise, spectator. "Why, sonny, you are getting all bruised," she said. "I wouldn't stay on the ice and keep falling down so; I'd just come off and watch the others." The tears of the last downfall were still rolling over the rosy cheeks, but the child looked from his adviser to the shining steel on his feet, and answered half indignantly, "I didn't get some new skates to give up with; I got 'em to learn how with." The whole philosophy of earthly discipline was in the reply. Life's hard tasks are never sent for us "to give up with"; they are always intended to awaken strength, skill, and courage in learning how to master them.

* *

WHEN the psalmist says, "O give thanks unto the Lord," he does not appeal to mere sentiment (writes Dr. Parker), nor does he ask men to be doing something that is of the nature of superstition; he immediately adds his reason for the exhortation—"for His mercy endureth for ever." The psalmist would have human praise continue as long as Divine mercy, and because Divine mercy never ceases he would never allow the song of gratitude to come to an end. The psalmist does not magnify the almightiness of God, nor any of those attributes which appal men and drive

them from the throne to an immeasurable distance, covering them with a sense of inferiority and humiliation; he calls upon them to give thanks unto the Lord because of the Lord's ever-enduring mercy. We always need mercy, because we are always conscious of guilt. We appeal to mercy because we dare not appeal to righteousness.



ON the Bahama Islands there is a shrub called the "poison bush." Any person or animal coming in contact with its leaves will die, unless they rub themselves in the leaves of the "healing bush," which always grows near the "poison bush." Temptation is a "poison bush" which thrives in every clime. Its leaves cause the death of the nations; but, thank God, close beside this "poison bush" there also grows a "tree of life" whose "leaves are for the healing of the nations." Some there are who know all about this antidote for temptation, but are too indifferent to use it; others know of it, and will not use it; still others are searching for it; while a million a year are dying without knowing such a bush exists. But as many more are daily using this antidote and coming off "conquerors through Him that loved us."



IT is a comfort to remember that God pities the poor. As the late Rev. J. Baldwin Brown says, through the whole Old Testament the same grand thought, "God the poor man's Friend," reveals itself. The most awful and sublime descriptions of His power, His grandeur, His splendour, are associated with His cherishing care of the weak and helpless, His tender pity for the poor. Sacred to Him everywhere is the mystery of moral existence. Beautiful to Him everywhere is the hope and trust of a feeble one in His power and love. Sustained by Him everywhere, with all the strength of that mighty hand which upholds the pillars of the universe, is the cause of the afflicted and the right of the poor. And this character of God is absolute and eternal. Its root lies in the heart of His nature. "He keepeth truth for ever"—the truth of His nature, the truth of His purpose, the truth of His relation to and work for mankind.



"BE thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity" (1 Tim. iv. 12). Such Christians are like the clear, straight telegraph wires in direct communication with the skies: yet how little they are noticed! But do you see that ragged kite entangled in the wires? How it catches the eyes of every passer-by!

Like that kite is every inconsistency: seen and noted.



IN the New Year in the Chinese Empire all debts which had not been paid by the end of the year are cancelled. What a blessing it would be to many people if they started the year by paying their debts! Not only debts of money, but the debts of service to God and mankind which they have long owed. The reason why many a man is miserable is simply because he is doing nothing for his fellow-men. The poet sings of those who "die with all their music in them," and the phrase expresses the condition of not a few men who refrain from using their talents, and pass away "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." Often the cause of this idleness is pride—a desire to do important work and come into prominence. Let us be ready to do the little task which lies near to us, instead of waiting for the greater task which is reserved for others.



LEADING into a monastery on the Continent is a low gate. Everyone has to go on hands and feet in order to pass within the portals. Many a pilgrim has found the ordeal too unpleasant and humiliating. The little gateway has a lesson, however. After stooping beneath it, you enter a lovely garden with a superb view. Humility wins the reward in Christian service of far-reaching visions of beauty. But few there be who are willing to abase themselves.



*SHUT in, shut in from the ceaseless din
Of the restless world, and its want and sin;
Shut in from the turmoil, care, and strife,
And all the wearisome round of life.*

*Shut in with the tears that are spent in vain,
With the dull companionship of pain;
Shut in with the changeless days and hours,
And the bitter knowledge of failing powers.*

*Shut in with dreams of the days gone by,
With buried joys that were born to die;
Shut in with hopes that have lost their zest,
And leave but a longing after rest.*

*Shut in with a trio of angels sweet,
Patience and Grace all pain to meet,
With Faith that can stand and suffer and wait,
And lean on the promises strong and great.*

*Shut in with Christ! O wonderful thought!
Shut in with the peace His sufferings brought;
Shut in with the love that wields the rod,
O company blest—shut in with God!*

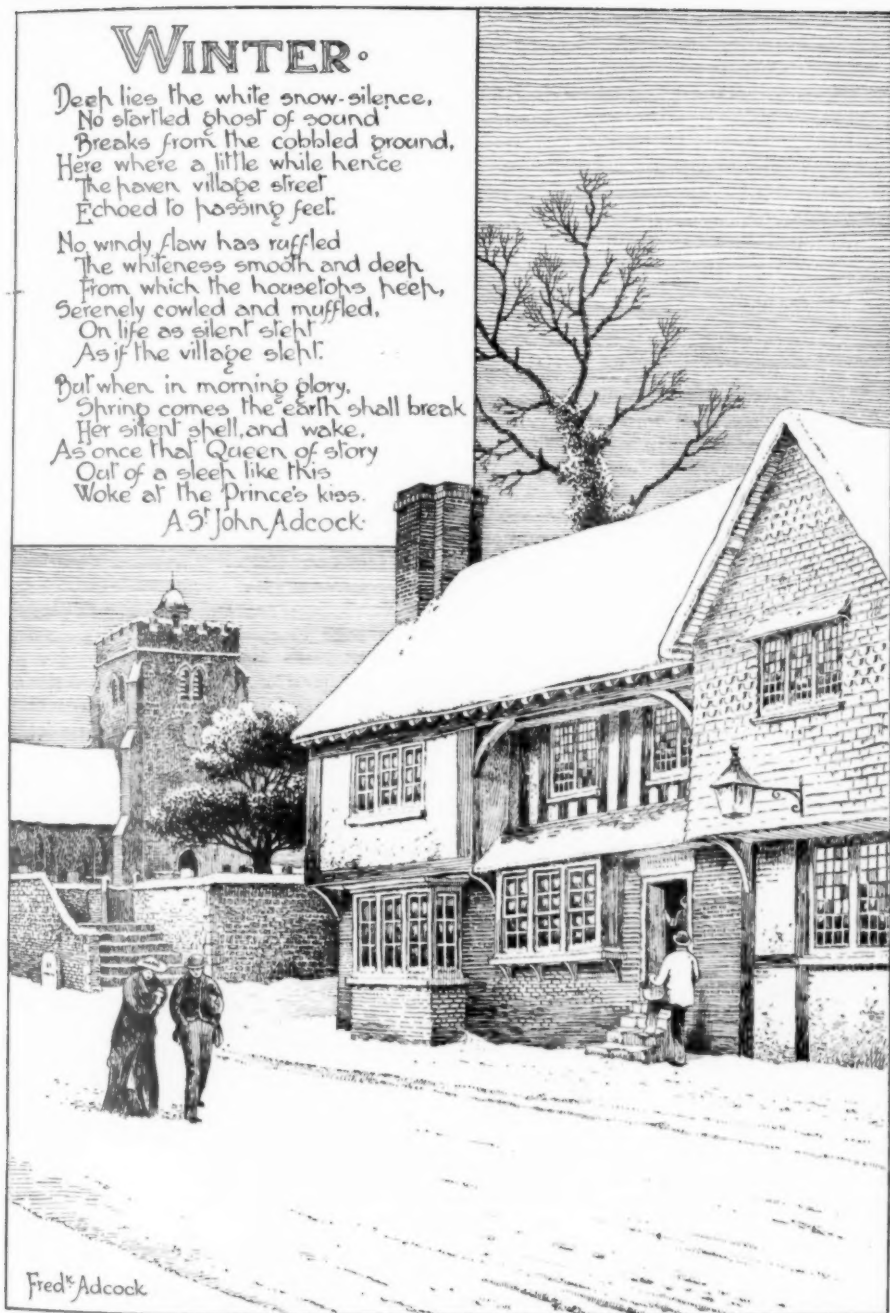
WINTER.

Deep lies the white snow-silence,
No startled ghost of sound
Breaks from the cobbled ground,
Here where a little while hence
The hazy village street
Echoed to passing feet.

No windy flaw has ruffled
The whiteness smooth and deep,
From which the housetops peep,
Serenely cowed and muffled,
On life as silent sleight
As if the village sleight.

But when in morning glory,
Shriving comes the earth shall break
Her silent shell, and wake,
As once that Queen of story
Out of a sleep like this
Woke at the Prince's kiss.

A. S. John Adcock.



The Children's Pages.

Conducted by "MR. ANON."

THE TRUE STORY OF A BRAZIL NUT.

BY L. R. DOUGLAS.

THE little maid of whom I am going to tell you, boys and girls, was quite an ordinary little girl—brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked, and chubby—and at the time of my story just six years old. Her name was Nellie Elliott, and she lived with her parents in a large fishing village in Cornwall.

Her father was always busy in his study writing books, and one of Nellie's great joys was to stride silently up and down the study holding her father's hand, while he thought out some new story or read aloud a fresh chapter. She would do this sometimes for an hour at a time, feeling that in a way she was helping him, as perhaps she was.

Another of her pleasures was to accompany her mother on her shopping expeditions. She did not much care to go when her mother was paying calls; she had to sit so still, and people either were very dull, or they said silly things—at least, that is what Nellie thought.

One morning Mrs. Elliott and Nellie set out for the shops. They had to call at several places, and it promised to be a busy morning. The last name on her mother's list was Mr. Kelway, the grocer. Nellie specially liked going there, for there was a little pair of scales which kind old Mr. Kelway allowed her to handle. Mrs. Elliott generally spent some time in his shop. Nellie weighed out nuts, rice, and biscuits with great care, and when her mother was ready had put all the things back in their places. That is to say, nearly all, for when they left the shop, there lay in Nellie's little closed-up fist a big, fat Brazil nut. It was the biggest she had ever seen, and, try as she would, she could not quite hide it in her hand.

Nellie knew that the nut did not belong to her—it was Mr. Kelway's nut, and came out of that big sack. But it was so big that Nellie loved to have it and to feel its rough shell against her soft little palm. She kept it carefully in the hand away from her mother, so as to avoid awkward questions, and was glad at last to get home.

By that time she began to be troubled and to realise that she was a naughty girl. The more unhappy she became, the more determined was she to hide away the nut so that nobody would know about it.

In the garden was a little plot that was Nellie's own—there were daisies, and pansies, and in the middle a rose-tree. Nellie made a hole just behind the rose-tree, dropped in the nut, covered it up, and put a tiny stick to mark the spot. But how miserable she was! Far too sad to care for the custard she generally liked so much. Mother thought something indeed must be wrong for her little girl to say "no" to her special pudding. Nellie said she was "all right, only tired," and Mrs. Elliott began reproaching herself with having gone too far on a warm day, and wondering if the child were sickening for measles.

After dinner Nellie was running out into the garden to see if the nut was still in the hole when her mother interposed and told her to lie down on the sofa in her bedroom with her doll Clementine. Generally, Nellie loved to spend a little while in her mother's room, but somehow to-day nothing seemed right, and presently, to Mrs. Elliott's consternation, two fat tears rolled down the child's face and on to poor Clementine's new frock. Mother soon had Nellie and Clementine on her lap, and in all kind of tender ways strove to comfort her little girl. A bed was made up in mother's room, and she was given some cooling medicine, and was soon installed in bed.

Presently Mrs. Elliott was called downstairs for a few minutes. When she came back, Nellie was sitting up in bed with a very scared face. "Oh, mother, listen," she said. "Don't you hear the clock?"

"Yes, dear, of course I do, tick, tock, tick, tock."

"Oh, no, mother, that's not what it's saying. Oh dear, what shall I do?"

"What is it saying to you, Nellie?" asked mother.

"Oh, mother, it's saying '*Nel-lie is a naugh-ty thief, Nel-lie is a naugh-ty thief*'" sobbed the child, who was by this time crying bitterly.

Mrs. Elliott soon saw that what was troubling her little girl was not bodily illness, but that her conscience was sore because of some wrongdoing.

There were a good many tears shed by mother and daughter as together they went on their knees and told the Heavenly Father all about it. They soon rose comforted, and in a little while Nellie was dressed and had found the nut which had caused so much unhappiness. In a few minutes more they were on their way

to Mr. Kelway's shop, and before long had told it all out to the kind old man.

"Ah, missy," he said, "pray that the good God will keep your conscience clean all along the way, and now take the nut home with you, and put it somewhere where it will remind you of to-day, in case you are tempted again."

That is the reason why Nellie, although she is now a grown-up woman, treasures a little box which contains a fat Brazil nut. It reminds her of a child's sin confessed and forgiven, and it calls back memories of her mother long since gone to her Heavenly Home.



SUNDAY TALKS.

BY THE REV. A. AVERELL RAMSEY.

"Holy Oil."

OIL is a well-known substance very much used for lamps, for locks, for motor-cars, for all kinds of machinery. Of some refined qualities we partake, such as olive-oil, castor-oil, cod-liver-oil.

In Eastern countries, and in many other parts of the world, there are people who every day anoint their bodies all over with oil, and would not deem themselves healthy or happy if they omitted to do so. One of the best Christian doctors I ever knew told me, that for years he never washed his face with water, always with oil; and he pleasantly said that, because of this, his face was much cleaner than mine. I saw one of this good doctor's patients, a tiny baby about six months old, to whom he was very helpful. A poor, delicate, shrivelled little body, the despair of an anxious mother who never expected to keep her alive. Every kind of baby's food was tried, and all the medicines that were thought likely to cure; yet there were no laughing eyes, no rosy cheeks, no plump dimpled arms, and only spider-like legs. The child wasted away until there seemed nothing left but a small bag of skin and bones.

"Now," said the doctor, "we'll try an oil-bath. Let baby be rubbed all over every morning and evening with pure oil. Don't stint it. Drops and spoonfuls will be of no use. Get a basin full and bathe the child." It was done; and, three months later, you would not have known her. The pinched, wizened little face looked quite smooth and round. The puny arms and legs had begun to fill out. The feeble baby lived and thrived and grew to be a strong healthy woman.

A little more oil would probably do us all good, if we found out the best ways for using

it, and learned some of "the more excellent things" which it represents. Among the ancient Jews, oil was in everyday use. They made cakes of "fine flour mingled with oil," and poured oil into their wounds to cleanse and heal them. As a sign of gladness they made their faces shine with oil; and, at great feasts, honoured the chief guests by emptying "a horn of oil" upon their heads. In describing the blessings which the Great Shepherd bestows on "the sheep of His pasture," David sings, "Thou hast anointed my head with oil"; and elsewhere pictures the coming Christ as anointed with "the oil of gladness." This happiness will His Spirit pour upon the hearts of Christ's disciples—upon you and me, if we truly love God, obey His will, and become guests at His table. Isaiah tells of the glad days when the Christ shall give unto them that mourn "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

In the market-place of an Indian town a Hindu trader, after listening to an address on "the old, old story" of Jesus and His love, sidled up to the Christian teacher and asked this funny question, "What medicine do you put on your face to make it shine?" The missionary answered, "I don't put anything on." "No!" said the questioner, full of doubt and curiosity, "but, what *do* you put on?" Again the reply was, "Nothing—I don't put anything on." "Yes, you do," said the Hindu, "all you Christians do. I have seen it in Agra, I have seen it in Surat, and I have seen it in Bombay." Then the missionary laughed, his face beaming more and more while he added, "O yes, I'll tell you the medicine. It is happiness of the heart that makes faces shine."

In one of St. John's letters he says, of the good people to whom he was writing, "Ye have an anointing from the Holy One." They knew what he meant. So may we know. If we welcome the good Spirit of God into our hearts, He will be in us as "the oil of joy"; faith will illumine our brow, hope will beam in our eyes, patience will smile on our lips, love will glow in our countenance, the inward "anointing" will give us a shining face." We shall be good and glad as the boys and girls of whom Robert Louis Stevenson sings,

"Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places;
That was how in ancient ages
Children grew to kings and sages."

In those olden times, when priests, prophets and kings were solemnly consecrated, it was with oil; and when a leper was cured, the

priest who pronounced him clean put oil upon the tip of his right ear, upon the thumb of his right hand, upon the great toe of his right foot, thus claiming the whole of the cleansed leper for high and holy service—the *ear* to listen to God's voice, the *hand* to do His will, the *foot* to walk in His ways.

How delightful, if we were thus made clean from sin and fully devoted to our Saviour! How happy we shall be when eyes, ears, lips, hands, feet, heart, have been touched with the holy oil of His good Spirit, and are all exercised in doing what He would have us do. Let us earnestly pray, as Miss Havergal did,

"Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

"Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only for my King;
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee."

Another use of oil, mentioned in the Old Testament, must not be forgotten. It was needed for light. In the Jewish Tabernacle there was no window to admit sunshine. A great golden candlestick illumined the holy place. You have seen a picture of it. It had

a central stem with six branches, like arms, three on either side, and on the top of each a lamp, seven lamps in all. Made of pure gold the candlestick was kept spotlessly clean, and the lamps were trimmed every morning, fed with the finest olive oil.

Oil for the sanctuary was not the common kind such as might be had by grinding olives in a mill. It was got by beating and bruising olives in a mortar, as the chemist pounds up his drugs with a pestle. This process made the oil free from grit. Fed with such "pure oil" the flame of a lamp would not splutter or send out sparks. God required "beaten oil" for the lamps in His house. (Leviticus xxiv. 2.) God always asks for the best of everything. Let Him have it. When a very little boy heard this Scripture read and explained at family prayers, he remained on his knees after everybody else had got up, and said this beautiful prayer of his own "*Lord help me to burn with pure oil to-day!*" Will you, from the heart, offer this petition? Or, say it in other words, that you often sing,

"God, make my life a little light
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go."

Sunday School Pages.

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

JANUARY 5th. THE WORD MADE FLESH.

John i. 1-18.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The Divinity, humanity, and office of Jesus Christ. (2) The testimony of John. (3) The new supplanting the old—grace and truth taking the place of the law.

JESUS CHRIST was with God, the Father, from the very beginning. There are those who attempt to exalt the humanity of Jesus Christ at the expense of His Divinity, but Christ could not save from sin if He were not Divine. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, makes His appeal to us as a personal Saviour from sin, and that He is able to do all that He claims proves Him to be God.

Heathen King Convinced.

A native king in West Africa was induced by a missionary to lay aside his royalty for a time and attend a Christian educational institution. He graduated with honours, but having head knowledge only, went back to his tribe, put on heathen clothes, and sank back into degradation. Bishop Taylor preached to him one day for fully two hours, but left him still in darkness. Soon after the Bishop established a

mission station on the bank of the river opposite the king's palace. A lady opened a nursery, and soon had twenty native children under her care. In less than two years most of them were genuinely converted, and at a public meeting were called upon to testify from personal experience to the reality of the salvation of Jesus Christ. One by one these children stood on a box, and told the story with such simple clearness and evident truthfulness that the heathen were convinced. The king and several of his chiefs were brought to God, and he became the native pastor of the church erected in the village.

The New World of Christianity.

No longer are we under the law, but under grace. Christ introduced the new order. "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." "Midway down the Simplon Pass," writes a distinguished divine, "the traveller pauses to read upon a stone the single word 'Italia.' At this point he passes a boundary line, and every step makes plainer how great has been the change from Switzerland to Italy. The air becomes warm and fragrant, and vines line the wayside, and below, em-

bosomed in verdure, Lake Maggiore expands before him. As that traveller rests at evening time, he recognises that the entrance into a new world was marked by the word 'Italia' upon the stone on the pass. Humanity has crossed a boundary line: up to Bethlehem, bleak and cold—down from Bethlehem, another and a happier time. This new transforming power was Jesus Christ." He has made all things new, and, living under His grace, the austerities of the ancient law have no dominion over us.

JANUARY 12th. JESUS AND JOHN THE BAPTIST.

John i. 19—34.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) John's confession. (2) His acknowledgment of Christ's Deity. (3) The Spirit's descent.

SINCE the time of Christ there have been many men who professed to be the Saviour come again. It never takes long to reveal the absurdity of their pretensions. How different was the attitude of John the Baptist. Humbly he confessed that he was not the Christ; boldly he declared the Deity of the One whom he preceded.

When the late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous infidel of America, was lecturing, on one occasion, in Pittsburg, he received a letter from an old friend who had been reclaimed from a life of drunkenness by the power of the Gospel. Reading the letter to his audience, Mr. Ingersoll said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have nothing to say against a religion that will do this for a man. You can find fault with the Church, but let me say that there stands One supreme, and that is the character of the Son of God. His name shall be called Wonderful, because no man has ever dared to point his finger at the character of Christ and find any fault in Him. Every time I see a rock, I remember that He is the Rock of Ages. I walk out under the stars: I remember that He is the Morning Star of eternal day. When I walk the streets, I remember that He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. When I see the birds of the air, I remember that He said, 'Not one sparrow will fall, etc.' The flowers tell me that He is the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley. Wherever I go, and wherever I look, in every land and in every city, the name of Jesus is Wonderful."

JANUARY 19th. JESUS AND HIS FIRST DISCIPLES.

John i. 35—51.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The invitation and the response. (2) Nathanael the Disciple.

It is interesting to study the Master's method of choosing His disciples. Sometimes the Christian life begins very simply, especially with the young. A thoughtful girl of sixteen years, living in the country at a distance from

the church, which made attendance irregular, read, on a Sunday, the memoir of a Christian woman. On closing the volume she said to herself, "That was a beautiful life." And after a little thought, she added, "And I should like to live such a life." A few minutes later she knelt down and said, "Lord, I will try from this time." The decision was made. She went on steadily, and is still a useful and influential Christian woman, honoured and beloved, and widely known for her beautiful and devout character.

What Brought Him.

Nathanael acknowledged Christ to be God whenever the Saviour gave him a glimpse of His discerning power. One sentence was sufficient to make a disciple of Nathanael. A minister delivered a course of addresses on infidelity, and as the time went on he was delighted to find that an infidel was anxious to unite himself with the congregation. "Which of my arguments did you find the most convincing?" asked the minister. "No argument moved me," was the reply, "but the face and manner of an old blind woman who sits in one of the front rows. I supported her one day as she was groping along, and, putting out her hand to me, she asked, 'Do you love my blessed Saviour?' The look of deep content, her triumphant tones, made me realise as never before that He who could suffice to make one so helpless bright and glad must be a 'blessed Saviour' indeed."

JANUARY 26th. JESUS CLEANSES THE TEMPLE.

John ii. 13—22.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The degradation of the Temple. (2) The Master's authority and power.

THE merchants were degrading the temple by putting it to an improper use; for so doing they were humiliated and cast out by Jesus. Humiliation is good for the wrong-doers and the proud. A characteristic story is told of Lord Methuen. A young sprig of nobility, who had joined the General's division in South Africa, thought he could do as he pleased, and, in consequence, soon found himself in trouble. For a breach of discipline he was brought before Lord Methuen, and, not knowing before whom he had been taken, he haughtily said, "Do you know who I am? I am Lord ——" There was silence for a moment, and then came the answer: "Let me introduce myself. Paul Sanford Methuen sentences you to twenty-one days' confinement to barracks for breach of discipline." The son of the noble family looked thoroughly crestfallen and humiliated as he went sadly away.

On the occasion under consideration, Christ's authority convinced every one. At another time we are told those who listened to Him were astonished at His teaching, for His word was with authority.

The League of Loving Hearts.

I AM glad to see that several readers of THE QUIVER have responded to my appeal for new Members for the League of Loving Hearts, and their cards of membership have been duly forwarded.

Let me state, for the benefit of those who have not heard of our new League, that it has been founded for the purpose of enabling readers of THE QUIVER to contribute to ten deserving philanthropic societies whose names are given below. Those who desire to join the League of Loving Hearts have only to fill in a coupon which will be found among our advertisement pages, and send it, with one shilling (either in stamps or postal order) to the Editor, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. A card of membership is then forwarded. The funds gained by the League are divided equally among the ten societies mentioned below. Of course a member may contribute more than one shilling, and I am thankful to acknowledge that we have received in some cases as much as One Guinea. A lady from Australia, who was on a visit to England, sent me this sum, in order that it might be distributed among our societies.

One of our members sent me a beautiful album full of picture postcards, etc. I had pleasure in despatching it at once to one of the societies on our list, where it met with warm appreciation. I was glad to receive an anonymous donation of a sovereign for division between the ten societies from one who only wishes the gift to be acknowledged as from "an original member of the League of Loving Hearts."

Many will be reading this page in the Christmas holidays, and I appeal to them to aid our good work by joining the League. I am very anxious to secure as many members as possible before December 31st. We have made a good beginning, but I am anxious that a very large number of new members should join the League, and thus aid such excellent work as is being done by the ten societies mentioned below.

I heard of an interesting gift which had been made recently to the North-Eastern Hospital, which figures in our list. A gentleman sent £20 as a thank-offering for the sympathy and medical skill given thirty years ago at the hospital to his child. "She has grown into a splendid woman and is now the mother of three healthy and beautiful children," he said. Such gratitude is very welcome. Perhaps some of our readers will send me similar thank-offerings.

The societies which I have selected to receive the help of the League of Loving Hearts are well known all over the world for their splendid work. Everyone has heard, for instance, of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and not a month passes but contributions for that society reach me from readers of THE QUIVER. The Ragged School Union has been recently honoured in the person of its secretary, by the King's conferment of knighthood on Sir John Kirk. The Church Army and the Salvation Army are both doing magnificent work at home and abroad. Miss Agnes Weston has proved herself for many years "the Sailors' Friend." The London City Mission sends its devoted missionaries into the most squalid portions of London, and brings the news of the Gospel to the most depraved. The Orphan Working School has cared for many a child who would otherwise have had no encouragement to live a useful and successful life. And so I might go on, praising each of the societies in our list, but I do not think it is necessary, as they are well known to our readers.

I am glad that applications for membership of the League have already reached me from distant lands, and I trust that no one will refrain from becoming a member because she lives in America, Australia, or any other part of the world. Please let me have your applications immediately, as we want to do the most good in the shortest possible time. Everyone who joins the League can feel that a real aid has been given to philanthropy.

SOCIETIES WHICH MEMBERS WILL HELP:

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.
 RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.
 CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, W.
 SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
 MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.
 NORTH-EASTERN HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.
 LONDON CITY MISSION, 3, Bridewell Place, E.C.
 ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, 73, Cheapside, E.C.
 CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS,
 Savoy Street, W.C.
 BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, 72, Cheapside, E.C.

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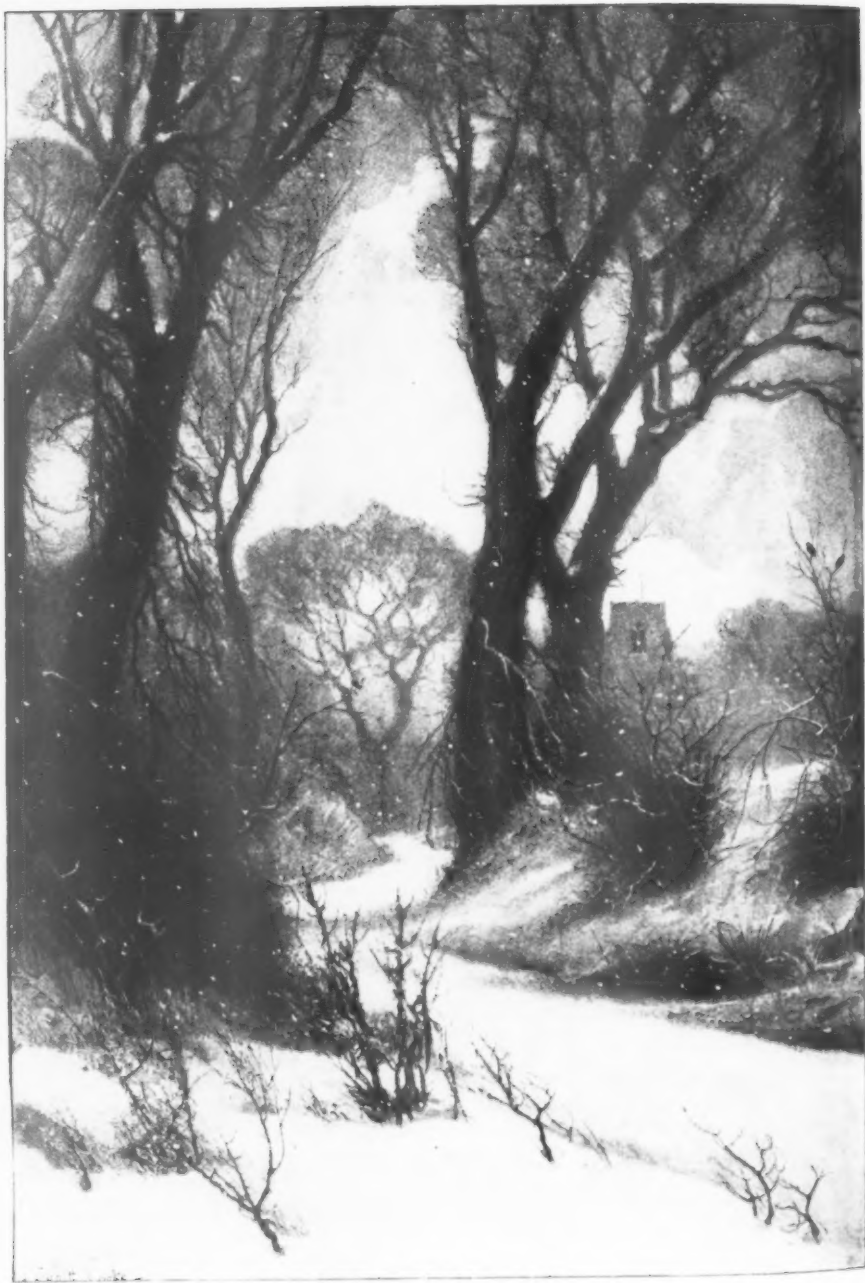
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In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

Q—[44—1908.]

[Face End Matter.]



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A collection of delightful stories by W. PETT RIDGE, WALTER EMANUEL, and other popular authors. The *Evening Standard* says: "The stories are diverting, and . . . the pictures decidedly good." Mr. ROUNTREE contributes all the illustrations, which comprise 8 coloured plates, 50 large, and a great number of smaller pictures. 3s. 6d.

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The **Little Schoolmothers**, by Mrs. L. T. Meade; cloth gilt, 8s. 6d. **Little Miss Prue**, by Bella Sidney Woolf, with 8 full-page illustrations; cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. **The Red Light**, by C. F. C. Weizell, with 4 full-page illustrations, 3s. 6d. **Survivors' Tales of Great Events**, retold from personal Narratives, by Walter Wood, with 8 illustrations; cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. **The Adventures of an Equerry**, by Maurice Gerard, with 8 illustrations; cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

CASELL AND CO., LTD., LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

Notable Features

"Cassell's Magazine" for 1908 will contain many New and Interesting Features. As a foretaste of the good things the Editor has in store may be mentioned the following, which are among the contents of the New Year's—
January—Number :

A Complete Story by RUDYARD KIPLING

In "A Deal in Cotton" Rudyard Kipling tells in his inimitable style the story of a Government official in West Africa who takes to cotton-growing as a hobby. He has great schemes, but no money to further them. How he gets the money and the labourers he employs makes the plot of an enthralling story that is fascinating, refreshingly novel, and reveals an interesting picture of West African official and native life.

Other interesting features :

The second of "Professor Van Dusen's Problems," dealing with a most mysterious theft of a valuable necklace. Since "Sherlock Holmes" a more thrilling series of Detective Stories has not appeared. Mark Hambourg, that great pianist, writes "The Adventures of a Pianist," giving amusing and interesting details of his travels in various parts of the world. The article is illustrated by photographs taken by the author. Sir John Hare, who is bidding farewell to the stage, has written "Hints for Young Actors," containing a harvest of his own experiences. Mr. Dooley contributes a delightful article describing the characteristics of the various candidates for the American Presidency. The career of John Hassall, R.I., is detailed in an anecdotal article copiously illustrated by the artist's work. Major Philip Trevor, the manager of the English cricket team in Australia, contributes a brilliant football story entitled "A Backward Forward."

THE NEW YEAR'S—JANUARY—

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Miss MINNIE LORD, 5, Blyth St., Brunswick, Victoria, Australia, July 19th, 1906, writes:—

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